CHILD of the SEA

J·P·DUGGAN

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CHILD OF THE SEA

Into the Cocoanut Grove

CHILD OF THE SEA

A Chronicle of Porto Rico

BY

JANIE PRICHARD DUGGAN

Author of

"A Mexican Ranch," "An Isle of Eden,"

"Little Cuba Libre," etc.

PHILADELPHIA

THE JUDSON PRESS

BOSTON CHICAGO ST. LOUIS NEW YORK

LOS ANGELES KANSAS CITY SEATTLE TORONTO

F1975
.D86

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Published August, 1920

20-17299

SEP 25 1920

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TO
THE MEMORY OF
Sister

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

IF in this chronicle of Porto Rico more space is given by the writer to her experiences in the remoter parts of the Island, it is partly because her notes touching those periods of more solitary life are fuller of detail than are those written in the teeming city of the coastland where the work centered. Then, as the beginnings and development of certain by-products of any central work often hold a peculiar value of their own, so the out-of-the-way missions of the Porto Rican mountains are even today of special interest to the serious student.

There were in the whole Island unusual problems to be encountered in the first years of upheaval of certain customs and of disturbance of public opinion which attended the change of government from the Spanish to the American—every-day problems, involving the foreigner as well as the native, and touching more than the money standard and party nomenclature —even the very thought and language of the people. And the more isolated parts were slower to conform to these changes than were the coast cities, which from the first were in close contact with the Army of Occupation, and later on with the hurried influx of Americans bent upon all manner of enterprise. Therefore, selections from the letters and journals written during the twelve years of the writer's association with the work of the mission (1899-1911) include only such extracts concerning life in the cities as seem necessary to the continuity of the narrative.

"*Them women be the best man for the work*," said the old African chief, in naïve appreciation of wonderful Mary Slessor of the Calabar Coast Mission. Whether the dictum of the

chief is to be accepted as a universal truth or as simply a tribute to that eminent woman, does not matter. A germ of truth universal is contained in the verdict: there is a part which women alone can take in the mission enterprise, and the old savage of Africa may have recognized that truth.

A different kind of history would have given more attention to statistics, along with due reference to the work of those in charge of the initiation, the organization, and the financing of the various missions. Such details, however, will be found easy of access in the records of all the Mission Boards concerned.

Perhaps no apology is needed for the pervasive personal note, inseparable from the true story of an eye-witness.

The statistics contained in the Postscript concerning advance in the Americanization of Borinquen, are taken from the review of the twenty years—1899-1919—incorporated in the Annual Report for 1919 of the present governor, Mr. Arthur Yager.

Grateful acknowledgement is due to Dr. Charles L. White, of the Home Mission Society of New York City, and to Miss Mary O. Lake, of Ponce, P. R., for important items in the résumé of missionary data given in the Postscript, and to Rev. H. P. McCormick, of Baltimore, Md., for his courteous aid at many points of difficulty in the editing of these journals.

JANIE PRICHARD DUGGAN.

CHICAGO, ILL., JANUARY 26, 1920.

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HYMN OF BORINQUEN

La tierra de Borinquen donde he nacido yo
Es un jardín florido de mágico primor;
Un cielo siempre nítido
Se sirve de dosel,
Y dan arrullo plácido las olas á sus pies.

Cuando a sus playas vino Colon,
Exclamó lleno de admiración,
" ! Oh! Oh! ésta es la linda tierra que busco yo,
Es Borinquen, la hija, la hija del mar y el sol,
Del mar y el sol,
Del mar y el sol! "

(Version in English of the above, by Rev. Hugh P. McCormick.)

Fair Island of Borinquen,
Dear Island of my birth,
Thou art the flowery Eden
Of all this beauteous earth.
Above thee shines our sunlit sky,
A gorgeous golden canopy,
While murmuring waves about thy feet,
Chant placid lullabies and sweet.

When these thy shores he first descried,
Much marveling, Columbus cried:
"Oh! Oh! Oh!
Here, here I've found the magic strand
The loveliest far of every land!
My yearning eyes at last have seen
Borinquen, radiant, fearless queen,
Queen-child of sea and sun,
Child-queen of sun and sea—
Of sun and sea."

CHILD OF THE SEA

I

Beautiful island! then, it only seemed
A lovely stranger—it has grown a friend.
—*Bryant.*

ABOARD OF S. S. CARACAS, RED D LINE,
ATLANTIC OCEAN, October 8, 1899.

THE third day out from New York; a purple-and-silver sea, and a strong south wind blowing in our faces as we steam against it. The ship rolls lazily from side to side as she pushes her nose through the gleaming water. As I write, the sailors are rolling up the canvas which all the hot afternoon has shaded the starboard deck from the sun glare, and we have before our eyes a glorious pageant of gilded sunset clouds.

The afternoon of leaving port, October 6, was a melancholy time of fog, chilling drizzle, tumultuous seas, and seasickness for everybody. It was blustering outside on the streaming deck, all stuffy inside, and nobody went down to dinner. Even the burly old captain confessed to there being "a nasty sea on." In the early evening there was just one glimpse of the new moon through a rifted cloud and then—blackness of lonely darkness. . .

The last hurried fortnight ashore seems like a dream—a very nice one—as I sit in my deck-chair at this quiet hour. Every day was full, both in Newton with my cousins, and in Boston with the women who cherish such high hopes of their new enterprise in Porto Rico. The glittering new subway of

Boston impressed me profoundly, as the train bore me with miraculous swiftness underground to the foot of stairs ushering our jam of people above ground, conducting me almost to the doors of Tremont Temple and the Mission offices.

I shall not soon forget the faces about the wide polished table in the Board room. The President [1] of the Board and the Corresponding Secretary [2] were personally, as well as officially, most cordial, and I came away with a distinct heart-warming. . . . . .

Captain Woodrick stopped at my chair, a while ago, to chaff and chat. "Where are we now?" I asked him. "That is exactly what I want to know," he answered. Poor captains of ships! "We are about midway of the Florida coast," I ventured, for there is no chart shown of the ship's progress, only a memorandum of the daily runs. "Yes, about the latitude of Cape Florida," he returned, applauding my guess.

He is a kindly, queer old gentleman, fond of his pipe and of a huge chair in which he sits at his cabin-door on our deck—sometimes in his shirt-sleeves at the day's end. To-day, he rushed out upon a group of little folks playing under his cabin window with "Here! stop that screechin'! I'm goin' to bed. Go aft!" But I can see him now, telling a story to a small passenger at his knee and chuckling with the youngster.

ATLANTIC OCEAN,
October 10, 1899.

It is interesting and curious to hear the various opinions my shipmates advance as to Porto Rico, some distinctly *pro*, others altogether *con*. Mrs. K——, who has lived five years al-

[1] Mrs. George B. Coleman.
[2] Mrs. A. E. Reynolds.

ready in San Juan, the capital, says that very soon I shall remembering be what she, "de German ladee," tells of the horrid fleas and *changas* and other *animales* to be encountered even in every-day life, in one's own nice, clean house—that one may not lay a crumb of sweets down for an instant without a swarm of "beasts" attacking it! As if one could expect the charms of a tropic isle without knowing that there must be some rifts in its perfections! As the Cuban passenger, Doctor Arango, says, we must wait to see and judge for ourselves. He and his sweet wife tell me of a cousin of theirs married to a Spanish planter away up in the mountains about Ponce. Shall I ever meet them?

Atlantic Ocean,
October 11, 1899, 9.30 A. M.

Porto Rico lies like a pale low-hung blue cloud along the horizon straight ahead in the south. We have left the patches of orange-colored seaweed behind, and foamless wavelets of deep ultramarine blue sparkle and dance about the ship. I have had other ocean voyages, but this has been the most notable of all, in the balminess of the winds, after the first, and the radiant tints of the water

We shall land today at noon.

At Rio Piedras, P. R., from
October 12 to November 3, 1899.

Creeping in at last toward the green water of our anchorage in San Juan harbor was for our eyes like turning the leaves of a picture-book in colors; the walls of the old yellow fortress, El Morro, stood out sharply from the green shores, the white surf broke over the sunny brown rocks below, a few scraggy cocoanut palms lifted their fronds against the hot blue sky

alongshore, and the pilot's little sailboat came teetering out to meet us as the ship barely moved at last. A great gray-and-white bird went flapping close by my head at the deck rail, and the rope ladder was thrown over the ship's side for the pilot. I " snapped " the Island, and then had to rush down to our belated breakfast and so lost the further coming in to port. The negro pilot brought us to our anchorage in the picturesque harbor in the heat of high noon. So we arrived, safe and very well, over the lonesome sea. In all the thirteen hundred and eighty miles from New York, we saw but three distant sails, and the smoke of one steamship miles and miles away.

As I looked down from the deck upon the rowboats crowding and slopping about the foot of our lowered gangway steps, the dusky oarsmen clamoring for passengers for shore, a pleasant voice greeted me in English, and I turned to find a landsman at my side, clothed in cool, white duck from helmet to shoes. He was not the expected Mr. McCormick, but introduced himself as Mr. Z. C. Collins, Y. M. C. A. Secretary of the Army and Navy, U. S. A. He said that there was illness in the family of our missionary, and that he had been deputed by him to meet me in his stead.

On landing I went at once to a boarding-house, for the afternoon and night, as the intense heat set my head to reeling, while the cobblestones of the noisy streets heaved under my feet! But Miss Ida Hayes soon appeared with a welcome from Rio Piedras, where she lives in the home of the McCormick family. They have all been ill with *dengue* (breakbone fever) and she herself was barely able to be out even in the cool of the day, as I could very well see. The next day, Mr. McCormick brought me here to his cottage home. How much trouble a " beginning-missionary " seems to herself to be giving everybody! But my welcome could not have been more hearty.

Map Showing
LINE TO
PORTO RICO.
N.Y. TO PORTO RICO. 1380 MILES.
1460 MILES
NEW ORLEANS TO PORTO RICO
ATLANTIC OCEAN
CARIBBEAN SEA
CUBA
NEW YORK
PENNSYLVANIA
PHILADELPHIA
N. JERSEY
BALTIMORE
DEL.
WASHINGTON
VIRGINIA
CHESAPEAKE BAY
NORTH CAROLINA
CAPE HATTERAS
CAPE LOOKOUT
CAPE FEAR
S. CAROLINA
CHARLESTON
CAPE ROMAN
SAVANNAH
BERMUDAS ISLANDS
CAPE CANAVERAL
MANILLA REEF
T. ABACO
ELEUTHERA IS
NASSAU
ANDROS ISLANDS
KEYWEST
SAN SALVADOR
LONG ISLAND
ACKLIN
BAHAMA
TURKS IS
CAICOS
SAMANA
ST. DOMINGO
PORT AU PRINCE
JAMAICA
KINGSTON
SAN DOMINGO
SANTIAGO
MAYAGUEZ
AGUADILLA
AREGIBO
SAN JUAN
PONCE
PORTO RICO
ARROYO
LEEWARD ISLANDS
ST THOMAS
VIRGIN IS
ST CROIX
ST KITTS
ANTIGUA
GUADALOUPE
DOMINICA
MARTINIQUE
ST LUCIA
ST VINCENT
BARBADOS
TRINIDAD
CURACAO
LA GUAYRA
VENEZUELA
COLON
PANAMA
NEW GRANADA

Rio Pedras is a town of two thousand inhabitants, about seven miles inland from San Juan, the capital and chief port of entrance. We traveled by a rattling, little dummy train over a narrow-gauge railway which ends with the seven miles. I was enchanted with the wayside cottages of the suburbs, their dooryards and gardens hung with brilliant flowering vines and shaded by strange, heavy-foliaged trees, and with the myriads of palms, standing singly, in groups, in stately avenue rows.

Rev. H. P. McCormick is the representative, on the north side of the Island, of our Home Mission Board, of New York, with Miss Hayes as associate in the work. He was the first arrival of "Ours" in the Island, last February, initiating Protestant endeavor, in Spanish, for the Islanders. He was very quickly followed by Rev. A. B. Rudd, of the same Society, who now works on the south side.

The McCormick home is a small frame cottage exactly like thousands of others in the Island, I am told. A narrow piazza, entered at one end by steps from the street, reaches quite across the front. The sitting-room opens directly from the piazza. All doors and windows have slatted shutters, and there are no glazed sashes in the windows and no hangings of any kind to keep out the breezes. There is a little garden-court beyond the row of sleeping-rooms, and long, ragged leaves of bananas and of palms droop over the high wall from some neighbor's garden behind. Three-year-old Charlie, a little flower-lover, brought me in the other day a curled-up, scented leaf of the bay, from which bay rum is made, saying in his shy, pretty way, "Here's a f'ower for you, Auntie Duggan, what's got 'logne on it!"

The Porto Rican church, organized in this little town, by Mr. McCormick, three months ago, on July 9, has the honor of being the first Protestant Church in the Island for Spanish-

speaking people, and already numbers about fifty members. The church-house is a long, one-story, frame cottage, with many doors and windows opening upon a piazza running its full length; it is painted a cool green and white, and stands on a large lot with cocoanut palms, the property of the mission. Several other stations in the country roundabout are maintained from this center. No church has been organized in San Juan yet, but a Sunday School and regular preaching services are held there. So much for statistics!

These people in the mission cottage are simply *consumed* with interest in " the Work." They eat it, drink it, talk it, and dream it, as it were, day and night. Already it is getting hold of me—this all-absorbing side of Island life for us, who are ourselves " foreigners " to the natives.

One day, with many others, I went to a baptismal service in a fine plantation grove near by. It had rained early in the day—it rains in lovely, misting showers at any hour, every day, at this season—and trees, vines, and knee-high grasses were drenched with wet. The sun blazed hotly overhead and the earth steamed, as the little band of " members " stood round about the baptismal pool set deep in a ferny hollow, and sang with all the mighty joy of their hearts. Two white tents served the baptized for the changing of raiment, and everybody was happy!

But, an hour afterward—we had walked quietly home by the highway which is adorned, but not shaded, by tall royal palms—I was attacked by the breakbone aching. The rest of the family was hardly upon its feet, and here was I groaning with pain upon my little iron bedstead! Happily for me, experience had taught the others what might help to alleviate such suffering. All were angels of kindness to me and, having just passed by the same road of pain, they understood the extreme depression, as well as the racking agony, caused by the *dengue*.

I had meant to leave for Ponce, my final destination, on October 25, but could not lift my head from the pillow on that day. Am better as I write.

PONCE, P. R.,
November 18, 1899.

It was pouring rain on the evening of the 3rd when some of the kind Rio Piedras people brought me to the waterfront in San Juan, where the "Longfellow," a wee coastwise steamer, lay rocking gently in utter darkness, except for a faint light here and there from lanterns. It was dreary indeed in the slop and chill of the little deck, and my cubby-hole of a stateroom below was ventilated only by a port-hole scarcely larger than a saucer. But I did not smother, as I thought I surely must, before the boat slipped away at 2 a. m. over the gurgling black water, and in spite of the "misery" in my bones and the heartache at setting out to sea with no companion more friendly than the mosquitoes which attended me in swarms, I went to sleep at last.

On deck early the next morning, I found all the world alight and asparkle, while the lovely mountainous shores of the western coast of the Island seemed almost within reach of my fingers, as we slowly glided past. We had stopped in the dawning at Arecibo, still on the north coast, to unload and load freight; then turning the corner of the Island southward, we came after hours of slow steaming to Aguadilla and to Mayagüez. Such picturesque little towns they are, crowded to the water's edge by the mountains behind them, with palm-fringed shore drives, thatched huts, warmly tinted houses, quiet harbors.

The sun set gloriously as we lay anchored for an hour or two off Mayagüez, and I saw the electric lights spring into life around the harbor's edge, with the sounding of the sunset gun ashore.

At 6 o'clock the next morning, Sunday, November 5, I waked to find the little " Longfellow " anchored off the shores of La Playa, Ponce's seaport on the southern coast. The sun rose behind two stranded ships, and there was still another farther around in the roadstead, relics of the terrible hurricane of last August. A bit of quiet, green harbor water showed close beneath my port-hole. Rev. A. B. Rudd came aboard the steamer for me at breakfasttime, and very soon we were rowed ashore. Then in a hired carriage we came flying along two miles of the Military Road to Ponce. For the present, I am domiciled in the missionary home, where I was received by Mrs. Rudd with welcoming kindness.

A notable event took place that very afternoon, November 5, when the first Porto Rican converts of the mission in the south were baptized in the river. Though still weak and giddy from the fever, I was piloted by little Courtney through the streets to our mission hall, where the others had gathered for a *culto*, an hour before. (*Culto* is the accepted name for a mission service, and, since the hour at the pool in the wood, at Rio Pedras, I can see that the word holds all its original meaning of worship.)

There were the dear sisters-to-be and the brethren waiting, with their respective changes of clothing in neat packets in their hands. Mr. R. had engaged one or two of the rickety, little public carriages to bear us to a point on the river a mile or so away, beyond the town's edge. So we were off, the women in the carriages with us, the men and a following crowd on foot behind. We clattered through a desolate section of the city, a motley, chattering, and ever-growing procession, over a road strewn with loose rocks washed out of the Portugués river-bed, in the flood of last August.

Two white tents stood on the river-bank, which was low and flat on that side, but rose to a steep cliff directly across on the

other side. Around us were the foothills; beyond, the mountains, and over all the soft, late afternoon light.

At first there was a disposition to mirth, as the minister led the men into the water, for a fringe of bare-legged boys topped the cliff over the way, ready for a cheer at the least slip in the proceeding. And who could have blamed them? Never before in their lives had they seen the useful Portugués river put to such service! But all subsided into a wondering silence, after the first thrills, for the missionary's words captured the attention of both sides of the river. And the singing of " Happy Day " in Spanish sounded very sweet to me. As I stood at the women's tent, a strange woman lifted an absorbed face to mine, with a sigh: " *Ah! I like it! It is very beautiful,*" [3] she whispered.

I have often wondered how it would affect me to see people really " hungering and thirsting " for the gospel. Can this be that hunger and thirst—this crowding eagerness to come to the mission hall for the enjoyment everybody seems to find there? After the baptisms on Sunday, we held *cultos* every night, to clinch the impression made then, I suppose, and the little red hall on Comercio Street had to be enlarged by the removal of a partition. This hall was once the *Sala de la Audiencia* (court-room) and is still called so. Men, women, and actually children, sit quietly through the longest sermon, listening with rapt attention. White and black they sit, men on one side, women on the other, poring over the black books—Bibles —singing from the little red ones, their faces beaming as they try to sing all together.

But, most of all, they like to hear the reading of *la Palabra de Dios*, as they call it. Some say, innocently, that they did not know there was a word of God, and how then could they know " the Truth "! Others tell us that what they hear is just

[3] *Oh! me gusta mucho! Es muy lindo.*

what they have been wanting all these years. Others, still, find in it an echo of a memory of the oral teaching of some religious forefather. There are but four priests in Ponce, and there is only one Roman Catholic church, and the people seem, here as all over the Island, to be as sheep without a shepherd. Even I, with little experience of conditions here, can see that missionaries must be wary in receiving for baptism some of those who seek it. Though there is none of the fanaticism of Mexico to dishearten, this really does not make the problem easier. For some do not seem to understand that rice and beans and codfish and shoes are not a part of the "new religion" the *americanos* have brought from the far North! Hundreds are left destitute since the terrible hurricane and flood of last August. If the missionary had been anxious to quote numbers alone, I do not doubt that we might have by now a church of a hundred members, instead of a very little-one-to-be of a dozen or so!

My bicycle is going to be a treasure. Ponce is a widespread city, and the suburbs, where the poorer people live in their curious little shacks, stretch to the foothills and even run up the slopes. Already I am finding the homes of "our people," and everywhere meet with a warm welcome. And pretty, dark-eyed, *very* scantily clothed children (the only clothing of some being the dust of earth and the sunshine of heaven) hail the *americana* from the four points of the compass. Always, every day, there are more openings for house-to-house work in Ponce than can be well followed up.

In the smallest house (not to be a doll-house) I have ever seen, and painted a bright blue, lives a pleasant-faced woman named Juana Rodriguez. She keeps a "dame-school" of the old-time sort, and is now having the wee ones learn to sing the mission hymns by heart. Though she has not yet received baptism she appears every Sunday morning at Bible School

with a string of small boys and girls in her wake, washed and combed and eager for picture-cards, bless 'em!

My arrangement for boarding with the missionary's family, at first, seems the best I can make, although I had other plans which may be carried out later. It is certainly very good of Mrs. R. to take me in. The advent of Americans in the Island is still too new and sensational a matter for us to adopt any but very conservative ways of life, and an American lady could not very well live alone in Ponce, in one of its fascinating, wee cottages, even with a very highly respectable servant woman as companion.

I am delighted with the climate, although there is perpetual summer here, the mercury registering 85° to 88° every day, now in mid-November. White frocks are indispensable—more than I brought with me, alas!—yet one must guard against chilling from excessive perspiration, after even slight exercise, combined with the almost unavoidable exposure to strong breezes and sudden draughts in the shade.

The rainy season is ending, they say, and there is a balminess in the air from the near-by southern Sea.

If we could forget the suffering and the sorrow of the people with whom we deal mostly, we would seem to live in a paradise of guarding green mountains and lovely valleys, refreshed by the daily "trades" blowing in softly from the flowing Sea. But we do not wish to forget, and often we find fortitude and patience among our people in unsuspected places, which touch our hearts to the quick.

I am glad to be able to speak the language of the Island. If the Mexican years had given me no more than this, I should be grateful to Mexico!

II

And I will kiss
The rugged cheek of Earth, with thankful tears
For every throb of every human heart
That welcomes me to share the general law,
And bear the mutual burden.
—*Bayard Taylor.*

PONCE, P. R.,
November 21, 1899.

THE Ponce church was formally organized tonight by Mr. R., with fourteen baptized members. A novel and solemn service for those eager-eyed, earnest souls, both "organized" and outsiders.

. . . . . .

On my wheel I have been going into all parts of the city. Among the multitude of huts it is very difficult to find the homes even of those who have given us the names of their streets, as the houses in the outskirts of the town have no numbers, and there are few names of streets posted. Along some streets, there are rows upon rows of patched-up shacks, piteous reminders of the recent hurricane, ranged two or three deep behind the more sightly cottages directly upon the street, and I wind in and out among them, even losing my way before I can find my family of Martinez or Pérez or Gómez, or—the way out again! But everybody is willing to help the *americana*.

"Can you tell me where a señora named Juana Romero lives?" I ask a smiling woman in a doorway.

"'Juana Romero'? Who can that be? Ricardo, there! Do you know a señora named Juana Romero?

A man saunters up, carrying a naked baby-boy in his arms: "*La Señora Juana Romero? Quién sabe?*"

"But she told me she lived behind number 118 on this street, in a house roofed with tin of oil-cans, and this house looks like the one she described. She said she lived with a señora named Rosa."

"I am Rosa," the smiling woman says, taking the baby from the man, "but Juana Romero——"

"The *americana* means our Juanita, perhaps," the man suggests to the woman.

"*Juanita!* but of course! Come in, Señora. Juanita has gone to the corner to fetch water. She'll be back in a few moments. To think that you meant my sister-in-law Juanita, after all!"

And so it goes. The fact that an *americana* should come nosing around among their houses which stand as thick as peas in a pod, wanting to see some member of their families, seems to stupify some and excite the suspicion of others. And very naturally, it seems to me. What can the foreign woman want with their sisters-in-law, and their little daughters? Ah! but one thing indeed, can she want!

Yet, many need bread and milk, or a doctor and medicine as well as the gospel. The state of things now, just after the hurricane, is appalling. Those who work among the poor for their relief say that many are slowly starving to death—not simply as a direct result of the hurricane, but from long oppression and neglect as well. However, something is being done to help them, and things will gradually improve.

But there are many happy little homes, where chubby dark-eyed babies behave beautifully as the missionary reads to *mamá* from the little black book she carries. And sometimes *papá* sits in the doorway and listens, or asks questions about the book.

December 1, 1899.

It seems almost unbelievable, after my experiences in fanatical Mexico, that people should come *hurrying* along the street to the mission, as I saw them tonight. We were crowded to the limit in our narrow quarters on Comercio Street. After the benediction everybody crowded around as usual to shake hands with us—I believe they think this an important part of the service—or to give us their names, and the names of their streets, if they can. Their faces beam with appreciation of a friendly word. My little name-book is filling with names of women who ask for a visit and for reading. Their ignorance of the Bible and of the practises of evangelical Christianity is easily understood, but it is so fundamental that, even though some seem to be understanding the new life and to be happy in it, it is necessary to give rudimentary instruction all along, in many things. The old "dead" works, the superstitious customs of the religious faith they have known, must be changed to a real hope, not merely for the dying moment but for daily living. A young girl, recently baptized and now "a member," lost a cousin last week, by death. "It is the custom here" (an unanswerable phrase used constantly in explanation of what to the foreign mind seems unusual) when one is in mourning not to go outside of the house for at least nine days after the death, except to the cemetery. I went to see Antonia during her nine days, and asked her how she occupied her time indoors just now, when not ironing. "We have been praying for my cousin's soul," she replied calmly. Now, this cousin was not a "believer," so why not pray for her soul? It might not be too late!

. . . . . .

Mosquitoes are a pest. A dozen bloodthirsty creatures are at this moment attacking me, and my ankles in low shoes are

atingle. Now, at 4 p. m., the mercury registers 88°. Is Christmas near? Maybe so, but it seems midsummer.

How thirsty one is in this humid heat! On account of the ruin in the mountains of banana patches and fruit trees, all fruit is scarce now. Oranges are coming in slowly, and are sweet and juicy, though perfectly green. They cost less than half a cent apiece; and how can one wait for the ripe ones to become available?

Yesterday, in an impromptu gathering of several women in a house I was visiting, we talked a little about prayer to Mary. A girl asked me if I knew what were the words the preacher said at the mission, " when everybody bows the head and closes the eyes! " I prayed then in Spanish, and the girl had her first lesson in " talking with God " in one's own words.

December 3, 1899.

Today, Sunday-School was larger than ever. There were thirty or thirty-five women in my class, and our own offering was sixty *centavos*. Over a hundred scholars in school, and not room for them. Mrs. R.'s class of children was overflowing. We must have a church building as soon as possible. Mr. R. has found a good lot, which may be secured for the purpose.

There is no map of the city anywhere to be found, so I have drawn one of the streets about the center. It is of course imperfect, as I am no surveyor, and my instruments have been my eyes, my fingers, memory and a pencil. It has been interesting to explore the streets, their crooks and crannies, on the bicycle, and then to come home to jot down the crossings and endings, and so my little map of the Ponce streets and *plazas* has grown. One street, passing the lot selected for a church, runs short up against a block of double length, and ends there

instead of passing through and continuing beyond.[1] This is Calle Bértoli, just a block from the market *plaza*.

December 9, 1899.

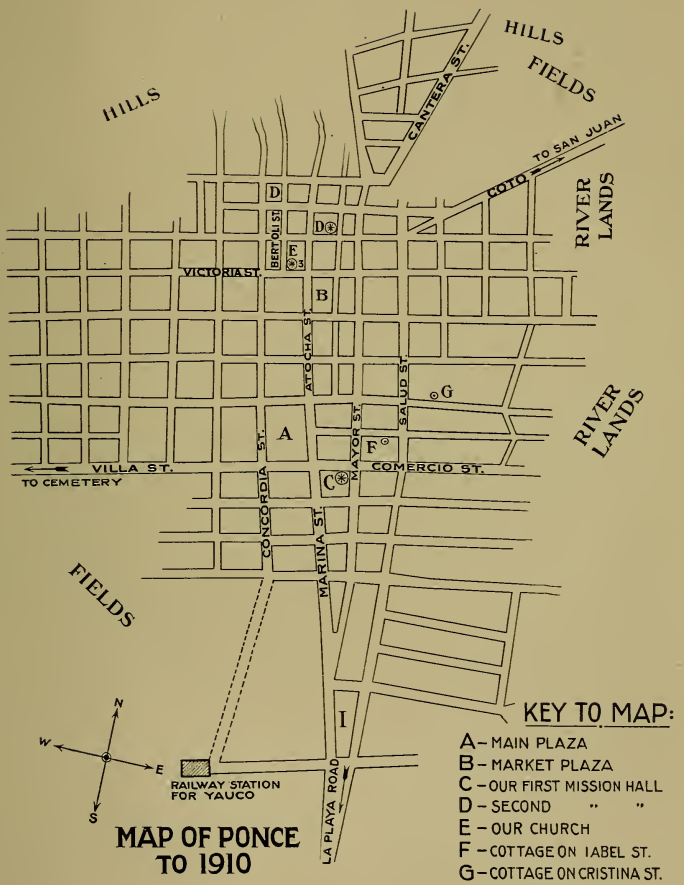
Today is election day, here in Ponce, and the two political parties of the Island, Republican and Federal, are taking things very seriously indeed. The Island is not yet to have her own full and independent government, but the leaders of the two parties are getting municipal affairs into shape so far as they may. Some excitement had been expected, but all is pacific, so far. The stores are closed today and neither ox-carts nor carriages pass as usual.

December 16, 1889.

At last they are numbering the houses all about, naming unnamed streets and changing the names of others.

This a. m. I rode along La Playa road toward the Port, having an errand with the quarantine officer and marine surgeon there. The sun was hot, but the air blew in soft and sweet from the sea ahead. The blue mountains behind me seemed like a mighty wall touching the sky, and shutting off our strip of seacoast from all the northern world. The road was busy with processions of ox-carts, loaded with hogsheads of sugar and molasses on the way to the shipping warehouses at the Port. Huge army wagons, little public carriages, street vendors calling their wares in strident tones, strings of pack-mules bearing huge bundles of dried codfish from the warehouses at the Port up toward the hills, all raised the fine dust in clouds, and filled the air with clamor. But I liked it all,

[1] Marked 3 on the map; the site of the large, substantial church built in 1902, dedicated November 28 of that year.



MAP OF PONCE TO 1910

and though I was often crowded out of the road on to the narrow side-paths, the pedestrians were always good-natured enough to give my wheel right of way. I hurried in order to return before the watering-carts should spill seas of water over the road and reduce the dust to a slippery slime, as I have had more than one skidding spill on deluged streets.

I have been visiting once a week one of Dr. L——'s patients at the *Asilo de Damas*, a small hospital in town, under the auspices of the wealthy Roman Catholic ladies of the city. Sarah, a Protestant colored woman, was taken to the hospital by Dr. L——, half dead with typhoid fever. When he found that the " nursing Sisters " and the priests were worrying her about " confession," he asked if some of us at the mission would not look after her a little. Since the first visit, in company with Mrs. R., I have been going alone, each time reading the English Bible, for Sarah is a Christian and wanted to hear it. I went a few days ago, as usual, and for the first time was received ungraciously by an attendant, a stranger to me, short, fat, eager-eyed, a Spanish nun, as they all are. " How many books you bring! " she exclaimed, as I sat down by Sarah's bed in the ward. " Yes," I replied, " I have just been to the bank, and have my little pass-book, and this is a note-book, and this the New Testament—a part of the Bible." " Ah! let me see that in my hands. It is a very bad book you bring! " She became angrily vociferous at once, and some one must have called the Mother Superior, for she came into the ward, and sent the fierce little Sister away. Then she talked with me a while, and there was something admirable about her supercalm. After hearing that another nurse, Sor Milagros, had given me permission to read to Sarah in Spanish the last time, the Mother Superior agreed that I had not been " to blame," but I must not do so again nor must I talk to the other patients in the ward in Spanish! I told her

that I had read to Sarah in Spanish that day, out of courtesy to the "Sister" who did not know English, and who had sat down on Sarah's bed to hear the reading, and had even put in a word of explanation to Sarah about the Psalm verse I was reading.

The next time I returned to the hospital with a new bed-sack I had made for Sarah, who was getting better, the fierce little nun was on guard at the entrance, and would on no account let me enter—but she accepted the sack for Sarah. I did not wish to injure the feeble, sick woman inside by over-persistence, and came away rather indignant, for I was not even allowed to step inside the corridor.

Therefore I went today to speak with Dr. L—— and ask his advice, as poor Sarah has become pathetically dependent on these visits. I left my wheel in a dark, little room of the custom-house near the beach and climbed to Doctor L——'s office on the second floor. He wished I had told him the week before of the encounter, but I thought it was just as well I had not done so when I saw the flash of his eyes! However, he said that as Sarah would be leaving the hospital in a few days, he would not act in the matter only, perhaps, with the result of bringing unpleasantness upon the sick woman's head. And so it ends. He will let me know when she goes back to her little room, somewhere, and I shall do what I can for her comfort.

December 17, 1919.

Yesterday, I found a roomful of listeners in a house in the Cantera. Men and women usually gather about the doorways, sit on the floor—anywhere—on the occasion of visits from the *americanos*. This time I talked and read steadily for half-an-hour, their solemn brown eyes fixed upon my face. How much did they understand of what it was all about?

At least they knew that the person sitting on the soap-box with the little black book in her hand and reading from it in their own language, with a queer pronunciation, was very much in earnest about something new to their thoughts! And then I sang to them from the little red book. Sometimes one finds that some one has had a Bible at home without realizing what the book really was. A day or two ago, an old white-haired woman began to tell of her *Biblia*, carried away last summer by the river-flood. She stood before us as she talked and recited dramatically in her own words the incident of the woman taken before Jesus by the Pharisees, which she said she had read in her book. I found the chapter in my Testament and showed it to her, and she at once plumped herself down on the trunk beside me and read it delightedly. "Why, it is the very same book!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands with joy.

The Cantera was devastated by that awful flood. It happened two months before I came, but I hear many stories told of the impoverishment and death it caused. The Portugués, the same river which flowed so peacefully at our feet on the afternoon of the first baptisms, swept through this district, and the frail shacks of homes crumbled into the muddy current like sand-houses on the beach at high tide and, broken to bits, were swept out into the sea two miles away. The frightful cloudbursts of rain in the mountains swelled every foot-trail into blood-red rushing torrents and the torrents into little rivers, and all swept down the passes into the roaring rivers of the coastlands. It is said that two thousand drowned bodies lay in heaps in the streets of Ponce and La Playa the day after the worst of the flood, many of them unidentified dead from the hills above. A woman tells me of seeing a cart swept past her cabin-door—the cabin was on posts and resisted the current. The stream was wide, and there were seven

little children in the cart, who stretched out their arms, screaming vainly for help as they were carried off. They were never heard of afterward. This woman herself lost her sister, and spent days looking for her body. When she was at last found, at the river's mouth two miles away where the sea and river met in a furious "backwater," the poor thing held a strange little dead baby clasped in her own dead arms.

My health is as good as possible. The weather is a little cooler—74° tonight.

December 18, 1899.

My first women's meeting this afternoon in the home of Don Juan José Diaz, at the far eastern end of Cristina Street.

Don Juan is an aged man who attends the mission, but his wife is too infirm for this and besides is still wedded to her "saints" which line the wall above her bed. Several women and a few little girls came to meeting. First things are often interesting, but this "thing" is meant to be more than a first one, God willing!

December 21, 1899.

Sarah Romney has left the hospital, well enough, at last, to return to her rented room. She is as thin and hungry-looking as a "famine sufferer," but has been well cared for, after all, by the "Sisters."

Today, I rode to the Cantera, leaving my bicycle in Don Hermógenes' house on reaching the impossible street-ends where steep trails lead up the hill. On my way, a shrieking, drunken woman rushed up to me and embraced me so tightly that I had to force her away.

"Oh! how I love you!" she screamed.

"Then, why do you treat me so?" I returned indignantly, as I tore myself from her arms. Her ravings sounded behind

Under the Palm at La Playa Chapel

Trunk of Ceiba Tree, where N—— was Saved
Ponce

me as I hurried on, men guying her from the doors of the *cantina.*

I was in search of two women living in the neighborhood, but after going as far as the quarry beyond the aqueduct failed to find them, after all. A wasted afternoon?

Christmas Eve, 1899.

The baptisms, this afternoon, were at a curve in the river much nearer town than before. There were nine women and one man in the group baptized, and a few " brethren and sisters " accompanied us, with several washerwomen from the rocky banks who had never been to a *culto* and had not the faintest idea of what we were about. The singing was very sweet in the quiet place. N——, one of the women, told me after all was over, that as she went into the water, she saw, almost overhead, the huge old *ceiba* tree in which she was caught as the flood washed her down the river, last August. Her house went to pieces away up in the Cantera, and the family was carried down the current. No one was drowned, but one son was caught in sagging telegraph-wires and badly cut before he was rescued. " Saved twice right here! " N—— said she had said to herself as she entered the water this afternoon. Dear women, it is hard for some of them to realize that baptism is not a life-saver, as they have been taught even of the " cristianizing " of their babies.

Christmas Day, 1899.

We had a fine, fat turkey for dinner. Hot sunshine, perfect air, wide-open doors and windows, and thin white dresses today.

It was the day for the second meeting of the women at Don

Juan José's house. All had learned the first two verses of Psalm 23, and to sing our hymn.

December 26, 1899.

Tonight, in the little red mission hall on Comercio Street, Mr. R. administered the Lord's Supper for the first time. Twenty-four out of the twenty-eight newly baptized were present—a touching service. Most of these poor people have never even taken the wafer at the Roman Catholic church, so little interest has been taken in them by the priests. It may have seemed a queer performance to those crowding about the doors and windows outside, as first the china plate with the broken bread was passed to each of us, and then one of Mrs. Rudd's glass goblets filled with wine and water for a sip all around. Never had they seen anything like that before! Yet the order was perfect, and those on the sidewalk scarcely stirred from beginning to end of the *culto*. I should like to know just what their thoughts were. Nothing could have surpassed the serious enjoyment of those favored ones inside who shared the "Supper."

December 28, 1899.

The afternoon was occupied with the business of trying to get old Paula into the *Tricoche*—the city hospital. Her own family's faltering consent is not the least obstacle in the way.

December 29, 1899.

A. M. To the *alcaldía* (city hall); to the hospital; to charity official; to hospital again; *alcaldía*.

P. M. *Alcaldía*, for litter and bearers (there is no ambulance); Cantera to fetch Paula in the litter; hospital with her. pedaling alongside the litter borne by two men.

December 31, 1899.

The young mission in Adjuntas needs more attention than the missionary of this whole district can give it, so I am to go there, up in the mountains, to stay for a while and do what may be done, particularly for women and children.

Yesterday, I returned to the Tricoche Hospital to see how old Paula Martinez was doing in her airy corner in a clean bed. The sunny corner of the ward was empty! A picturesque, rosy-cheeked "nursing Sister" informed me that Paula's relations had come for her and carried her back to their house, in a hammock. They were "ashamed" of what people were saying of their letting their aunt go to the hospital. Poor, sick, unkempt old Paula, you will soon die unless the "relations" take better care of you! [She died three days later.]

Such a contrast there is between the far-off edges of the city, and the pleasant streets about the *plaza*, where the well-to-do live! The only sky-scraper in town has three stories, a few of the older houses have two, but most have only one. These last are pleasant frame or stuccoed cottages, unadorned by frippery of any kind except in their coloring of blue, yellow, pink, green, brown, and even red.

The oldest houses, built about the main *plaza*, are of brick and plaster and are very substantial-looking, with iron balconies at the up-stairs windows, the owners or tenants living in the upper stories, while offices or even stores occupy the ground floors, directly on the street.

The *plaza* is an open square, not beautiful now, as the river flooded it at the time of the hurricane, and the flower-beds and walks have not yet recuperated, for only a few scraggy plumbago plants are blooming. There are two little fountains, and in the center of the *plaza* stands a Moorish *kioskо*, where

children play in and out under the little globular domes and arches, and the beggars rest their bones. The wide sidewalk surrounding the *plaza* is planted with *flamboyán* trees, of the acacia family, which, I am told, bear wonderful flowers in their season, of flaming scarlet among the feathery foliage. The yellow-washed Roman Catholic church, with its jangling bells, stands on one side of the *plaza*, in the central location in which we usually find such churches.

III

All seems beautiful to me,
I can repeat over to men and women, You have done
Such good to me, I would do the same to you.
—*Walt Whitman.*

PONCE, P. R.,
January 4, 1900.

LAST night was disturbing, with pistol-shots ringing out close by, and the noise of much talking outside in the street. It seems strange to be obliged, even with men in the house, to close all the solid storm-shutters at night, for safety from thieves. But everybody does it in these frail cottages, or the thief arrives, walks in at any window, and steals. Many Americans' homes have been entered lately, but nothing seems to be done about arresting any one. We have heard stealthy hands feeling at our shutters more than once from the pavement outside, and a man standing on the ground might easily step inside if agile enough, and if the sashless windows were open!

Rats and mice are responsible for many noises at night, in these old, old houses. Cockroaches are a nuisance also—great, brown creatures that scuttle up and down the walls, rattling the papering as they go, or make sudden flights, falling with heavy thuds to the floor or lighting uncannily on one's mosquito-bar. The hot, little loft of our cottage, under the zinc roof, is infested with bats, which flutter and flap and squeak above the ceilings all night long. Sometimes a spider, which could not be covered by a teacup without a drawing up of hairy legs, creeps out of a crack in my room—but all of

these are perfectly harmless, as are the small brown lizards that run over the rugs and in and out of the books on the shelves, hunting flies and cockroaches. Wonderful to tell, flies are few and we need no screens in the windows. Mosquitoes, however, make ravaging amends for the harmlessness of the other "animals," as my German friend on the ship called them, and ants are an unmitigated nuisance when food is about. One night, I set a plate of cookies on a wall-bracket in the bedroom, thinking that the ants would not find it there. In the dark, later on, I took down the plate and bit off a mouthful of a cake and of—ants! For a second, my mouth was *alive*, and a nasty, bitter taste of ants taught me a wholesome lesson. There is a dangerous black centipede in the Island, but it is not common, and in my three months on the Island I have seen but two. They were clinging to the stem of a coffee-shrub in the garden of the Governor's summer palace in Rio Piedras.

Mr. R. is in Adjuntas on his bimonthly trip, and has rented a room in a warehouse, for mission services. Hitherto, there have been occasional *cultos* there, held in private houses of "believers," but this is to be a real beginning. Mrs. R. and the little folks spent part of last summer in Adjuntas, and she gathered the children on Sundays into their tiny house for teaching, and whenever the missionary himself could be there, preaching services were arranged. Already a few are asking for baptism and for a chapel. So "the Work" begins, here and there!

The Roman Catholic priest is said to be a disreputable old person, gambling in public, and whisking into his gown when needed in the church. This does not seem to me laughable. I think of the people who have no better guide.

There is an American cavalry troop stationed in the little mountain town.

ADJUNTAS, P. R.,
1700 feet above the sea,
January 13, 1900.

At 8 o'clock this morning, Mr. T—— and I left Ponce, in a strong hired carriage, with a good coachman driving the pair of plump, cream-colored horses. For two hours or so, the drive was beautiful, northwestward along the Spanish Road as far as it has ever been finished. But this fine highway ends abruptly at a point called the *Empalme*, the Junction; so after the hours of comfortable progress, there came a long, hard pull upward, together with the dash downward at the end, of three hours of mountain road. From the summit of the Pass the views were very fine, of valleys and slopes, with triangular glimpses of the blue sea far down behind us. Along the way, there were cocoa and royal palms at first, then farther on beautiful tree ferns, wild cannas in vivid bloom, dense plantain growth about wee huts, and coffee plantations climbed with us, and after a while descended with us on the far side of the Pass quite into the high Adjuntas valley.

At 1 o'clock we reached the little inn and "breakfast."

I have a room in the inn, on the edge of the flowery *plaza*, in the very heart of the little mountain town. Almost in sight down the street, is the warehouse, formerly the military hospital, where we have a rented room for *cultos*.

Sunday, January 14, 1900.

A superb day, shining clear, with the mercury at 59° at 7 a. m. A mixed assemblage awaited us in the mission hall this morning, mostly of children, eager, sociable, noisy. Mr. T—— held an afternoon service at the mission for the American soldiers in barracks, on this street. Only three of the whole troop accepted his invitation, but he talked to those three

as if there had been a hundred present, and we sang and sang, with no " instrument " to help our tired voices. Young Dennis H—— is not yet seventeen, and has a good, sweet face. He said this was the first religious service he had attended since leaving New York, nine months ago. . . Some of us will be glad when our United States troops are called home from the Island.

A multitude flocked to the warehouse room tonight, mostly of plainly dressed men and women with intent, sober faces. How seriously they take the *cultos!* Mr. T—— speaks Spanish well, and we had a good meeting, with rather inharmonious singing, as few know anything about the hymn music, yet all try to sing—especially the blessed children.

Mr. T—— returns to Ponce tomorrow, and I shall be left to paddle my own canoe in this strange place, where we have not a single " member," and the *cultos* are not much more than a novel entertainment as yet. But the guarding mountains stand round about, and the river goes singing by, and in all these little homes, and in the thatched huts tucked away among the plantains and the bananas, there are souls to be shown the Way, the Truth, and the Life! And always, there is God.

January 18, 1900.

" Ain't you lost? " An amazed American soldier stood still in the river path outside of town, to greet me, and then declared that it seemed " mighty curious " to be seeing an American lady up there in the wilds.

Las Vacas—The Cows—is a picturesque little river, low and noisy now in the dry season. It reminds me of the Lima at Cutigliano, Italy, with rounded boulders in its bed, the noisy dashing water fussing about them, and with quiet brown pools under the banks. But, instead of chestnut woods covering the steep mountainsides rising from the river road, we

have guamá and pumarosa and mango trees shading the coffee-shrubs planted on all these mountain slopes.

January 26, 1900.

More than fifty children come to afternoon class, three times a week, in the smelly old warehouse, sit in the tipsy folding chairs, sing happy songs, and hear the old, old stories of the Bible. There is much sickness and sorrow in this district of the Island, for the hurricane did its worst in these mountains. The people are friendly, and some are wondering if the Bible may not be a good, safe book after all!

Last night, the missionary was up from Ponce for a preaching service. A seething *mass* of children filled the backless benches—the chairs are left for grown folks on meeting-nights—eager to sing for Mr. Rudd the hymns we have been learning. The dear things never tire of the longest service, and rarely fall asleep, unless they are mere babies.

The worm-eaten benches, topply chairs, a pine table for the lamp and Bible, and a chair for the preacher are the furnishings of our chapel, and the big, dingy hall is dimly lighted by one or two lamps, and by candles set on brackets against the wall. The "brackets" are two bits of wood nailed together so , and fastened to the wall.

Yesterday, I had a long, and perhaps unprofitable talk with Don J——, about his creed and ours. He is a rabid *espiritista*, spiritualist, denies the human, material form of Jesus on earth, denies the shedding of *real* blood on the cross, believes in reincarnation after death, denies eternal punishment, and—declares that our beliefs are the same except for unimportant differences about minor points! Several of his children attend the mission class, and his wife is a nice little woman.

There is a tiny Roman Catholic church here, a barnlike place, having no more look of church or chapel than has our hall, except that there is a little cross atop the gable, and a bell hangs on a frame close beside the entrance. Two wide doors open outward like those of a carriage-house, showing the altar at the far end, an image of Mary at one side, and a few seats here and there. But they know how to arrange brave little functions inside, with lights and music, for *they have a small organ!* No doubt the tawdry finery about the altar, of images, of altar-cloth and gay paper flowers and lighted candles, is attractive to the simple country people. The plaster image of Mary is dressed in her own colors of white or blue, or in mourning according to the church season, and the wife of a prominent townsman has the keeping of the wardrobe of the "Mother of God," her robes and veils and jewels. I can never laugh at these superstitions and useless rites but my heart rejoices in the hope that there is in the future something better for these Adjuntas people. One day, recently, I stopped to look inside, as I had already done by night. There was a paper or two fastened on the inside of one half of the door, which stands open all day directly upon the road passing by. As it was evidently meant for the public eye, I read it and, standing there outside, began to copy a part of it. It was the *tarifa*, or tariff, of charges for baptism, marriage, and burial functions by the priest.

I had nearly finished copying the items I was interested in, when the fat, red-faced priest came down the road, bareheaded, hurried, and with no pleasant expression on his face as he brushed past me through the doorway. After a few moments, I found a long, black arm stretching across my writing-pad as the priest drew the door to, with a *Permítame, Señora*, and I was left outside in front of the closed doors! Now, why did he not wish me to copy that public list of his parishioners' religious expenses?

Doña Paula tells me that the price for baptism has been fixed at one dollar because, State support having been taken from the Church and the priests, on the Island's passing from Spain's hands to ours, they must raise their own salaries by the *tarifa*, or depend on free-will offerings from their parishoners. Another has told me that she has subscribed forty *centavos* a month to the *cura*, but she told the soliciting committee that if she heard of his gambling, she would stop giving even that.

Here are some of the items of the *tarifa* which I noted:

1. Burial mass sung, for an adult	3.00	pesos [1]
2. The same for a child	2.00	"
3. Full burial mass sung	5.00	"
4. The same, with procession from the house to the church	10.00	"

And so it runs, up to 31.00 pesos with perhaps the procession from house to church, the function in the church, the procession to the cemetery, or " pauses " on the way for chanting (each of these stoppages 6.00 pesos) the burial office, and so on. Solemn memorial masses, with organ and music, cost 16.25 pesos. Solemn masses for the dead with deacons, incense, responses, are 5.87 pesos.

Then baptisms of infants or of adults cost 1.00 peso.

I had come finally to " *Matrimony* [*marriage*] *at the ordinary hour, that is from six a. m. until nine of the same . . .*" when the long black arm drew the door to, and I could not learn how much is charged, today, for a marriage! But, a young carpenter here tells me that he " bought " his good wife, some years ago (not from this priest), for sixty-five pesos. He tells it as a joke, and knows that she was worth more than any money he could have paid the Roman Catholic Church for its

[1] One Spanish peso equals sixty cents in U. S. currency.

blessing. It is a fact that thousands of couples in the Island are not married at all, and too many of these have desired better things without being able to pay the price. It is not strange that missionaries are now being beset to marry couples. Even grandparents, who have been faithful to each other "without benefit of clergy," now "stand up" before the minister and go smilingly away afterward!

Almost every day, often many times a day, I see the dead brought in from the country for burial. It matters not how far away on the mountainsides they may die, they must be taken to the nearest town for burial. Some cannot afford to provide a regular coffin made by a carpenter, and their dead must take their last journey down the steep trails, in open frames borne on the shoulders of friends or hired peons, a cloth spread over the body, which is usually dressed in its best. I have seen such an open box on the floor just inside of the church door, waiting for the priest to come and say a Latin prayer, with a sprinkling of holy water, before the journey is again taken up to end in a hole in the cemetery. The country people are dying fast of the starvation, exposure, wounds, and disease resulting from the hurricane. Day before yesterday, I saw, from the little porch of the inn, a corpse wrapped in a sheet and borne past in the usual way. I followed the carriers to the cemetery, to see, for once, how these desolate ones from the mountain ways are buried. Several American soldiers stood about the gaping graves opened on all sides, and we talked together, while watching the men at their gruesome tasks. There were six bodies lying on the ground awaiting their turn.

We saw the men lift the body of a lady from the open plank frame, saw the pale, dead face shrouded in a black lace mantilla, but I gasped when they put her down into the shallow grave just as she was, without a coffin or even the sheet wrapping. A little box full of roses and jessamines lay on the

ground close by. "It is nothing but flowers," one of the soldier lads said to me consolingly, as I shuddered when one of the men picked it up and swept his hand through the flowers. I had so dreaded to see—what I did see next, *a tiny little, waxen face among the roses* and *wee folded hands*. But I looked away while the man turned over the pasteboard box, and literally dumped the dead baby, with its flowers, out of it and down into the hole where the poor lady lay. I came away sick at heart. Miles away in the hills there were those who were sorrowing for those two, and for the others lying near, and I could not know who they were—nobody about knew. At least, there was none of the brutal laughter I had heard of as accompanying these scenes, although the men were rough, hired peons. After each burial one of them went off with the empty frame to store it for future use. A cloud settled over my spirits for the rest of the day.

. . . . . .

I enjoy my little sheep in the warehouse fold. They are learning to sing easy hymns, which they must be taught by memory, line upon line, and simple lessons about God's work in the world about us. They nearly smothered me with flowers on the day they brought to the class "samples" of the third period of creation, for any one may gather the lovely roses and the splendid hibiscus flowers and the white jessamine from the *plaza*—a perfect garden of plants and little flowering trees. When we learned about the knowledge of sin awakening in men's hearts when they first began to know God and his good laws, I was rejoiced to begin telling my children, also, how we may grow away from sin, through Jesus our Saviour. May this be my story for every sin-stricken heart!

Jesus! He is little more than a name here, so far as any experience of him as Life and Light is concerned. And his name is on every lip as one of the most common expletives.

January 27, 1900.

I have moved to a small room in a private house, across the *plaza* from the inn where I am still to take my meals. Doña Clara's was once one of the best houses in Adjuntas, but it is out of repair, and the cloudbursts of rain did their part toward destruction. The canvas ceiling of my room is stained and bulging, from the water that poured in when the cyclone stripped off the sheets of zinc roofing. Blue roses climb over the bilious-yellow wall-paper, and the floor is worm-eaten, but they are making all as clean as possible, and the narrow iron bedstead is spread with elaborate white. Dear old Doña Clara has not the means to repair the house, and she is frail and aged, cared for by a very energetic Doña Lola, who promises to be as solicitous for my welfare as she is for that of all under this roof. For Doña Clara is housing many relatives, penniless refugees from the hills, feeding and clothing them as well.

Yesterday, I went to see P——'s baby, which had not then many more hours to suffer with brain fever—poor, pretty little thing! For, today, the father came early to say that it was dead. With white flowers from the *plaza* I went at once to P——'s house. The little creature looked like a pale wax doll in its white shroud. As the candle-light flickered over the sweet lips they seemed once to move in a baby smile, and my heart beat hard with the curious awe one feels in the presence of death, even in an infant! Now, there is one less hungry mouth to feed in the family of many children—and no work for P——, but the mother wails, "*Me hace falta mi niñita!*" Of course she "misses" her baby-girl. Both parents come to the mission, and P—— pores over his New Testament in patient study. After a while they will know that a little dead *niña* does not need candles to light her way!

The weather is perfect, with cold nights, bright, dewy mornings, hot noons, and then the cooling decline of the day. Today, a misting rain falls now and then, with brilliant sunshine at intervals. Just now, a white rain veils the Sleeping Giant's profile lifted high against the sky. A panorama of green hills and dark mountain slopes unrolls before my eyes as I sit in my doorway, looking across the little *plaza* gay with flowers and sparkling with raindrops. . . Now, as it still rains, I must finish my letter to " Echoes," for the next mail down the mountain to the ship.

Later: Doña Paula and Paulita came by for me, for our long-planned walk up the river to the plantation of Don C——. The family are the relatives of the dear Cuban couple of my voyage from New York, and Mrs. Arango had urged me to visit them. Don C—— is of Aragon, Spain. I found a spacious country house, full of kindliness. There are several daughters and sons, besides the hospitable heads of the house. Don C—— lost the shade-trees so necessary to the well-being of the coffee, and his plantation is a wreck since the hurricane. The tiers of immense open trays for drying the coffee-berry were pushed away empty and useless on their frames under the house. This was a first call of ceremony, and I hope to go again, and alone, that we may come closer together and talk of the things most near my heart. For the planter in his home may need my message as much as the poor peons on his estate, to give courage and hope.

January 30, 1900.

A poor mother has just brought me two children, a girl and a boy, immaculately clean, for this afternoon's class. Her anxiety that they should be with me, and her distress at learning that I may not be here much longer, were touching. What

shall I do? Ought I to leave these people who place such winning confidence in me, who seem to hope so much, at least for their children, from my being here? The constant problem of the missionary needed in many places at once!

Roman Catholic M—— says to me: "It is the novelty of it, Señora. You will see that though they crowd to your *cultos*, they will not hold on after the newness wears off." Doubtless M—— is right about some who come to us. There are nevertheless some who of their own free will will "hold on."

After the class, I went to see the old negress, whose cabin is being repaired by means of the dollar ——— sent me "to help some poor person." I hope the palm thatching will be on before the rains begin in earnest. There are scarcely any negroes up here in the mountains, but there is a famous colored cook at the little inn. . . . . .

Eight or ten women is all I have been able to gather for their class, on one afternoon in each week. It is easier to meet them in their homes, along the river-bank and up the steep trails.

IV

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will, for a' that;
That sense and worth o'er a' the earth
May bear the gree and a' that.
For a' that and a' that,
It's coming yet for a' that,
That man to man the warld o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.—*Burns.*

ADJUNTAS, P. R.,
February 2, 1900.

PORTO RICANS may know nothing about the ground-hog's shadow, but there will be bonfires, *candelas*, on the mountains tonight whether the sun shines today or not. It is the *fiesta* of Candelaria, or Candlemas, and the town is full of peasants from the hills about, and the little Roman Catholic chapel is crowded with men and women in clean clothes, patched, and much stained with the indelible plantain juice. As I sat quietly in my room, after a peep into the crowded chapel at mass time, a neighbor came in, to discuss her belief and mine. Rather a trying talk. I never seek those useless discussions in which there is no desire shown for learning the truth, when a loud-voiced torrent of language and endless repetitions of tradition drown one's own speech. Very little is ever gained by such discussions, yet one cannot quite hold one's peace! Such was the talk, also, at the house of Don Carlos, a day or so ago. He himself believes nothing, he says, but fears losing caste among the higher folk, if he sends his children to the mission. He says that the C——s and the S——s, et al., do not attend our *cultos*, and that he was attacked on all sides

for allowing his children to attend Mrs. R.'s class last summer. Bless the children!

After the class, this afternoon, I rested in the *plaza* at saber-drill time. Our soldiers show off best in their drills, fine, upstanding men. It is not their fault that the barracks are merely a long warehouse standing flush with the street, whose doors open directly upon the sidewalk, so that even legitimate lounging must be in the face of every passer-by. The little boys admire them immensely, and are even catching up the faulty Spanish some of them indulge in, besides not a few dubious English expletives. I was "damned" in English a day or so ago by a soft-eyed cherub who evidently thought he was telling the *americana* an innocent "Howdy."

One needs more fruit and green things to eat than can be found here, for it will be long before these mountain patches of gardens and farms recover from the blasting hurricane enough to bear as before. One can scarcely buy an orange or a plain lettuce leaf.

February 5, 1900.

Ugly, little, fat Ramona, servant-maid to our neighbor, Doña Adela, sat on the floor of our porch tonight, in the moonlight. We were listening to the village band playing plaintive airs in the *plaza* opposite. Said Ramona with a sigh, "The dead cannot hear the music!" Some one explained that she was thinking of her father, who died last week. "Perhaps he does hear the music," I said softly; "I do not know certainly about it, but he may be hearing even more beautiful music as the angels sing songs of praise to God." (What really better way have we of expressing in words the inexpressible joys of the future life than the sacred writers themselves used?) Ramona's father should have the benefit of all uncertainties for the child's sake!

"And he may be dressed all in white!" the little girl added. Then in her queer, peasant speech, she told me of her father, of how he had loved her, the youngest, and how the last time he had come down the mountain into Adjuntas, he had kissed her, and blessed her, and promised to come again the next Sunday. "I kept some coffee and bread for him" (her own portion doubtless), "but he did not come. If they had told me he was sick, I would have gone to him. I dreamed about him, last night."

"So you loved him very much?"

"*Ay! Señora!* And now, who will keep account of my years? He always did it."

She says she will be twelve in April, and I told her to keep account of her own years now, to be a faithful little maid, and to ask God to take care of her, because he loved her and was her Father. "They say I shall forget my father, after a while, but I know I shall not," was said with such conviction that I told her it had been twenty-six years, that very day, since my mother died, and that I had never forgotten her, and the child seemed comforted.

February 10, 1900.

Mr. T—— came up yesterday, from Ponce, and with him I have had my first horseback trip over the mountains. Mr. R., the missionary-in-charge, or some one else, comes every fortnight for preaching on Sunday in our mission hall, and these are red-letter days for us all. I very much covet teaching additional to my own, for these people. We were bound for Don Bernadino S——'s house, over beyond the Giant's head. It was a steep climb along the *Mata de plátanos* trail, and a rough experience for me. But I held on to the pommel of the saddle, and after an hour's steady climb we

reached the breezy upland over the mountain line which I have so often gazed at from Doña Clara's porch. Don B.'s house stands exposed to the strong north wind, which blew all day, but we received a warm welcome into open arms. Mr. T—— held a short service with the elders of the interesting family, and there were present also geese, dogs, chickens, and babies promiscuous. They gave us a good "breakfast" at 1 p. m., consisting of roast chicken, eggs, a salad, and a sweet, with coffee.

Don B. is a "candidate" for baptism, having heard Mr. R. preach in town, on some of his own trips down to Adjuntas to market the produce of his little farm. He is a fine old man, nearly eighty years of age, tall and gray, with wife and sons and daughters, as well as "in-laws"—quite a patriarch.

We left early for the downward trip. From one of the exposed cliffs on our trail, we saw Adjuntas lying far below, looking, with its many corrugated zinc roofs catching the sunlight, like a mere sheet of tin lying in a hollow of the hills.

Looking up now, from our porch, to the Giant's head, it seems to me impossible that we could have crawled over toward his other cheek today!

We have had the evening chapel service; and Doña Lola's kind hands have rubbed down my aching muscles with *alcoholado!*

February 14, 1900.

It is a wonderful experience to see the sun rise over these mountains. Long before it touches the sweet little *plaza* with its flower-hedged paths, the Giant lies bathed in light high above the valley, on the opposite side from the sun. It seems, sometimes, as if the Giant *must* be about to stir and lift his beautiful head! I took early coffee with Mr. T—— on Monday morning, before he started down to Ponce, and sud-

Doña Clara, Doña Lola and Anita

Doña Clara's House in Adjuntas

denly the dining-room of the little inn filled with strong light, as when an electric light is turned on, and beyond the doorway we saw our whole valley flooded with glory all in a minute, by the rising sun.

I am well and must make the most of the two weeks remaining to me in this poor, dear, haunted-by-the-poor, hospitable, needy little town. Today, I found Francisco's little sister with a badly infected sore on her shin, caused by ignorant treatment of a wound from a sharp rock, and directed them to the Porto Rican "poor doctor," lately appointed. Next, in Canas, I visited Concha, a woman married to a soldier. She showed me her marriage lines, and they seem to be legal, though she says people tell her she is married "only for a time." Absurd! The man expects to go to "the States" soon, with Troop —— ordered home, and he is planning to leave her here, and *encinta*. He is said to be not a bad fellow, half Mexican and half Irish (How many combinations of nationalities may go to make an "American" soldier!), and he promises to support her. "We have been married many months now," she says, "and I cannot say he has treated me any way but well." Rather a negative goodness with which to satisfy a wife. Poor little Conchita!

Don ——, in the next house in the long, long street called Canas, had his swollen foot in a chair. It was badly hurt by a kick from an American mule. Never until the United States army arrived had these people conceived of such immense horses, such enormous mules! They are in wholesome awe of the huge hoofs which have caused many serious accidents to the unwary. The small Island horses are patience and docility personified in horse-flesh, and submit themselves only too meekly to the lack of mercy in many a driver.

Don ——'s wife and grown daughters sat by while I at first explained, at their suggestion, why the name Protestant has

been given us, naming some of the points in the creed of Rome which brought about the early protests. Again I read the parable of the Prodigal as I had done to Concha, and as the story of the bad son went on, tears filled Doña E——'s eyes, and presently rolled down her cheeks. There was no doubt in *her* mind as to the father's forgiving reception of the repentant wanderer. The gray-haired husband listened, with bright eyes gleaming in his dark face, glad, at least, of the distraction of a visit from *la americana*, and perhaps also glad to be reminded that there is room for repentance in every man's life, and a Father to receive the penitent. So the dingy shop did not seem dingy to me, though a fine mist was falling on the stony road outside and the day was very dark for a while. I left a tract, "The Three Crosses," with Don ——, who received it eagerly, and then I came away for one more visit.

Don P——'s house was a bit farther along. It was here the pretty baby died a fortnight ago. Both he and his wife wish to be baptized. Only Doña H—— was at home, with her three sick children, all with whooping-cough and fever. One boy has dysentery besides, and the little girl is much afflicted with sores over her hot little body.

As simply as to a little child, I told H—— of our mode of baptism. "To be wet all over in the river in baptism—even the hair!" seemed to her an incredible thing. Very carefully I explained the mode of baptism of John and of Christ's apostles, and the idea presently touched her imagination, as I described the afternoons by the Portugués river in Ponce. But the change of heart—of the will—to precede the act of obedience was a more subtle matter for her understanding. I marked verses in P——'s Testament for them to read together at prayer times.

Though there is certainly "much water" here in Adjuntas, few men and women can as yet be considered ready for bap-

tism and church-membership. . . It was twelve o'clock when I crossed the flowery plaza on my way home. Every hibiscus bell was drooping with its burden of rain-drops. One does not know how beautiful *mere rain* can be until it is seen misting down as a silvery veil over the hills, and watering every little thirsting root and leaf and bud! But it is curious with what icy coldness the gentlest rain falls upon the hands or face here. The evaporation is powerful in this heat and the country folks say that the *llovisna*, or drizzle, is more dangerous for a wetting than the downpour of an *aguacero*, or heavy shower! I suppose this is really due to the fact that one is more apt to change wet than merely damp clothing for dry things.

After the heavy shower passed, this afternoon, I went to the thatched hut where our sexton lives, in the *corral* back of the mission. Juana, his wife, and the week-old baby were quietly resting in the small back room. . . The tiny baby has been named Julita, and is a plump, pretty little thing. In Gabriel she will have a good brother, bless his pretty brown eyes! Already he begs Julita to hurry and grow, so that she may go to " Doña Juanita's " Bible class with him. Another visit was to the family of a widow, whose name ranks with " the best " in this little town. Merely social calls here, during which serious subjects may be more or less tabu, are usually rather a bore. Everywhere, however, there is an eagerness to hear about the United States, and even if they are not directly interested in religion, all are ready to listen politely to what the missionary may find it expedient to say about the study of God's Word, and the blessings attending it everywhere in the world. The Señorita M—— is studying English, and spoke it a little, to the great admiration of her old, dark-faced, wrinkled mother, if not to my clear understanding. They own the cottage in which they live. The ubiquitous crocheted tidy covered every chair, back and arm, and even the center-table,

and these particular tidies were of a dull purple color, which with the black of the " Austrian " furniture gave the little *sala* the look of being in second mourning! M—— says that her father used to speak of the Giant's profile, lifted high along the sky. Besides him, I have heard of no one here, who has ever seemed to notice the wonderful outline of the mountain ridge. Said Doña Adela to me one night, on our porch: " Think of it! You have come all this way to show us what has been before our eyes, always! " The Giant lies very still, not dead, but sleeping, stretched for many leagues high above Adjuntas, from massive head and arms folded upon his breast, to toes upturned to the changing sky in the west. I know he only sleeps, because the expression of his face changes as if he dreamed. Shade, sunlight, and cloud have a strange effect in altering the aspect of the perfect profile of the face. But after all I believe the hoary old Sleepyhead is more alive to me than to any one else!

I am not able to make so many visits every day as today. Sometimes heavy showers keep one in all day, now that the rainy season is advancing in the mountains, ahead of coast time for it. Sometimes, one visit occupies the whole morning or afternoon, or even all day if the house is off in the country. Sometimes visitors detain one at home. On other days, there are classes, mission letters must be written, business attended to. Thus, it seems to me that little value can be attached to numerical statistics given in reports to Boards, as to a missionary's daily work. No one day can be like another, and figures cannot estimate with justice the worth of service, or of the distribution of tracts, many or few.

February 15, 1900.

At bedtime last night, I stood outside my window-door on the porch, watching the curious cloud effects at moonrise.

Long shreds of silvered vapor *streamed* and *waved* in the wind across the black mountains. The Giant lay tucked snugly under a blanket of billowy vapor at one instant; the next, the wind uncovering him, he lay stark and black against the clear night sky; then again, the swiftly rolling mists hid him utterly from view. The *plaza* at my feet was full of perfume from Cape jessamines, roses, lilies, and the delicate lilac bloom of the *lila* tree with its peculiarly delicious fragrance. Adjuntas was very still, under the shifting panorama of cloud, and the long, deep breaths of the mild, sweet wind. I came inside, barred my shutters, and went to sleep.

Conchita, wife of the " American " soldier, bought a Bible today.

February 16, 1900.

Sunshine on the hills, this morning.

A woman has just left who wants to give me one of her little girls. Many offer me children, and one cannot wonder, when they are so plentiful, and food and clothing so scarce. Yesterday, I asked a proud little mother—jestingly—if she would not give me the lovely infant in her arms. Such a look as I received of mingled doubt as to my intentions, and of outraged mother-love and refusal, as the woman clasped the baby to her bosom! " O! I cannot see how a mother could part with the very youngest of all! " she said.

This afternoon forty children were in the class. In the *plaza* for half an hour before supper, playing with little ones who decked me with flowers, Ramoncito M—— among the children, a splendid great boy with magnificent, flashing dark eyes. Tonight the little *plaza* is again like an enchanted garden in the moonlight. All the beggars have hidden themselves somewhere out of sight, and little Filiberto has gone home at last, with, I hope, his pocket full of *centavos*. At least his weak quavering cry of

Peanuts, peanuts, hot and roasted,
Neither raw nor overtoasted,

no longer sounds past my door. And the mountains are like a dream of beauty in the light and great silence.

A happy morning spent in talking with an old man, who is a "candidate" for baptism, and with others. Later, I climbed the Vejía, and on the way scolded the careless people who had not gone for the doctor after I had sent him a note explaining the need. Bound up little Adelina's foot, which is almost well. F—— de J—— replied, "*¿Cómo no?*" "Of course," to everything I said, in a way most paralyzing.

February 19, 1900.

As I came from breakfast, yesterday, a poor woman headed me off among the *plaza* paths with a sick baby in her arms. I thought she wanted to give the poor wee one to me, but no! what she wished was that I should "cristianize," baptize it. Instead, I gave her sugar and bread and a cup of hot coffee, with a little good advice. . . To the public school this morning to see about entering María G——, whose little skirts and frock I have made ready for the great day of entering school. The schoolrooms have fine charts of large letters and syllables and short English words. "Uncle Sam" is determined that his little Islanders shall learn his language from the first grade up. It is a constant marvel to me to see what good public schools are already in action, in even rural districts.

. . . . . .

"Why did you not come to us long ago?" Doña Lola asks, as we talk of the stars and of other wonderful works of God for the children of men. What missionary has not heard that cry!

Off to the Giant's Head

Sleeping Giant and Adjuntas

Again I have been to see the family of the *espiritista*, Don J——, to talk with the little wife about her expressed desire to be baptized. (She is in no sense prepared for it, so far as an understanding of what more is meant than the actual rite in the little river, which she says "must be beautiful.") The husband, standing by the counter of their small shop, called out as we two chatted together, that they did *not* agree with me on that subject, and would *not* be baptized. Afterward, calmed down and seated in his rocking-chair, he explained his idea of the spiritual significance of the ordinance—that it may be done away with now—and forthwith he flew off on one of his tangents eccentric, and I ceased to listen. The sleeping Giant's noble head, showing peacefully against the blue sky, was in full view from the doorway of the little wayside shop, and as I looked up I longed to show poor Don J—— something of a peace which no argument can give or take away. Spiritism permeates Adjuntas, the whole Island in fact, and is more unreasonable than any degree of Romanism that I have encountered. It seems to have " appeared " in the Island when there was felt a need of something more than the established Church was giving some of the people—No! the need of something better has always existed in some seeking souls, whether there have come means to satisfy it or not. And spiritism cannot satisfy. Oh that the gospel in its pure truth had entered first!

February 21, 1900.

When just about to start up the river road this afternoon I saw a little group of men coming slowly into town from the workings of the new highway just beyond us. They brought on a litter the body of a man just killed at his work there. I saw the poor black head as the litter passed me on the shoulders of two men, but the face and body were covered with a

blanket. They were taking him straight to the cemetery, they said. On my way later, I talked with a workman who had been close to the other when the rock crashed down from the bank above, and pinned the man's body over upon his sharp pick, driving the tool quite through his body. The long machete carried in his belt also cut him horribly, and his death was instantaneous, it seems. His little son had brought him his dinner from home, and stopped to watch his father begin work again after eating—only to see the whole dreadful thing.

It is a stupendous effort, completing the road over these mountains, begun from the Ponce end by the Spaniards and left unfinished. When it is completed Arecibo on the north coast will be in direct communication by the splendid highway with Ponce in the south. Many laborers have been desperately injured in the past months since our Government took up the unfinished work in order, especially, to give employment to the poor in the towns and country. Some have lost their lives as did the man a while ago; often it is through the personal carelessness, which inertia and ignorance and lack of skill breed in an undeveloped people. But there is also real danger for even the skilled and wide-awake workman, on these mountain precipices.

I watched the men prepare a blast today and then saw the explosion from a safe distance. Yesterday, a workman was badly burned by a premature explosion of blasting powder.

And now, a woman has come begging me for a *papelito*, a little note, for the military doctor stationed here, asking him to go to see her son injured on the road, last week. He has begun spitting blood, she says. They think there is a certain charm connected with an American's *papelito*, as intermediary, and perhaps there is, sometimes, in these early stages of American influence. Dr. McC——is untiring in his ministrations among the poor up here in these mountains, even without

papelitos, but he is not yet entirely conversant with Spanish, so the " little papers " help.

February 25, 1900.

Mr. R. has come up for the fortnightly preaching-service. No one seems really prepared for baptism and its sequence of church-membership, and it seems best to have all the aspirants wait a while for fuller understanding of the Christian life. I hope to return before summer for a longer stay, for my heart aches over the many in the out-of-the-way places who are hearing God's word for the first time in their lives. Off here in the mountains, there is a seriousness and a sadness not so noticeable in the coast towns—a desolation of spirit, a desiccation rather, which one longs to replace with life and growth and joy.

Tomorrow, I must return to Ponce.

V

To linger by the laborer's side;
With words of sympathy or song
To cheer the dreary march along
Of the great army of the poor,
. . . . . .
Nor to thyself the task shall be
Without reward; for thou shalt learn
The wisdom early to discern
True beauty in utility.

—*Longfellow.*

PONCE, P. R.,
March 9, 1910.

CAPTAIN ANDRUS and the Fifth Cavalry Troop I are to be transferred from Ponce to Adjuntas at once, to take the place of the other troop returning to the United States. Both the captain and his wife are earnest Christians, of the Episcopal Church, and their presence in Adjuntas will be a boon to the townspeople.

YAUCO, P. R.,
March 14, 1900.

Another beginning of things! Today, we came by the short "French railway" to this substantial little city among the cane-plantations, an hour and a half west from Ponce. Southward from the town, the level, pale-green cane-fields extend almost to the sea. But, northward, the hills rise abruptly from the street ends, and a section of the ridge above the town is covered with little houses set as close together as houses may be. This shack-covered hillside is the first view

one has of Yauco as the little train rattles in among the cane-fields. Yauco used to be one of the wealthiest towns of the Island, with planters' homes furnished with the luxuries of Spain, of Corsica and France, and with warehouses bulging with coffee and sugar and molasses adjoining the family dwellings. Everybody is said to be "poor" in Porto Rico now, yet one finds cheer and patience everywhere. But even now, there is here in Yauco nothing like the abject want of the mountain districts, and I have not seen so cheerful a place since coming to the Island. Of course, we have come to see about beginning mission work here, where nothing has as yet been done, beyond a previous visit of discovery by the missionary in charge of these parts.

We have small rooms in the hotel "American Victory," for the night or two of our stay. The little Rudds were immensely happy over the ride on the train, as their parents brought them along, too, for the change of air.

March 15, 1900.

We drove to Guánica this morning, but three-quarters of an hour from Yauco, along a rough country road. Guánica Bay reaches a long arm inland from the Caribbean. The ugly little town squats on the sandy shore and extends back by one long dismal street to the road by which we had come. But it was here that General Miles landed the first American troops, almost two years ago now, so if an unlovely town, it is at least historic.

Back to Yauco again, in the afternoon. It is usually a missionary's plan on a pioneer trip to hold an informal first service in a private home or public hall which may be offered by some friendly person. But, no preparation having been made here as yet, we sallied in different directions after lunch to see what the town was like and what of promise there might be for hold-

ing an informal service somewhere and somehow this very night. After walking through many streets and being stared at, with not quite the benignity of the dear mountaineers, I found a woman standing in the door of her little shop who smilingly greeted me as I was passing. I stopped to return her greeting and presently told her of the *misionero's* desire to talk that very evening, with any who might like to listen, of God and the Bible. Would she, perhaps, like to have us come to her house for this, and would she invite a friend or two to join her? It was a poor place enough, with nothing visible inside except empty shelves and a few small bananas for sale on a counter. But there was room for a few chairs, and the door where we stood opened directly upon the sidewalk. Almost to my surprise, she agreed to the proposal, and we chatted a while, before I returned to the hotel. As nothing more propitious had offered itself, it was decided to go to Doña M——'s shop, after six-o'clock dinner.

I have come very near to first things in Ponce and in Adjuntas, but never quite so near as here tonight! There was a real thrill at first in sitting in the dim little shop, with Mrs. R. to sing, and Mr. R. to read the Bible and Doña M—— to listen. For the woman, a shy child or two and I myself formed the congregation inside. Outside, the sidewalk was soon thronged with a noisy, jostling crowd which stretched out in the darkness half-way across the street, passers-by stopping to see and hear what the *americanos* were about. It was a rather nerve-racking hour, it must be confessed, but, at last, we shook hands with our hostess and came away. Of course there had been a brief explanation to the crowd of what it *was* all about and, after the first, there was some attention paid by those nearest the shop door. So a beginning of the work has now been made in prosperous, conservative little Yauco!

March 16, 1900.

There are famine sufferers even here. This afternoon in my stroll about town, I found a homeless, starving, sick boy gasping in the deep, cobwebby doorway of a closed warehouse. I got milk and bread and fed him a little, and then hurried to the small hospital on the town's edge. Fortunately, I was met at the door by a sweet-faced " Sister " whom I had known in the big city hospital in Ponce, and she welcomed and introduced me to another, as *una amiga*, a friend. (She is the one who, on learning that I was a Protestant, had clasped her hands in despair and cried, " O what a pity that such a sweet lady must go to the *infierno*, because of being outside of the Holy Church! ") They agreed to admit the boy, although they were crowded to the limit already, if I would get a policeman to see him and secure a signed application from the mayor. Back to town I went and found as by a miracle a policeman who complaisantly promised to attend to the whole matter. A little later, as I sat on the high upper balcony of the hotel, he passed in the street below with two men carrying a closed litter. " I've got the boy," he called, looking up to the balcony, " he had fallen down in the street! " So they carried the poor child to the perfectly inadequate little hospital, but a cot under a roof will be better than the street.

Tonight, Mr. R. held a fine service in the dining-room of this hotel by arrangement with the proprietor, and there has been time today for inviting people of a different class to the *culto*. There were lights and plenty of seats, and doubtless some curiosity was plentifully satisfied in the breasts of those who came to hear " some new thing." The balustrades of the windows were lined with men and women standing outside on the sidewalk and a few United States soldiers sat inside along with the *élite* of the town. It is well to have touched the peo-

ple at two distinct points of contact, yet we who are always learning something more of the gospel's way with hearts, can already divine which class of Yauco's townsmen will more readily respond to its call.

We return to Ponce by a very early train, tomorrow.

PONCE, P. R., April 15, 1900.

A young American school-teacher died yesterday of pernicious fever. Infinitely pathetic are desperate illness and solitary death in a foreign land, although acquaintances of a brief time may give their best help. A transport ship will take her dead body back to New York and her parents, as it brought her away alive and merry, in January.

'Tis little, but it looks in truth
As if the quiet bones were blest
Among familiar names to rest
And in the places of his [her] youth.

. . . . . .

I am a mighty poor politician, and find it hard to know just how this Island does stand politically with relation to the United States, her new mother in the north, but I know that little Porto Rico has been the bandy-ball of political parties in Washington for many months, and that the people at large have been indignant that Congress failed, for so long a time, to do "the right thing" by us. *I* do not have the clue to the labyrinth, but know that much of the strain has been relieved, both here and there, since the news was published that the tariff bill had passed both Houses, and that Porto Rico is to have the fifteen per cent of the Dingley tariff. The law is to go into effect on May 1. Also, on that date, the Hon. Chas. H. Allen, the new and first civil governor, is to be inaugurated in

San Juan, whereupon the military governorship of General Davis will end.[1]

May 4, 1900.

Sarah Romney, who was so ill in the hospital, *Asilo de Damas*, has just come to bring me three little sour oranges, of which I am supposed to make a tea, to cure my cold! La grippe is epidemic among our people.

The cattle on the brown hills sniff at the parched ground and find nothing to eat. Milk has risen in price just when the sick poor need it most, and the farmers cannot plant in the sun-baked soil—and many of them have no money for seed. But showers, now and then, give hope of the rainy season already overdue.

The Moorish kiosko in the *plaza* is still full of homeless ones lying on the floor, night and day, sleeping or ill. The "wolf" has driven them in from the countrysides, and there is nowhere here to keep them, as the hospitals are all full. Few of these forlorn ones have learned to beg, as yet, and they sit around, hopeless and torpid. When Porto Rican women ask me about my family, and hear that I have none of my very own, they usually say: "What a good thing! What peace!"

Very soon United States currency will replace Spanish money in the Island, saving us daily and vexing calculations. The Spanish *peso*, or silver dollar, is to be considered as worth sixty cents "gold." If only there might be some system of loans inaugurated for the planters on their coffee estates ruined

[1] After the official retirement of Spain from the Island, on October 18, 1898, "Major General J. R. Brooke, United States Army, was at once appointed military governor. He was succeeded two months later by Major General Guy V. Henry. General George W. Davis took General Henry's place the following May."—J. B. Seabury, in his School History of Porto Rico, 1903.

by the hurricane, to set them upon their feet again with the purchase of tools and the hiring of labor for clearing the plantations, there would be real financial hope ahead, and more cheer for the little Island.

ADJUNTAS, P. R.,
May 12, 1900.

We found El Saltillo, on the outskirts of Adjuntas, alive with the road builders, as we drove up the mountain. When all is finished—boulders ground to powder, mountainsides carved away, gorges crossed by strong bridges, beds of mountain streams altered, precipices buttressed with masonry, etc., this *carretera* will be a mighty work accomplished, uniting the north coast directly with the south by a splendid road, barely half as long as the fine old diagonal highway between Ponce and San Juan—" a highway for our God "?

The faded blue roses are still climbing the sickly yellow walls of my room at Doña Clara's, an old lace curtain drapes the iron canopy above the narrow bedstead to keep the dust from sifting down upon my pillow, flowers brought by the children as soon as I was well out of the carriage, adorn the little table, already heaped with my books and writing things, and I hope that strong essence of pennyroyal will drive away ants, fleas, spiders perhaps, and mosquitoes from my pillow. All is as spick and span as ever in the bit of a room, and a warm welcome made me feel as if I were come back home.

All the world here is sick. God help me to give his message to the people before they die! Yet, I wish to be calm and reasonable in order to cope with the bitter misery on all sides, else I myself shall flag, under the sense of their apathy and want. Often I do not know what *to say* when there is nothing *to do*. Livingstone once wrote, " *Food for the mind has but little savor for starving stomachs.*" Little Anita, Doña Clara's

grandniece, is dying in the house, by the slow degrees anemia poisoning takes. Her complexion changes from ghastly white to green. Doctor McC——, the army surgeon stationed here, had me listen to her heart-beats this morning, and on laying my ear against her breast, I heard a whirring and rushing inside like that of a machine fan, while I could detect no countable beatings of her heart. That organ must overwork in order to supply the scanty red blood to the tissues demanding it. I have bought the digitalis and other medicines Doctor McC—— prescribes, but only with the hope of making her days easier. Her father also is in this house—all the family being hurricane refugees from the hills—and he is in the last stages of anemia, with tuberculosis of the lungs also, I think.

A pouring rain falls, and my old friend, the Sleeping Giant, lies grim and still against the sad-colored sky, a gossamer veil of rain swathing his highness. Big banana leaves make pretty good umbrellas for some of the passing folk, and others wear coffee-sacks as cowl and cape over their heads and shoulders. One does not see real umbrellas very often. And the downpour has driven off of the streets the scores of helpless, homeless creatures, straying about the town—driven them whither?

Sunday, May 13, 1900.

A lovely day of summer. Mr. R. baptized five men today, in a little pool under the river-bank, P—— among them and dear old B. from over the Giant's head. Of these five the church was "organized" tonight, in the old warehouse hall. Afterward there was a marriage. At last we have a nucleus about which to build in this mountain district. Some of the women are very promising in intelligent experience, but few of these can read, and it is wiser for them to wait.

I am glad we have missionaries who are more intent on seeing men and women intelligently and heartily beginning the Christian life, than on counting mere baptisms and churches for reports to a Mission Board and the public. Mr. R.'s words, addressed to the church of five, tonight, were spoken as to little children, but were of no weak stuff.

During the past week I have tried to find out the truth of some of the tales the destitute tell me, and to help, not with money many ask for, but with medicine provided by Doctor McC——, and with milk and other food. Mrs. Andrus, the good captain's wife, is a neighbor, as they are quartered in a large frame house near Doña Clara's. Both the captain and his wife are strong arms of support, as they have true hearts of sympathy for this suffering people. Mrs. A. has helped me to provide a mattress—stuffed with clean excelsior—for a poor, sick stranger who, drifting down a mountain trail, has been taken in by a woman on the hillside road above town. I found her lying on the bare palm-strips forming the slatted floor of the shack, with nothing between her scantily clothed body and the open floor. My brother would hardly think the shack fit for housing his Rhode Island Reds! Certainly not for his cow! Yet, True-hearted Hospitality shares his scanty food and room with the dying woman. "She could not get any farther down the trail, so, of course, we took her in!" Of course they did—I know no one here who would not have done it! I have sent medicine and sugar and rice. It is perhaps better to do for a few, really, and so help some to get well, than to deal out *centavos* at every turn. It would certainly be easier, on begging-days—Saturdays—to provide a boxful of crackers on the porch, as storekeepers do on their counters, for any beggar to help himself to a couple from it, or to change a *peso* into *centavos* and give one each to a hundred beggars, as Doña Clara says her husband used to do.

May 19, 1900.

The sick woman on Las Vegas trail cannot live long, but how she does enjoy her soft (?) bed on the slatted floor, and other small comforts! She is learning to say the chorus of "Pass me not, O gentle Saviour," for she has no breath for singing. As the chorus in Spanish is a prayer and very short and simple, and as she is very weak, it contains "the gospel" I am trying to teach her. Her memory falters, but her passing soul looks gravely and understandingly from her sunken dark eyes into mine, as she says after me,

Cristo, Cristo,
Oye tú mi voz,
Salvador, tu gracia dáme,
Oye mi clamor.

The children are being rounded up for beginning again our classes together. Dear youngsters, always coming with their little hot, short-stemmed offerings of flowers! I must insist upon the use of scissors if the town fathers do not, else the *plaza* garden will soon be a wreck.

Our aged brother B., one week after baptism, is to lead a short service tomorrow morning, following the children's Sunday School. Until now, I have had only the children's school on the Sundays when there has been no preacher up from Ponce, but it seems well to us to have these elderly "babes" begin to take hold now, helping with the work among their own people. It will be hard for any of the five, at first, as they have not yet even prayed in public, and I rather dread tomorrow.

Mrs. Andrus has just brought a woman to me who has become a chronic case of begging, asking me to interpret for her and rid her of the nuisance. The ladies of the engineers'

family say they cannot bear the strain of this poverty-stricken town much longer, and one of them has become ill over it. They do what they can to help, as do all the Adjuntas families. We are hoping that Government rations will once again be distributed, as soon as a transport food-ship arrives. Now, comes Mrs. Andrus' cook with a bowl of chicken broth for Anita.

Sunday, May 20, 1900.

I think the Lord must have looked pitifully and kindly on, this morning, as the tall, old man from the mountains took the minister's place, for the first time, in the dingy mission hall. After the Bible class of thirty little folks and a few elders. I kept them all instead of dismissing as usual, and Don B. stood behind the table, and read several chapters in Luke *straight through, beginning with the first, genealogy and all.* Now and then, he paused for a remark. Then we sang, and next he read a prayer from the hymn-book, all of us kneeling, but hardly knowing whether to close our eyes or not! The children giggled a little at this new style of *culto.* After another hymn the *culto* was over. It is a comfort to know that the Lord knew what was in the old man's heart, and that sitting in the heavens, he did not laugh.

In the evenings, I am reading aloud to the large household, which always gathers in the *sala* and in the dining-room behind, when the day is done. Most are ailing and *tristes* and gladly listen. Tonight, we had come to the eleventh chapter of "Pilgrim's Progress," in Spanish. They are eager to be going on with the story, but listen intently to such of the arguments as it seems wise to give to their anemic brains. Like the Bible, this book seems to have been written for just such simple, unspoiled, needy hearts.

Little Anita has improved somewhat under Doctor

McC——'s care, and has been to the children's class once or twice, and is learning to sing some of their songs, breathless as she is.

The poor lady in the hut up the trail has died! I was not there at the moment, but the women, who always sat about during my visits, tell me that to the last she kept whispering over and over:

Cristo, Cristo!
Oye tú mi voz!

Can I doubt that He heard?

May 22, 1900.

The sick lie tucked away in half-finished or unoccupied houses, on the floor, anywhere. Until the very last days of life, they manage to sit up and even drag themselves about the streets. In many, the sickness is from starvation, and ills resulting from exposure to rain and sun by turns. Naturally, these conditions breed disease. The wanderers cannot be driven out of town, as there is only devastation in the hills from which most of them come. Yet the town itself is too poor to care for all of them. Today I found a sick man on the sidewalk and had to get him into the hospital—a place poor enough, but rather better than the street when it rains. Doctor Mc C—— called up a hospital attendant for me, and a litter was sent at once, so inside of fifteen minutes I saw the poor fellow in the hospital. Much else I saw—overcrowded rooms, soiled cots and linen, unwashed patients, and *one woman to cook, make the beds, and care for the patients.* The " attendant " is a sickly man himself. There seems to be little food for these sick, as there has been some hitch about getting supplies, and I am afraid that some of the Porto Rican men of the town who might set matters right, are content to lounge

over their tables in the *alcaldía*,[2] and scribble and criticize the United States Government over their cigars and—bottles! I have seen and heard them at it in the inn.

But, happily, there are others among them of a different stamp. Judge F——, and Doctor C—— are always willing to help, being citizens of influence and broad-mindedness, and there are others *un-self-seeking* enough to be genuinely troubled over the want and death around us.

[2] Town hall.

VI

Ah! to how many Faith has been
No evidence of things unseen,
But a dim shadow that recasts
The creed of the Phantasiasts,
For whom no Man of Sorrows died,
For whom the Tragedy Divine
Was but a symbol and a sign
And Christ a phantom crucified.

—*Longfellow.*

ADJUNTAS, P. R.,
Sunday, June 3, 1900.

THE past week has been a nightmare. Government supplies came for the destitute, and all the *barrios* [1] of the mountains emptied themselves into Adjuntas which had seemed overflowing before. It took two days for the army wagons to bring up from the Port and deposit their loads of codfish, rice, bacon, beans, and calico Mother Hubbard wrappers at the warehouse doors, and for all to be stored—in the room adjoining our mission hall, although this charity has nothing to do with the mission.

A swarming but feeble multitude filled the *plaza* and streets, some deserving and very needy, others undeserving of the first aid which is really all such help can compass.

It took many hours each day for the American orderlies to attend to the heads of families presenting their *boletas*, the precious bits of paper obtained in as nearly an orderly way as possible through the commissary agent of each district.

[1] Districts.

Some poor souls had lost heart with the long waiting for the food-ship, and the wagon-train, and had trailed back to the plantations, without aid; some, in town, are too ill to wait in line for attention; others are too unused to beggary to be agile in petition.

When it was learned, in some way, that I had arranged for some suffering families to be fed, the hordes precipitated themselves upon me, on Tuesday and Wednesday, till I hardly dared show myself outside. In the mornings they waited patiently for me, sitting mutely on the porch-steps and the side-walk until I was dressed and had had to open my window-door for light and air. They haunted me in the streets, pattering behind me on their poor, bare feet, by silent twos and threes, or hailing me from the curb, where lines of them would sit with empty sacks beside them, for hours at a time. Some were pitiful, and in their ignorance pleaded for aid in securing their tickets, some were boldly rude, demanding *papelitos*. But now at last, things have settled down, and most have their tickets, and know when to come again and be served.

Other matters have occupied me besides; arranging for the whitewashing of our mission hall; planning for the marriage of A—— with J——; the first meeting of the sewing-class; and several visits, besides the children's classes. The wives of the American engineers and the captain's wife are giving material for stout underwear so grievously needed by some of the poor women, and large girls who can sew are to come to the mission for making chemises and skirts. The ladies are to do the cutting out, while I direct the girls, as the former do not speak Spanish.

This a. m. when Mrs. Andrus and I went to the mission for Sunday School, Gabriel had not opened the hall, and the air was unbreathable inside, with the stale odors of codfish and bacon stored in the next room filling the warehouse.

After a lame beginning, things brightened up with the sunshine and breeze pouring in along with the swarming children. From a wide back doorway, there is a most lovely view of the mountain heights ranged against the sunny morning sky.

There were forty-five children at last in the Sunday School, plus four out of the five " brethren," and several women. Don B. was more at ease in his service, offering a faltering but *audible* prayer of his own, as did brother P—— also.

It is a novel business for me to be training these crude believers, but there is a strange pleasure in it. —— wore a large, clean Turkish towel around his neck, this morning, and his clothes were freshly laundered. He has a good, sensible face and will be a leader some day.

Since dinner, I have been to V——'s house, for the Bible class with her neighbors. The red-clay hill road was wet and slippery, though the rain was over. Afterward, I stepped across the lane to see Primitiva, the bright-eyed little scholar who is sick. I found her so dangerously ill, that I hurried back to town for Doctor McC—— and took him to the house, slipping and panting up and down the steep hill road. He thinks the child has spinal meningitis and must die, but prescribed for her. [She died very quickly.]

June 4, 1900.

Judge F—— came in a while ago with a countryman and his wife, to ask if I would not " baptize " their little baby. It was ill, and they could not pay the dollar to the priest, and Judge F—— thought I would do as well. It was hard for them to understand how I could refuse to do so simple a thing, when nothing the missionaries do is ever charged for—preaching, marrying, nursing, burying! I gave them some advice about the baby and baptism, which to me at least seemed good.

Bought a water-tight barrel at a store for the whitewash mixture for the mission hall—cost twenty-six *centavos*.

June 8, 1900.

But for the thought of the stricken and drenched ones seeking shelter, and perhaps finding none, and for the delay in the coming of more provisions from the Port of Ponce, I should enjoy the deluging torrents of rain that have fallen upon us during these days, and the great, spectacular drive of the clouds from one side of the valley to the other, swallowing whole mountains as they pass. The rain falls upon the zinc roof directly overhead with the noise of some solid substance dropped from the sky. It hisses past our porch in driving, opaque sheets. It streams from the ragged clouds like " little glass rods " boring their way to the earth. Certainly, this is the rainy season!

On class-day, no one could have expected children to come to the mission, but I saw little faces crowding the open windows of the warehouse looking up the road to Doña Clara's, at 4 o'clock on Tuesday, and in mackintosh and rubbers I went gladly enough to honor the faithful—if mistaken—few.

The river is swollen, and the cottagers along the banks are in a panic. On coming back into town, I found the rumor of an imminent hurricane everywhere, and people were *nailing* up their shop-doors!

Poor little Manuel is one of my latest protégés. A fortnight ago, he " appeared " to us. I was sitting in Doña Clara's *sala*, with doors opened on the front porch, chatting with the family as I often do after lunch, when a strange, little, ragged boy, with shining eyes and whitest teeth, suddenly stood in the doorway. He carried a wee baby in his arms, wrapped in a clean, white cloth, and he was so tired that he plumped down,

at once, on the door-step. "I came to give away my little sister. Her name is Carmelita," he said, with a grin.

He was so jolly-looking for all his ragged hat and shirt, and the baby so clean, that we could not help taking the little creature in our arms, and hearing all about it. But how could I take a baby to keep? Carmelita was but seven months old, and very small and white, and the life I lead, with its uprisings and outgoings and no abiding-place of my own, makes it impossible to me to undertake the care of an infant. Just as little could Doña Lola think of keeping the little sad, dark-eyed thing, with Doña Clara's houseful of invalids and orphans on her hands.

"See, the child is a *boba* (defective or idiot)," she cried, holding it on her lap presently. "When they hang their heads forward like that, they have no sense, *pobre criatura* that she is!" Little Carmen certainly had not life enough to hold up her little black head, and there was almost no expression in the baby eyes. It seemed to make no difference to her who handled her, and she did not whimper as she lay quietly in my arms at last.

Manuel told us of his sick father and mother, and the little brothers and sister, at home in a grass-hut, and lying on the ground with nothing to eat. *Mamá* had no more milk in her breast for the baby, so he had brought her down the mountain to give her to some kind woman who would perhaps buy milk for her. After feeding him, we had to let him go. We knew some woman would take the baby-sister and I promised myself to help care for the child. He came back, presently, to say that a woman had taken Carmen, and I found her as soon as possible. She seems kind and pitiful, and quite able to keep the poor baby, though she has one of her own. She says Carmelita needs no care except to be bathed and fed, as she lies still on her cot, and gives no trouble at all—poor baby-starve-

ling. With my help she will take better care of the child than I could, as the house is clean and cosy and she is always at home.

Manuel has come back several times and always reports his family as worse. One day, as he is a strong little fellow himself, I gave him work to do—the clearing of Doña Clara's side-yard of weeds. Then, I despatched him to the river, which was not yet swollen by the rains, for a good bath. Meantime, I had begged some boy's clothes from good Mrs. Andrus—her Clift is just Manuel's age—and when the child came up from the river, brown and shining, I had him dress in the clean blouse and trousers. His own were only fit for the fire. He was a delighted boy when I next took him to the store for a new hat, and then Doña Lola sheared his shaggy black locks. I have two suits of little Clift's clothes for him, and he is to change each time he comes to town. He is a wonderfully bright little chap, always eager to run an errand or do a job for me.

But the last time he brought sad news. On returning to the hut, away over the mountain, he found the little sick brother and sister both *dead*, lying on the ground where they died! The mother is too ill to know any one. I would go to them, but those who know say it would be quite impossible, with the trails rushing torrents now. I hated to send the brave little fellow off in the rain today—for he has come again—but he carried food for several days.

June 10, 1900.

At last, the mission hall is whitewashed after four days' work, for the ceiling and walls were begrimed past description. Now the floor remains to be scrubbed, with water brought from the river. Gabriel informs me that when Don Antonio had it scrubbed for our occupancy, months ago, *one hundred and*

sixty bucketfuls from the river were needed. Well! there is abundance of water now in Adjuntas, if scarcity of all else.

Last night, Justina and I walked out by the light of a watery moon to see the river surging across the bottom of our street with a deafening roar. One of the American engineers and a companion had a narrow escape from drowning in the river, close to town, today. They were riding big mules, and at the ford Mr. A—— was swept off his mule, and had a dangerous struggle for life, for a few seconds, but reached the bank safely. The mule was swept far down the river, and was almost exhausted on recovery. Fancy one of our big American mules exhausted!

Sunday, June 17, 1900.

Again the huge army wagons have come creaking and crawling up the road from Ponce, bringing food, but not enough to satisfy the hungry horde which has sat brooding, day by day along the road, waiting for the wagons. If only the odors in the warehouse would vanish with the provisions, as quickly and completely!

Manuel has grown thin and pale with his exhausting tramps back and forth in sun and rainstorm, and has a little fever, malarial doubtless.

This has not been a very profitable week for reporting numerically to the Mission Board in Boston. Still, quiet talks with V—— and M—— seem to have revealed the fact that they are "ready" to be baptized. Our people have not yet learned a gospel language, and it is difficult to read hearts. But there is a light in the eyes of these two women, and their earnest desire for knowledge of God's will for them speaks for the new interest which has come to them both. I asked one of them what reason she had for thinking herself "converted," and her reply was simple enough: "Before I knew about these

things, when I was washing the clothes in the river, and the soap would slide off the wet rock into the water and be carried away, I used to say bad words enough, feeling very angry in my heart. Now, when that happens, I just laugh and say, ' Well, I must go back to the house for another piece of soap! ' I have a very bad temper, but the Lord is taking it away."

This morning it showered, but the children came dropping —and dripping—into the mission hall. At 10 o'clock, brother B. had not arrived for his service, although I knew that he was already in town. So P—— and J—— came up to the front of the room. I sent two or three mere infants home after Sunday School, during a hold-up of the rain, and then P—— read in the Bible, after we had sung a hymn. Another hymn and some phrases of prayer followed from P——, and B. who had arrived meanwhile; then came the doxology, and the benediction (pronounced by myself, as I see that the men find it difficult to end a service and so send the people away; perhaps it seems a rude thing to do!). So the meeting concluded. No grown folks besides us were present, except one old woman inclined to converse with the nearest children.

After all was over, I was charmed to have P—— say to me: " Next time, it will be different. I shall read a chapter during this week, and think of some words to say as an introduction to it, and explanation of it." That I had already suggested this procedure to him, in a former talk, did not detract from his satisfaction in feeling it to be his own thought and plan. He read, this morning, in a good clear voice.

And Brother B. had wished to read his chapter, after all, late as he had arrived, but the children were too tired to listen to more. Besides, I want these men to realize their responsibility. They must be helped to stand alone. Yet I wish to be on my guard against too much " personal conduction."

VII

O wild and wondrous midnight,
There is a might in thee
To make the charmed body
Almost like spirit be,
And give it some faint glimpses
Of immortality!
—*Lowell.*

ADJUNTAS, P. R.,
June 29, 1900.

THE day after I wrote last, Manuel returned. I sat in my doorway—also the only window in my room—just at sunset, writing to Mrs. Reynolds in Boston some official account of "the Work." The child appeared suddenly, as usual—one moment he is not, the next he is! He was very pale and excited, yet told collectedly of his mother's burial that day. As it was very late, I fed him and kept him all night. Doña Clara is very kind to my little refugee and lets him lie on—something, on the dining-room floor! The next day, I despatched him with his sack supplied with provisions for the family remaining, but he grew too ill to get beyond the edge of town. He managed to crawl back to the store next door to our house. From there, a woman brought him to me, and here he has been ever since. Doctor C——, the Spanish physician here, is very good about coming to see the child (Dr. McC—— having left Adjuntas) and says he has a fever of some kind. He lies very quietly, by day, on a little mattress we have made for him, stuffed with the sweet dry grass of the fields. I have made sheets and a pillow, bought a cot-

ton blanket, and Mrs. Andrus has provided two suits of her boys' pajamas. The mattress is thick, cool, and springy, and occupies a corner of my tiny room, on the floor of course, as there is no room for a cot. At bedtime, Doña Lola and I draw the mattress with the patient into the *sala*, just outside of my door, for the night. From my own bed, I can hear every movement on the pallet-bed, and am up and down all night. Today, his fever is running very high, and the little sun-browned body is scorching hot. But Manuel's smile is always ready, and he says he is *un poquito mejor*—a little bit better.

I should be going down to Ponce now, but cannot leave Manuel. He was brought into poor Doña Clara's house, because the woman who found him had seen the little fellow with me, and now he is too ill to be moved, if there were anywhere to move him to.

Last week, Mr. R. was up from Ponce, and there were many *cultos*. On Sunday, the twenty-fourth, the women, M—— and V——, were baptized, and also the youth R——, as the morning sunshine sparkled over the river. I sang myself hoarse with the insatiable children afterward, and at V——'s house later, and a vocal cord seems to have snapped.

At last, Gabriel and I had gotten our big dingy meeting-hall into beautiful (?) order, for the fortnightly service. A part of the river had been sluiced and swept over the floor; the whitewashed walls gleamed in the light of all the lamps, filled and scrubbed; a new text in large letters of blue blotting-paper was on the white wall; a new table-cover of the new kind of cloth called *khaki* decked the old table, and lovely roses decked the table-cover. So, we were quite fine for this week's services. . . I do not see how I can leave this little town alone, and go down to big, hot Ponce with its many workers.

I am reading some volumes of Bayard Taylor's "Travels."

A Waif of the Hurricane

Flowery Plaza in Adjuntas

Antiquated? Perhaps so, but he saw, as it seems to me few travel-writers of this day let themselves see. I think that, as Maria Mitchell says of her own journeying-eye, Taylor gave most attention to what he found in foreign parts superior, rather than inferior, to our own civilization—a wholesome process. His "Egypt" and "Norway" and "Sweden" are refreshing reading.

Government supplies for the starving come but fitfully, and the nightmare of poverty increases, as the people grow from impatient to bold, and from worn-out to despairing. I have been grieved and tormented in turn by their insistent demands upon my time.

Sunday, July 1, 1900.

The night after I wrote last, Manuel was taken with profuse hemorrhages from the bowels. His fever raged and there were other grave symptoms, until toward morning he was on the verge of collapse. The good doctor came across the street to us in the night, and Doña Lola "stood by" all the next day, or I should hardly have gotten through after the night of stressful nursing. I napped, now and then, as Manuel's fever lowered toward afternoon after another hemorrhage at noon. The poor little fellow's only complaint all day was, "The day seems very long!" Today has been restful, since Manuel's bath. Doña Lola stayed with him while I was at the mission. All was quiet and solemn inside the mission hall. In or out of the Island there could not have been found thirty better-behaved children than ours today. Dear Mrs. Andrus came to sing with them, to rest my broken "cord," and afterward P—— led the morning worship well. It poured rain outside, so there was no lounging in the doorways. The blessed children remembered my request and only helped instead of hindering with giggling whispers, even when P—— pleaded over

and over with one of the "brethren" to make a prayer—in vain!

Then came the bath! Esmerigildo had already filled a tin bathtub borrowed of Doctor C——, and set it beside poor Manuel's pallet. Hot water was added when I came home from the mission, and four of us proceeded to wash the child as gently and swiftly as possible, with soap and cloths. His little hot body was covered with a *crust* of dirt and dry skin, which none of my frequent spongings had availed to remove, and the doctor says he *must* sweat the fever out! I was only too glad to have the cleansing bath at last permitted, although Manuel has looked a very well-regulated little patient without it. Since noon, however, his fever has kept at its height—scorching—and I am not sure that the bath was not too strenuous an affair in his feeble state.

At last, the baby Carmelita is dying, apparently of pure inanition. The woman has taken good care of her.

[She died that day.]

July 3, 1900.

Manuel's fever baffles the doctor. He grunts today, as he sleeps heavily and yet says, when roused, that nothing hurts him. Doctor C—— comes three or four times a day to see my little waif.

July 5, 1900.

Yesterday was a dismal day enough, for everybody. I had had an indescribable night with Manuel. The "grunts" of day before yesterday meant congested lungs and the doctor is fighting pneumonia and the fever, which seems to be *typhus*. We know now that it was a malignant fever of some kind that carried off Manuel's mother and the little brother and sister. I have never touched so scorching hot a human body, in a good

deal of experience of nursing. There is no ice, only cold well-water for spongings, and the cloths from his body heat it at once in the little basin. Doctor C—— uses no clinical thermometer, and I keep no chart, but I am sure the temperature has reached 105° more than once.

I was just trying to catch a moment of sleep, after a last sponging, yesterday morning at dawn, when a cannon-shot or two was fired in salute of the day—the Great and Glorious. The *diana*, or reveille, was being played by a guard at every street corner in turn, to rouse the town to holiday-making when, suddenly, every sound ceased! And we learned later in the day, that an American soldier had died at 3 a. m. in the hospital, and the person having the program of the day in charge, not being notified of the death in time, had of course not withdrawn the order for the *diana* until too late. Every plan for racketing was called off, and instead of the patriotic parade of townsmen and soldiers, the Fifth Calvary Troop I, in mourning, turned out to escort the body of their comrade in the ambulance, part of the way down to Ponce. The day was bereft of all merrymaking, which better suited me and my sick boy than any one else in town. Poor soldier lad!

July 15, 1900.

Not much doing in all the past week but holding on to the feeble life of the little sick boy, prolonging it, saving it perhaps, for what? Yesterday Manuel went into a fainting-fit, and the sweat stood in great, clear drops over his body. From every pore of his face and breast a sweat-drop exuded, giving the queerest appearance, as if the little body were dew-laden! We thought the end near as his little brown hands and chilling limbs and even his closed eyelids quivered curiously. The doctor was at hand stimulating him, and had me dust starch-

powder and cinnamon continuously over the sweating skin to close the pores.

For the first time, we " sat up " with him all night long, Doña Lola giving me three hours good sleep until half-past 2 this morning. Then M. slept quietly, and I had only to watch his pulse, giving a little brandy with the milk now and then, for his fever was almost gone, and there were no repeated spongings as usual. I read by lamplight dear " Little Dorrit."

I kept the porch-door of the *sala* where M. lay, wide open to the sky all night, and once I heard some one on the sidewalk below call, " Doña Juanita! " and a policeman stood outside in the dark, asking if anything had happened. No one here, except rash Americans, ever sleeps with windows or doors open! I explained, and the man went off assuring me that he would be within call if anything should be needed. I suppose " all the world " knows about Manuel. It was a comfort to think of somebody awake and alert, near by.

At 4 o'clock, I made a cup of cocoa on the little oil-stove in my bedroom, and stood on the porch drinking it, to watch the summer-day break over the mountains. A billowing marvel of silver mist rolled low in the valley about us, the moonlit mountains high against the pale sky beyond. Later, the slopes grew green in the coming light, as the moon went down in the west, and after a while the sun came up quickly in the east behind the mountaintops, the sky turning from pink to gold.

The street and *plaza,* empty all night, except for my guarding *sereno* on his beat, were unnaturally beautiful in the silence and the moonlight of dawn, before the bedraggled poor began to come out of their crannies and trail up and down in the dawning. The first one of all to stir in our street was a little boy, about Manuel's age, ragged, dirty, hungry of course. By the time the sun touched the hibiscus blooms in the *plaza,* dishevelled women and hollow-eyed men were well abroad.

A little nap, a bath and hurried dressing, coffee and bread, and a dash to the butcher's shop for a bit of good meat for Manuel's broth, brought me finally to 9 o'clock and Sunday School again.

All day, M. has seemed better, with no fever so far as I can see, for he is a little below normal in temperature, and must be stimulated, now and then. Yesterday's startling crisis must have been the turning-point in this dreadful fever, and I suppose that the sudden drop in temperature would have been fatal if M. had not been such a hardy youngster. Doctor C——'s treatment has seemed to be very sane, away off here where we have had no " appliances." All the medicines, disinfectants, even port wine and other stimulants, he has provided from the hospital stores, and he will not allow me to speak of remuneration for his assiduous care.

Perhaps it will be possible, some day, for me to look back upon these shut-in weeks in the teeming Porto Rican cottage, as time not lost or wasted, though what to do with this child after he recovers, I know not.

July 19, 1900.

This morning, I threw open the screen guarding the open doorway so that Manuel might have a glimpse of the sky and mountains from his lowly bed on the floor. He was still looking up, his eyes as bright as brown beads, when the doctor came in, as pleased as could be to see his patient so well. " I am looking at the sky," said Manuel. " *Pero, hace pocos dias estabas tú mas cerca del cielo que ahora!* " " But, a few days ago, thou wast nearer heaven than now! " the doctor replied. Manuel has asked for the little sister Carmelita, and knows now that she has gone away, to suffer no more. He did not seem to grieve when I told him, but lay very quiet, and then said, " It seems as if all my family were dying! "

What days of loveliness we are having! It is as if the best of Junes and Octobers were welded together to produce perfection of temperature. The air is so *breathable* up here in the hills that I wish all the tired missionaries on the hot coast might have strong wings to bring them up here without fatigue, to breathe it.

Sunday, July 23, 1900.

Manuel has no more fever, but I found him crying bitterly, his head under the sheet, this morning, because he knows now that I must be going down to Ponce very soon.

A large class of children was waiting for me in the old warehouse, this morning, and *we read together*, for many have books now, the four accounts of Jesus' resurrection. Many men and women grouped about the doors entered to hear a short after-talk intended for them.

Alack! alack! Captain Andrus and his troop are ordered to leave the Island in a few days, en route for Fort Myer, near Washington, D. C. I should like to know how many of our troops being withdrawn from Porto Rico in these days, have had such a commander. He has been as much interested in the poor as Mrs. Andrus has been. They have kept open house for the men of their troop on Sunday afternoons and evenings, singing with them at the piano, and helping all who come to them to realize their manhood and their responsibilities here in our new bit of earth.

July 26, 1900.

The troop is on the march today, for San Juan, where it will embark on a transport for New York. The captain has just been in to say good-by, and now the double file of splendid horses mounted by our fine, blond men, with the captain at their head, has just wound out of sight along the road to the

ford. I stood on the porch, and " the boys " saluted as they passed, leaving a real ache in my heart. Mrs. A. and the children will go down in the big ambulance after a day or two.

It is a still, hot day, with a touch of seacoast softness in the air. Adjuntas seems very empty!

Tomorrow, Manuel is to sit up for fifteen minutes in a rocking-chair, arrayed in a blue serge sailor-suit bequeathed to him by Clift Andrus.

There will be no Americans here now, except the two lieutenants of two little bands of native soldiers—a dozen each of cavalry and infantry, which have taken the place of Troop I—two or three engineers and myself. The new military doctor is a Scotchman. I shall miss the long line of fine horses trotting by from their river bath every day, and their fair-skinned riders in blue chambray shirts, khaki trousers, leggings, and broad-brimmed, gray felt hats. But it is right to bring the Porto Ricans into service, and there is no need for large bodies of United States soldiers in the Island now.

. . . . . .

August 1, 1900.

Today, two years after our " invasion," and accompanied by much trepidation of spirit in the Island, the change of currency from Spanish to that of the United States comes into general effect. This change has had to be initiated with " courtesy and patience " on the part of the commission in charge. Yesterday, I realized fully the truth of the saying that money is worth only what it will buy! There was very little United States currency in town, almost no cents—and daily dealing is largely in cents' worth of things—and Spanish currency was refused in the shops. A few people really had nothing to eat, as they buy only in daily quantities, coffee, sugar, bread, an egg or two, milk! Some articles are soaring

in price already—for example, a box of matches costs one *centavo* Spanish, and two cents "gold" are worth three *centavos* now. Therefore, for two cents one should get three little boxes of matches, no? But one gets only two, a whole cent apiece! Now, what becomes of that other *centavo?* thinks dear old Doña Clara, breaking her head today as she "makes the accounts" with the boy from market, the bread-man, the milkboy, etc.

Said the priest to some one when Captain Andrus went away, "*Gracias á Dios que se vaya, y gracias si la otra tambien se fuera!* Thank God that he goes, and thanks if the other [Doña Juanita] would go too!" He complains that the *protestantes* are taking all the marriages away from him! Recently, he told my friend Doña Angela —— from South America that her little girl was large enough now to prepare for her first communion. The mother's declining was spirited enough, and when she has been criticized for sending her five lovely little ones to the mission classes, she has said: "I send them where they are taught to love God above all things. If that were taught in the Roman Catholic Church I would send them there. I would go there myself in that case. As it is, if there were no Protestant service here, I would keep them at home, and teach them myself." She has a Bible and reads it.

PONCE, P. R.,
August 12, 1900.

Finally, as Doctor C—— and his nephew, having business in Ponce, agreed to share a carriage with me, which I could not well afford alone, I left Adjuntas and Manuel on the eighth, the anniversary of the fateful hurricane of one year ago. M.'s feelings were beyond control as I got into the carriage at our door, and he lifted up his voice and wept aloud,

laying his little cropped head down on the porch-railing. But he is getting well now, and can walk across the floor without staggering, and Doña Clara will let him stay until my plans are made for him. If I lived alone I should keep him with me, of course. Mr. Rudd tells of a Christian couple—a Spaniard married to an American lady—who are about to open an Industrial Home for orphan children near Ponce, and it is possible that they will take Manuel, whose father has vanished completely.

I am just home from Sunday School, and with a wilted collar and exhausted breath. I thought I fully appreciated the fine quality of the air in Adjuntas while actually breathing it. We were still miles away from Ponce, but nearing sea-level as we came galloping down the mountain, when the languor and heaviness touched our breasts. Yet, Doctor C—— told me, on our way down, that one hundred persons had died in Adjuntas and the vicinity between the first and seventh of the month.

It is good to be here again, with the missionary family, and in my pleasant little room. Mission history has been writing itself in capitals and italics during these months, and I cannot seem to catch up with the details. The church over in San Juan was "organized" early in this year. The McC.'s and Miss Hayes are just as absorbed there in the north of the Island as we are here in the south. Perhaps "there will come a reaction," as some say, in the interest of Porto Ricans in the Bible and the study of God in his world. Perhaps there will be revived an indifference—if indifference can be revived—to any deeper and purer religious ideas than they have been accustomed to. Already, as a whole, they are growing used to Americans, and some criticize our ways and our government, forgetting former adversities, and turning, as it were, to the flesh-pots of less strenuous ambitions.

It is difficult for a tropics-born and hitherto unprogressive people (necessarily unprogressive from conditions submerging them) to acquire the view-point of an alien northern nation suddenly projected among them; and, for myself, I do not wonder that there should be obstacles in the way of the Porto Ricans keeping step with, and even of accepting, American ideas. They have certainly experienced some disillusions along this line. Even gospel teaching keeps those of them who are earnestly trying to learn, at a white-hot pitch of strain, if not exactly of struggle! Of course, some will find the new Christian life too strenuous for mortal Islander to live. But many, *gracias a Dios*, are proving its power and beauty, even if they sometimes stumble in the going. . .

Monserrat, with her one blind, bulging eye, and rough, bare head, stood at a window on the sidewalk one night, outside the mission, with her " old man " who was not yet properly her old man at all, and she liked the singing and the praying and the hand-shaking—especially the post-culto hand-shaking, I am sure—going on inside. So, one night she came in with her old man, and she has never gone out, so to speak. She has been " *married by the culto*," as they say, and neither one of the old couple ever misses a service. Indeed, it would seem that nobody ever tires of listening to a sermon in the mission hall.

August 14, 1900.

Washerwomen, cooks, bakers have been on a strike as a consequence of the change of currency. And just at first, it is easy for the more ignorant to rebel at receiving now fewer *cents* for labor than *centavos* formerly, when a cent does not seem to have any more purchasing value than a *centavo!* A woman who now receives fifteen cents for washing a dozen articles looks back with indignant longing to the twenty-five *centavos* of last

month for the same work, as fifteen cents does not seem to go any further in the stores than fifteen *centavos* did! All this will soon be arranged, of course, and the *centavo* and *peso* forgotten, but indeed our little United States cent does look very insignificant beside the big, heavy *centavo* piece, which is of about the size and weight of that one-cent "copper" once in circulation in America.

Now that we have our afternoon Bible School at La Playa, the Port of Ponce, two miles away, I must spin thither on my wheel at half past three every Sunday, and I find the tires are giving way after their long rest. The road is dusty, sunny, and hot, but there are a few tamarind trees, a *flamboyán* or two, and clumps of bamboo, or a towering cocoanut-palm, now and then, along the way. I need a horse and some kind of carriage for the miles out of Ponce. Already there is talk of a future trolley-line for Ponce and the Port. . . There is such a mixture of blood in the coast towns, that one meets every possible shade of the human complexion. The law against nakedness of young children in public is not doing much, as yet, to cure that useless evil. A rather amusing species of eye-service is in vogue, such as hustling a naked baby out of sight on the approach of an American, or calling to an urchin enjoying a dust-bath in the street to run for his life into a bit of shirt waved from a doorway! Sometimes a laughing mother will say to a little brown rogue clasping my knees, in a Cantera shack, "Go, get your *camisa*, or Doña Juanita will whip you!" "It is you who should have the whipping," I have retorted more than once, and not laughing at all. But this evil will pass with others, as self-respect and altruism develop in the Island. Of course, the heat of the coast towns encourages this bad custom, for in the mountains one rarely sees a naked child.

September 11, 1900.

While I sat in my room studying, a week ago, there came a knock at the door, and outside stood Manuel, plump and rosy! The doctor's wife and daughters had brought him down to me. The little fellow was as happy as possible and kissed both my hands, and all through his six days' stay at the R.'s home followed me about like a loving little dog. His naïve delight over his first experience of a big city's doings were very amusing. Yesterday the Spaniard, Don M——, sent a man for him and he went off sorrowfully, on horseback, perched between two full sacks of grain. Another small orphan, destined for the same school, bestrode—as far as his short legs would go—another horse with its pack. I know Manuel will be safe now, and he is to work when strong enough, as well as to learn to read and write. His beaming smile will win affection anywhere.

The children poured into Sunday School last Sunday, until there was no room for more. As these have become my charge now, I gave Carmen ten of the littlest ones to teach, for the whole swarm in our bit of a side-room could not be taught anything at all.

VIII

Our little lives are kept in equipoise
By opposite attractions and desires:
The struggle of the instinct that enjoys,
And the more noble instinct that aspires.

—*Longfellow.*

ADJUNTAS, P. R.,
September 29, 1900.

THE long-expected organ for Adjuntas, sent to us by Mrs. Thomas of Newton, Mass., arrived at the Port on this week's ship, so as I had rashly promised the people to come up and help inaugurate it, when it should come, I joined Mr. Rudd and Don Enrique and little C——, yesterday, on the long carriage drive hither. On our way out of Ponce we passed the big organ box, resting in the ox-cart under a tree by the roadside, three oxen "outspanned" and lazily chewing the cud close by. The fourth had sickened and had had to be driven back to town! The organ had been sent ahead of us the night before, and we were rather chagrined at the delay, as it *had* to be in Adjuntas in time to be unpacked today for Sunday—tomorrow. I had just blown out my candle late last night, hours after we had arrived at Doña Clara's house, when Gabriel came to my outer door announcing jubilantly the arrival of the cart with the organ. So, today, it has been unpacked and set up in the warehouse.

September 30, 1900.

My birthday. A fair, cool day. I went early to meet the dear children, once again, in the mission hall, and we sang

with the organ for half an hour before classtime, to their ecstatic delight. Two were baptized in the river, this afternoon, one of our boys and a middle-aged man. In the evening after Don Enrique's sermon, the Lord's Supper was administered to the little band of ten in the presence of a crowded and very respectful congregation. Afterward, there was a marriage. There generally is!

An absolutely full day, but it was hard to leave the porch tonight and come to bed, at a late hour, with the mountain moon glorifying the quiet night. Back to Ponce tomorrow. And our people here must be left to their every-day concerns, which have not materially changed in character, whatever change may be coming to their outlook upon life. How much does this new impulse mean to the real life of each of the ten "members"? Is it to be only for Sundays and the other red-letter days when some missionary can be with them? Truly, I think not. We shall be glad when each little church can have a native pastor, or "elder" to foster, and guide it along ways of independence of us, for greater dependence on God and themselves.

PONCE, October 28, 1900.

A beautiful, plain communion service has been sent to the Ponce church, by a young ladies' society of Providence, R. I. Now, with more dignity the Supper will be served tonight. There are the silver flagon, two goblets, and two plates. We use a red wine watered, and bread made in the house.

November 8, 1900.

I am planning a vacation of ten days. My old friend, the S. S. Carácas, is due here tomorrow, and I shall make the round trip with her to the Venezuelan coast, stopping at the

Dutch island of Curaçoa on the way. The heat is excessive, and the Island has grown a little too small to hold even me for a while.

The terrible earthquake shocks of last week, which shattered Carácas and other towns of Venezuela, make some shudder, yet I have no fear of going there. The " brethren " prayed touchingly, tonight, in the *culto* at La Playa, for " Doña Juanita's " safety on her trip. How do they learn to pray so faithfully, so earnestly? I do not pray half so self-forgetfully. The drive home afterward, with Don Enrique, was enchanting in the full, white moonlight and the freshness of the night— the towering grace of the palms, and the quiet of the limitless cane-fields on each side of the road seeming a vision of a different world from that of the glaring, heated, racketing, noisy day just past.

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PONCE, November 20, 1900.

This morning, the mountains of our own Island seemed to float among the clouds as our ship drew in, home from the far South. The sea was shining blue and dancing for joy, after yesterday's storm of wind and racking waves. It was just 8 o'clock when the rowboat brought me ashore, with my spoil of travel, baskets, fruit, and trinkets from South America, and a good will for work after ten strange and delightful days in foreign ports—Curaçao, La Guayra, and Puerto Cabello.

November 21, 1900.

Our church's first " anniversary " tonight. The meeting was enthusiastic. Faces beamed, songs were sung with gusto, there could not have been more reverent and absorbed attention to every word of prayer and teaching. Surely some of

these are God's own. And with what unction at the end all the people said, Amen! One year old.

November 25, 1900.

There were a hundred and fifteen in Bible School today. It was good, after ten days away, to be in the crowded little red hall again, not half so large as the Adjuntas warehouse mission, and with the eager scholars. But, I am to go to Yauco this week, where there is exacting need of work among the women and girls. Since that first meeting there, in the little fruit-shop, the missionary-in-charge has made regular trips thither, and has just now opened a rented mission-room for *cultos*.

YAUCO, P. R.,
December 5, 1900.

I am staying in a small, clean room in the " American Victory " hotel, on the second floor. Panchita, the little errand girl of the hotel, went with me to the first service November 27, and I found the street outside of the house full of women and girls crowding the sidewalk up to the door, and listening to the hymn, " Pass me not, O gentle Saviour," in rather noisy fashion. Scarcely a woman was inside, but there was a crowd of men and boys. In and out they came and went regardless, but some returned and a few remained all the while. All listened as they might in the slight confusion to Mr. R.'s talk about " The Sower "; open-eyed they heard the prayers, and I doubt if they knew they were prayers! They tried to sing a hymn or two, some highly diverted, others serious. It was a novel experience, even in Porto Rico, to sit as I did and look into the faces of business men, half-grown youths, beggar-men, boys, infant stragglers—who ought to have been at home

and abed—all of the less gentle sex listening with curiosity to the "new thing." They heard only an old story, but told in a way to which they are little accustomed. A notice was given to the women and girls and children, that "Doña Juanita" would have a class for them the next day.

The next morning was spent in visiting several families, and in getting an idea of the streets, so that I easily made a map of the little town by noon. The afternoon class I had rather dreaded, as not all first things are easiest things, in mission fields. Yauco, compact and conservative, is very different from depressed, appealing Adjuntas, and big, easy-going Ponce. There are quicksilver and electricity here, and I did not know but that I might find, instead of a handful of women and girls in the mission, a horde of mocking street-boys, white and black, and perhaps gibing young men as my congregation.

The actual result of the invitation was twenty-five school children, mostly boys of course, and some of them big boys, five women, and two gentlemen. The last were my best listeners, by the way, and the order was very good, after I had invited several rough, disorderly fellows to leave the room. As I quietly waited until they were ready to go and obeyed, there was no confusion, and the two men entered as the boys left. Those two listened with scarcely a movement, until the end. I wonder what they got out of it, that simple lesson for the children.

. . . . . .

The slim, little black-robed priest is out every day, and I have a genuine curiosity to learn what he is telling the people about the Protestant invaders, but can make a pretty good guess at it. I see his long, black skirt whisking in and out of by-streets as I make my own way, here and there, and though he does not appear to do so, I do not doubt that he sees the

whisking of mine—sometimes ahead of his own! In Ponce we have had, or known of, no opposition from priests, except in their sermons. They have little to do with "the masses."

I notice that many of the boys in the mission class are fine, public-school youths of enlightened families, and have found that these children are well grounded in Bible history and Roman Catholic tradition. (Not in "evangelical" truth, however.)

Hot sunny weather. I sat on a bench in the *plaza* and talked with "nice" little girls, prettily dressed and as merry as grigs—but they do not come to the mission.

December 7, 1900.

There are *two* priests here now, and in their sermons and visits they are actively stirring the people against our teaching. I hope the younger one, whom I see every day, is teaching his friends not to hate us but to seek and love the truth. Yet, can I hope it? He has an advantage in knowing these people, who are his own parishioners, more or less in sympathy with his attitude from "custom," if not from conviction, while I am limited as yet to making acquaintances. Certainly from the others' view-point I am an intruder, a meddler, a proselyter. But I will not, either as lady or missionary, *force* myself into any house or my arguments upon any one. There are open doors for truth almost anywhere, if one has seeing eyes to find them.

Sometimes a pretty baby on a doorstep smiles up into my face—or it may be that he screams with terror—and I stop to caress him and *mamá* comes hurrying out to speak to the *americana*. Yesterday, I saw a lady making lace by hand in a room opening on the sidewalk, and stepped in to order a few yards of the pretty stuff, which I really wanted. This morn-

ing, I found the family more than willing to have me tell the meaning of our mission to Yauco, and a sweet young girl said, " Oh, *mamá*, if we could only get one of those Bibles, [a strange book to them] and read for ourselves the truth! " I was glad to tell her she could!

December 8, 1900.

" *Day of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary.*"

In order that Jesus should have been conceived " without sin," the Virgin mother must have been born without contamination of original sin. So, in 1854 Pius IX issued the dogma of the Immaculate Conception (of Mary, *not* of Jesus as is sometimes supposed) teaching that, in some mystical way, before she was born of " Joachin " and " Anna," the wonderful miracle freeing her from sin took place within Anna's bosom! It is one of the greatest of the feast-days of the modern Roman Catholic Church, and thousands of little girls in the world, born on December 8, are given the name of *Concepción* in Spanish, with Concha and Conchita as pet names. Therefore many birthdays are being celebrated today!

Sunday, December 9, 1900.

A new vision of God's great love to men, from reading Van Dyke's " Gospel for a World of Sin " today.

The first Sunday School of Yauco today. Twenty-one attended, " the pick " of the week-day classes, and all went quietly. Some curiosity is being satisfied, some interest has lapsed, some remains. I hope the children learned something of their new " Friend " today, from the lesson and from the hymns they so dearly love to *shout.*

After hot milk and toast, in my room tonight, I talked in

the little hotel parlor, until 9 o'clock, with Mr. D——m from Boston, a thoughtful, cultured American gentleman, who is here about the immense sugar-mill enterprise being established at Guánica near-by.

December 14, 1900.

Here is an advertisement of Ambrosiani wines which I read in yesterday's paper, "*La Democracia*" of Ponce—comment unnecessary:

"*Before the celebrated Ambrosiani appeared on the scene, 99¾ per cent of the inhabitants of Porto Rico died poisoned by the brandies and liquors which the makers made for us. But now Ambrosiani has come, i. e., the Moses of Porto Rico, and as He who was born in Nazareth saved the soul of humanity with his doctrines, so Ambrosiani has come to save the soul of Porto Rico from certain death.*" (Translation.)

December 19, 1900.

Mr. R. has come from Ponce several times in these days for an evening service and seems to be getting a good grip on some earnest hearers. The days for me are busy from "coffee" in the morning, until dinner at night, with an interim for lunch and a siesta at midday.

Though Sunday was given over to "religiosity" by the town, and little girls flitted to the big church in the *plaza*, wearing white veils and ribbons of blue—Mary's color—for their first communion, the second Sunday class was good. The American public-school teacher accompanied me to the mission, and it was amusing to see the waiting Sunday School rise to its feet *as one child* as their young teacher entered the mission. As she is a Roman Catholic, and known to be such, I was glad to have her there, that she may testify to the fact that Doña Juanita does not really desire to eat alive those who are not of her *doctrina!*

Afterward, we two encountered, or rather avoided, the Virgin's procession of girls and women, singing through the streets,

Ave María, Madre mía,
Mi consuelo en el cielo, etc.

We walked out into the country, skirting the vine-grown aqueduct, and finding charming views of the green valley, with the purple wing of evening folding in velvety softness over the surrounding mountains—in restful contrast to the tawdry turbulence of the streets behind us.

In the four months since Bishop Blenk (of the United States) sent the priest Pasalagua here to Yauco, to take the place of the aged incumbent who formerly served, this man has brought the town from a dead religious state, as some one here has told me, to its present vigor in churchly duty. Many attend the neglected early mass and the every-night sermons, while large numbers go to his boys' and girls' catechism classes directly *after school*, my hour, in the afternoons. It may be said that religion is on a boom just now in Yauco. If this zealous priest would teach the truth of God, instead of raising Mariolatry to the *n*th power among women and girls, how gladly we would go somewhere else to teach. Very few little girls dare to come to the mission, yet many make shyly sweet overtures for acquaintance, and I am invited to the "best" houses, chiefly out of curiosity to hear of the North, and of the styles, customs, and what not, for Americans still have prestige in the Island, and Yauco was the first town to receive the United States army as it marched through from little Guánica-on-the-Bay, inland. With hot coffee, and rose garlands, and beaming smiles, the *soldados americanos* were greeted in these streets two years ago. But missionaries from the great, little-known North are something more than mere *americanos*, and they must be taken with pounds of the salt of caution.

This morning I came upon a choice spirit. María Rodriguez, in giving me her touching history, showed her real devotion to Jesus Christ and to his mother. When I told her of his own saying, " All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth," and that the apostle Peter had said that in no other name is there salvation, she accepted my word as simply as she had believed what I told her of the facts of my own life which had seemed to interest her. " I did not know that," she said thoughtfully. " My mother taught me many prayers to Jesus, also to the Virgin. All my people believe as I have done."

It costs these dear *creyentes* a pang to give up their idea of Mary's power with her Son. Much less it costs to look with disfavor upon confession to priests, and even to doubt the value of the propitiation of saints. But the beautiful, tender, sorrowing " Mother of God " makes strong appeal to their hearts. A lady in Adjuntas told me one day, that she knew that the Bible as we teach it is true, but that no one could take from her, and others like her, her veneration of the Blessed Holy Mother. May this María find in the blessed Son of God all that she needs, for all that the world needs is to be found in him. It is remarkable that although we never attack this faith in Mary, it is usually the first subject introduced when Roman Catholic women talk with us. " But you do not believe in the Blessed Virgin! " is often their instant demur. " Oh, yes, I do, though not just as you do, perhaps," I reply. " Let me read you what *la Palabra de Dios* tells about her. More than this we know nothing of her. But this is enough." And often I am surprised to find how satisfied many are to see that we do " believe in " her to some extent. It is never of much use to argue such points, apart from the mere reading, as their traditional beliefs slip away naturally, when God's Spirit really reaches their hearts.

January 18, 1901.

86° Fahrenheit!

Said Pedro, in the boys' club meeting last night: "The other day I was in a house where everybody is strictly Catholic, and one of the ladies asked me if I were one of the boys who go to the *cultos*. I was afraid to say 'yes,' because they are *muy católicas*, and I said 'no'!"

His bright, black eyes fell as he spoke, but he looked up bravely after I had reminded him of another Peter who was afraid to say "Yes" once, long ago, when asked if he knew Jesus. The dear boy says he will have *más valor* next time and say "Yes."

IX

All fruits the trees of this fair garden bore,
Whose balmy fragrance lured the tongue to taste
Their flavors: there, bananas flung to waste
Their golden flagons with thick honey filled;
From splintered cups the ripe pomegranates spilled
A shower of rubies; oranges that glow
Like globes of fire, enclosed a heart of snow—

. . . . . .

All flowers of precious odors made the day
Sweet as a morn of Paradise.

—*Bayard Taylor.*

PONCE, P. R.,
February 20, 1901.

AS usual, with a pang, I have again left one branch of our work—Yauco—to take up another—Ponce.

Tonight, a colored man spoke in prayer-meeting in a touching way. The subject of the study was "Never man so spake." S—— said that many had spoken with him in his lifetime, but no words had ever so touched his heart as Jesus' words. His old mother had often counseled him for the right; friends had led him astray by their words. He had gone after "strange women"—one of these had come with him to the mission the first time of all. "She never returned," he said. "I have never left off coming, but no man has spoken like Jesus to me. Now, though I am black, and my mother was black, and the *Señora*," pointing to a missionary sitting near, "is white, the words Jesus spoke are for all of us, white and black. The same Father is the Father of white and

black." This seemed to affect him very deeply, and his voice broke several times as he spoke.

ADJUNTAS, P. R.,
March 13, 1901.

Just seven months since I was here! For the first days I am in the little room where the blue roses creep up the livid walls, at Doña Clara's, but I have taken half of the big, empty house close by, where Captain Andrus lived, and shall try housekeeping. There are a few bits of furniture there, and I have a hammock, house linen, and a steamer-rug. The rooms are large and sunny, with pretty papering, and there is the supreme luxury of a slender piping of water into the kitchen.

CASA GRANDE, ADJUNTAS,
March 15, 1901.

Happy am I in this big house, so quiet, cool, and ample. The scouring and spider-chasing have made it clean and sweet, after having been unoccupied for months. I have, practically, the whole house, as only the sunshine and the mountain breezes occupy the empty half, not technically mine. There are two small flower-gardens, one behind the long back veranda, the other directly beneath my bedroom windows on the cool side of the house. The Spaniard who built the house, three years ago, died, and his family is in Spain. No one has occupied it but the two American captains in their simple, camping-out style, so it is still new and fresh. I feel like a queen in her palace.

Housekeeping could be a nuisance, but with good Luisa in the kitchen, to do as much of the planning as she will, I shall not think much about food, and with no bric-a-brac, carpets, curtains, oiled floors, or spare furniture, housecleaning will be reduced to its lowest terms. Here, I have space, air, silence,

finer pictures framed by window-frames than hang on any gallery walls, and a back veranda fairly wreathed and garlanded with a beauteous flowering vine, while rose-trees full of buds, just now, reach upward toward my bedroom window.

Dear Doña Clara is as friendly and hospitable as ever, but her house is overfull now of sicknesses lingering on to sad ends.

Fruit is ridiculously cheap and very plentiful this year; ten or a dozen oranges cost one cent; the little bits of bananas, good for frying, ten or fifteen for a cent; charcoal brings to the charcoal-man from the country ten cents a *barrel*, and kerosene is but six cents a quart, and milk four!

The young church has been constant, and there are now ten men and three women baptized. They have been holding Bible School on Sundays among themselves, and some one has ridden up from Ponce every fortnight for preaching-services.

Saturday night, March 16, 1901.

Three of the " members " came to me tonight, by invitation, to talk over tomorrow's services. Two of these are apt in following the methods, and even in copying the manner of those who come to preach, and have learned to lead a *culto* very well indeed. But they need help—as who does not?—in studying what they are to pass on to others. I lent them books, and we chatted, until R—— proposed leaving, at last. Thereupon M——, a bright youth, said, " I could stay here all night talking with Doña Juanita! "

Monday, March 18, 1901.

The crowding children were restless, dear hearts, at yesterday's double service, but they sang splendidly, and M—— stood beside me at the organ and saved my cracked larynx

with his own strong voice leading. Afterward, he told me that he might have to leave Adjuntas, seeking work elsewhere, and added: "I do not wish to leave our little church here. If I can help, I want to stay. There is nothing so good and sweet to me in Adjuntas as the mission."

. . . . . .

A really good evening service led by P——. As my cook was away, a band of little boys escorted me to and from the mission. We came home in the pouring rain, and my big house would have seemed dreary and lonely to one who minds being alone.

The stormy wind and rain were company enough for me so long as I was inside and they out, and I sat cozily writing in the patch of light thrown by my lamp in the big room, until nearly midnight. Then I locked up and went to bed, for the first time in my life alone in a house all night. The wind rustled the banana leaves against my shutters, and I drew up the heavy traveling-rug and slept till 8 o'clock this morning.

March 20, 1901.

Luisa has just come to ask if my worship likes her bit of steak broiled half-raw or well browned. I like her old-fashioned way of saying *su merced*, and *mi Señora*. The young ones do not talk so! Luisa was the cook at the inn, last year, but was ill, and when I found her the other day, she was suffering in her shanty, without work or money. She was glad to come to work for me, and I am glad that she has agreed to sleep in the house.

Tonight, I visited a family of very agreeable folks. They tell me that spiritualism is taking a stronger hold here than ever, and that many of the principal families here are attending *centros* or séances, and that most of those who attend our ser-

vices are spiritualists, not Roman Catholics; that they call our services "theirs!"

Now, this is what I see: that in a reaction from Romanism, or in its utter negligence, many have taken up *espiritismo* as a cult; it is in a very crude form, and in many, many cases it has been for want of something better than the Roman Catholic Church has offered them. The simplicity of the mission services, without form or ritual, and conducted entirely in their own language, has attracted some of these, along with the many who have no faith in spiritualism. May the God of truth teach them a better way!

. . . . . .

Heavy, gold-hearted, fragrant roses are growing by the handful on my garden trees. The night air is full of their perfume, and is pure and cool. Country sounds and the murmur of the river are the music of the night, and close under my windows, the *coquis*, tiny, brown whistling frogs, serenade me all night long. I am very happy to be here, living a simple life among this simple-hearted people. The mountains loom big and black by night, without the moon, and the beaming stars seem so close that I might almost grasp them with my hand.

I have a touch of malaria, however, and Luisa makes me for a nightcap a sudorific tea of her own concoction. Last night, it contained white touch-me-not blossoms (colored ones will not serve), petals of the hundred-leaf rose, fennel, and leaves of two other plants unknown to me.

Little Juanita from the country beyond came to the house again yesterday, more ragged and unkempt than before, but so brave, winsome, and merry that I kept her to talk with me a little, before sending her off down the highway with a few things in her sack.

Tree-ferns on the Military Road

"What did you buy with the cents Doña Clara and I gave you?" I asked her.

"With one cent, *rice;* with half the other cent, *sugar;* and with the other half, *a needle.* But I lost the needle, so my dress is not mended," with a grin, and displaying the ripped gathers in her skirt.

I showed her her grimy face in the mirror, and she was fascinated! Also I told her that I never spit on the floor, nor rest my soiled hands on the nice, clean wall-paper.

"I shall bathe, and comb my hair, and wash my dress and mend it, and then, in Holy Week, I shall come and visit you," she cried beaming. "I shall converse with you then. I think my papa will die soon," she rattled on, "because there are clouds of butterflies on all the hills, up our way—great butterflies everywhere. Once before, when they came like that, my cousin died, and now it means that my *papá* will die. His body is swollen—Oh! you should see him, but his arms are nothing but bones. He was well till the *ciclón* came, and we had a zinc roof on our house, but the wind carried the pieces away over the mountains, and we never could find them. Now the roof is of *yagua* [palm-tree bark at the leaf-steam], and my father is dying. My stepmother and I are working hard to clear a bit of ground where we can plant things, so after my *papá* dies, we can have something to live on. We have a pound of beans," counting on her little brown fingers, "and a little rice, and two little potatoes, and a pound of corn for seed."

And so on she chattered, teeth and eyes gleaming through a tangle of sunburnt hair. Her "conversation" pleases me as much as that of some *señoritas* who wash their faces and hands every day! I gave the child a needle and thread and other treasures, and she departed on light feet for the hut somewhere up among the hills.

A neighbor assures me that a black butterfly fluttering into a house means the death of some inmate. So it lies between Luisa and me now, as a velvety black beauty visited my room today! Butterfly season has come. A poet would have been inspired by the " cloud " of little blue and white ones drifting along my path today!

Sunday, March 31, 1901.

P—— spoke to a large, attentive crowd tonight, in the mission hall on " If ye love me, keep my commandments." Outside in the road there was a little disorder among the crowd gathered there, but no one inside paid attention to it. After a hymn, and a long pause, P—— asked some other " brother " to speak. No one would open his mouth. More hymns, two prayers, then P—— talked again, from the first verse of the chapter this time, " Let not your heart be troubled." It seems that some townspeople are troubling the children who attend the mission, and his warning was that those who do not care for " the truth " themselves should not " trouble " the hearts of the innocent children who come to us!

Thou, O Christ, who dost understand hearts, wilt not fail to accept the spirit of devotion to thy cause of thy servants who are learning of thee. Thy words were for the consolation of troubled hearts; P——'s tonight, for warning those who would " trouble " the hearts of others, and for comforting the little ones!

Homeward, with the little-boy escort, one child bearing the day's accumulation of flowers—every yard in Adjuntas now has its boxes and beds of flowers—another carrying the lamp, another, my umbrella, still another, my books, still others coming just for the fun of tagging along too. But, after they had helped put the flowers into water, I turned them out to go to their beds.

April 3, 1901.

Two country girls from over the Giant's head, came to see me today, early, before I had finished straightening up the house. They brought loveliest flowers in profusion—lilies, roses, Cape jessamines, tuberoses, "do-not-marrys," "widows," scarlet sage, begonias, and many others. Also a large handkerchief containing twenty-two ripe, sweet oranges from good Don B.

Tonight, the church of thirteen meets here for the second time, for their Bible study. Private reading at home is not sufficient for them, as they are finding out for themselves, and they are eager for study, with intelligent questions and answers. It is a pleasure to have a place for receiving them, more cheerful than the dim warehouse room. P—— promises to begin teaching J—— to read. Two say their sight is too old and dim for learning to read.

X

Come to me, O ye children!
And whisper in my ear
What the birds and winds are singing
In your sunny atmosphere.

For what are all our contrivings
And the wisdom of our books
When compared with your caresses,
And the gladness of your looks?
—*Longfellow.*

ADJUNTAS, P. R.,
Easter Sunday, April 7, 1901.

ON such feast-days as "Holy Thursday," "Holy Friday," and "Saturday of Glory," Roman Catholicism rises—or descends—to scenic effects. I did not see the procession, day before yesterday, Holy Friday, as I kept quietly indoors until it should be over. So often I have seen such that I feel only a sad distaste for them. I heard the little band playing a funeral march at 3 p. m., and knew that an image of Christ in a coffin was being taken from the church and borne on men's shoulders through the streets, and that Mary's doleful image dressed in black was carried behind it, and that men, women, and children would be straggling along behind their poor idols. Some one has told me since that the tremendous downpour of rain came on just as they left the little church. "Never mind," the priest said, "it is the devil who sends this water. It will give nobody a cold. Do not be afraid. Even if the sick should walk in the procession *they would be made well.*"

Not a street-cry was allowed all that day. Even the poor

sweets-sellers from the confectioner's were hushed, and no milk was brought in from the country, in the afternoon. Guards were posted to see that the stores were kept closed! For two days, Thursday and Friday, even the bell was not rung at the chapel door; instead, the hideous rattling of the *matraca* was dinned into our ears at the required intervals for prayer. Little F—— heard the priest tell the boy manipulating the huge rattle to carry it to the *americana's* house and rattle it outside "to make her angry." A sad fact is that I did spring to my feet, inside, racked in every nerve by the senseless din, but I only peeped through the shutters, and kept as still as a mouse on guard, until the horde of rude boys were tired and went away. That was on Thursday.

A young farmer who sells me a pint of milk morning and afternoon, was in town early that day, but learning that no milk was allowed to be sold in town in the afternoon, he climbed the mountain back to his little farm, and milked his cow for me, and then plodded back with milk for my supper—and for himself what was left of the church functions! Such an anemic, tired-looking man he was. It makes me indignant to hear Porto Ricans carelessly classed as "self-seeking" and "shiftless."

Yesterday morning, Saturday, I was visiting in a house when at 10 o'clock several pistol-shots were fired, ushering in the "Gloria." The church-bell began to ring, and the gloom was past.

"But Jesus rose on the third day after the crucifixion, not on Saturday the second," I remarked to the man of the house, as we listened. He laughed, and in explanation could only say that he supposed a good thing was doubtless made better by being doubled in quantity and that, for that reason, Saturday is celebrated as well as Sunday, and so becomes a foretaste of the joys of resurrection day. All the shops were

thrown open at once, and I wondered—anyhow, I was able to purchase some needed groceries!

April 11, 1901.

The United States mail which reached Adjuntas tonight brings, among others, a letter from a lady in far-away Michigan, asking for a missionary-letter by April 9, day before yesterday! Two from Ponce tell of the death of C——, the first of all the church there to die.

Sunday, April 14, 1901.

At 4 o'clock this afternoon, I walked down the long street called Canas, leading out of town and down the river, to the string of huts along the road. Here live many families of anemic people, who have drifted in from the country and mountain byways, since the hurricane. The men are out of regular work, and one hardly sees how they live. I chatted with a couple whose children were clean and neatly patched. Others gathered, and right there in the road, I opened a Sunday School! The men and women and little ones crouched on the ground, on a palm-log, about me on the door-step, anywhere. Such denseness of ignorance as to the Way, the Truth, and the Life I have never found anywhere in our dear Island. But an awakening of interest showed in their intent faces, and, before I left, several of my congregation had learned the name of God's book, *la Biblia*, and to repeat, "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners"—the faltering tongues repeating the Spanish text after me. And the children learned a verse of *Aunque soy pequeñuelo*, "Although I am a little child," usually the first hymn I teach children.

One woman, with a strong kind face held a very dirty, shock-haired, naked little boy on her lap. When I wrote the names of the children in my little book, which charmed them

mightily, I told the mother that I was not going to ask her little boy's name then; that next Sunday, I would come again, and if her baby were bathed and had on a bit of a dress or shirt, I would write down his name too in my book.

These poor people say they are too forlorn and poor to come to the mission in town. At first, therefore, I must go to them.

Sunday, April 21, 1901.

I hied me through Canas this p. m. to the river and the new Sunday School. The sun blazed. One of last week's boys joined me on the way. He remembered the verse, *Cristo Jesús vino al mundo para salvar á los pecadores.* He said he remembered "the other thing too, the *Piblia.*" I had tried to teach them all the name we give—*la Biblia*—to the Scriptures, and even some of the grown men had pronounced the strange, unmeaning word with difficulty.

All were ready, waiting for me. Twenty or more sat in the shade of the house as before, and behind me sitting in the doorway a fire smoked and smouldered under a pot on a bank of earth inside the hut. The men were all there, and a smiling woman came forward leading a nice little boy by the hand. A laugh went around—good to hear from those serious beings—when I asked her for the other child of last Sunday. "That is he," men and all chorused with glee. Not only was he bathed, barbered, and dressed, but he was so pretty and shyly smiling that I had not recognized the grimy naked baby of the week before. The mother also was combed and tidy and beaming with triumph. The little one's dress, poor tot! was made of a scrap of *white, barred mosquito-netting*, which merely veiled the youngster's dusky nakedness, but it was a dress and clean. At once his name, Juanito, went down in my note-book to the universal gratification.

What an hour followed there by the roadside, under the bright blue sky! Every one knew the verse of last Sunday, from rough men down to shy little Rosa. Then came the lesson-story, to which the men listened as intently as the children. Their deep voices, murmuring the children's hymn afterward—"Although I am a little child"—went to my heart with a pathos that almost broke me down. The elders received their picture-cards with as much eagerness as the children did, and the one who can read promised to teach to the others the verse pasted on all of the cards.

"Does she not sing beautifully?" Juanito's mother whispered to another woman, as my poor weak voice quavered out the "*Aunque*" and she beamed upon me. How little one really gives, to receive so much in return as these simple and sincere mountain people offer, but they have my heart!

[The mother of Juanito and her husband were afterward baptized, and several others were induced to attend the mission in town.]

April 22, 1901.

Note: Apropos of last night's chapel music: How can I teach these children of the mission to sing with spirit and yet not bawl?

April 28, 1901.

Our dear old brother, Don B., from the Giant's left cheek, was at the mission this morning for the first time for many weeks. He is very infirm. His weakness appeals to my sympathies, but the bad children giggled outright at his mumbled words of prayer. He says he loves God and that he has not ceased to worship him, at home. [He died later on, in Ponce, after long infirmity and at an advanced age.]

To the roadside class in the afternoon. Fifteen were wait-

ing, each with his card cleanly wrapped in a bit of brown paper. I talked of God's love, of Jesus' life and death, of his seeking the lost—as Ignacia herself would seek the little straying chicken from her brood over there; as Rosita would look for a precious lost cent, and be glad on finding it.

. . . . . .

Still malarial, and again dosed by Luisa. This particular tea must be taken in the early mornings, after having been exposed in an open pitcher to the dew, all night. The dew is absolutely necessary to the draught's efficacy!

May 2, 1901.

The new month came in with tempestuous wind from the south, which, the knowing say, means that the rains are at hand. Late last night, I watched gigantic masses of snow-white vapor driven by the south wind up from the sea, come pouring like volumes of smoke over the mountaintops, and streaming across our valley. I sat on my porch alone, wrapped in rugs, until chilled to the bone, but warmed to the heart by the shining of the heavens and earth by night.

May is the month of roses and also of Mary, *la santísima Madre de Dios*, "the most holy Mother of God." So, there are to be functions in her honor every night, in the roadside chapel, her image now glittering with lights and finery.

Today, Manuela and I have been doing housecleaning in the mission hall, a little more thoroughly than the boy-sexton does it. A new text, in large letters of blue blotting-paper adorning the whitewashed wall, exhorts us to make a "joyful noise unto God," in singing forth the glory of his name. How our people do love to make joyful noises in singing forth!

A small hut of palm-bark stands on a ridge rising behind the street of Canas. To reach it, this afternoon, I had to

thread my way among huts like it, crowded together, and creep through bushes and over beds of refuse plantain-skins, and then climb the ridge to the foot of the royal palm tree. The hut nestles in the sunshine close under the palm's plumy crest, against its shapely gray stem. Our P——, the carpenter, now lives here with his bright-eyed family of pretty wife and children. I entered the hut with the last level beams of the sun. They were surprised when I cut off the light by stepping in past the doorway, for they had not heard my knock. P—— was reading aloud to H—— resting in the hammock, as she is feeble just now. The small black book in P——'s hand was well worn with much reading. "Now that Doña Juanita has come, ask her about the Sunday School chapter we were studying. Read it again," the wife suggested.

So P—— turned to Matthew 24. He reads remarkably well. Every now and then, as he read aloud, he lifted his face and gave me a comprehending glance from his earnest brown eyes. Two other times, he sighed with satisfaction. Once, he exclaimed: "What a wonder of language! How much the Lord says in these two or three words!"

I gave them a little help in understanding the interwoven prophecies of the chapter, and P——'s soul seemed fairly to feed on the wonderful words. [Automatically, as it were, P—— has come to be leader of the Sunday School and teacher of the class of adults.]

I thought as I came away down the shabby street, that the home of one such man or woman who searches the Scriptures, must be a center of radiation for the true Light which lights the world.

May 3, 1901.

The first downpour of the rainy season today. Everybody rejoices, for while we do not have in the mountains the choking

dust of the city streets, the hills have grown brown and gardens have languished in spite of the dewy nights. Pretty P—— called, just as the shower descended, looking like a picture-girl, with her dark eyes and beautiful hair, and dressed in a simple frock of pink gingham, instead of the usual finery of the young ladies of Adjuntas when visiting. When I am with one of these dainty girls of our Island, my heart longs to make her see the beauty of a life devoted joyfully to Christ, of a religion meaning more than a stepping inside of a church for prayer before—if not actually to—a saint's image, and more than the keeping of feast-days.

Afterward, a woman told me of having sent her five boys out into the shower, as the first rain of May, ushering in the welcome rainy season, is considered highly salutary. I have no doubt it is when applied as a bath. The little boys were shining clean afterward, and all wore clean shirts.

The new priest who has been sent to Adjuntas, is said to be more *devoto* and active than the other. Certainly his slim, cadaverous body and serious young face are very different from the other's stout, red-faced coarseness. Is he for or against the Christ as only Saviour? Does he know him? To what purpose will his energy be spent?

Sunday, May 5, 1901.

Snow-white showers veiled the mountains at half past three p. m., and then a strong, sweet-breathed wind brought them down to us, and torrents of rain poured. The shower held up for a little, and with rubbers, raincoat, and umbrella, I started down the river road for the Sunday School. People stared whimsically from doorways. Why should a lady be out in the wet? And see, what great ugly feet and short skirts she has!

I found a roomful of men and women, with children sandwiched in between. From a low hammock of sacking, I taught the lesson of the son's return to his father's house. In another hammock sat a man whose face showed serious and searching, through the gloom. Most were sitting on the floor, and while the rain poured outside and the fire smoldered and smoked on the floor, we were safe and dry within. They knew their verses, and they are really learning to sing. We talked of how one may speak with God from one's own heart, without fine words of another's speech, and that that is prayer, whether in church or in the *cafetal* (coffee-plantation) or at home. Simple affectionate creatures they are, with a natural courtesy one hardly finds in the same class of people of the far North. They have "good manners" with all their unconventionality. If nothing else, these untaught roadside dwellers are learning that there is a book called *la Biblia*, which gives God's message to men, in human speech, and which tells us truly what he is and how he loves. And they are learning bits of the message.

One big boy wore, this afternoon, an old felt hat and a man's long, woven undershirt—nothing else. This reaches to his heels, and is getting more soiled and ragged as the days pass, as he has worn it to our school for three Sundays already. Others are in mere fringes of garments. How to clothe them all!——

The young Porto Rican came again from Ponce for last night's and today's mission services, as he preaches very acceptably to his people. Some day every church will have its pastor, as men may give themselves to such work. Tonight, little Antonio was intent upon dissecting a bug—a *changa*, pestiferous jumping beast—and a bat diverted all the boys, but there was no disturbance that had to be reproved from behind the organ.

May 8, 1901.

I wish small beggars at my door were not quite so small, and so many. All seem to be of about the same size! I hear a rattling of the door-shutters, and then see long black hair blowing in the wind and bright black eyes shining just at the lowest slat outside! How can I refuse to give "A little scrap of codfish, *Señora*," "*una chispita*," a wee spark "of sugar, for the love of God and of his most holy Mother"? Because these little ones are sometimes messengers of hearty parents sent to impose on the very rich *americana* living in the big house. Because I cannot give to all, or there would be an unending stream of youngsters at my house-doors, and because I must give to some known to be destitute or dying. Because some whine and persist, while others steal meekly away.

May 9, 1901.

It is now late bedtime. I have been watching the *cucubanos*, large "bugs" flying among the rose-trees, carrying two beautiful, green searchlights, blazing in their heads. I brought one inside and put it under a glass in my dark room, and it faintly lighted the corner where it was. But the light paled, and I set the little prisoner free. Then Juana, who has been cooking for Luisa, sick for a few days, came tapping at my front door to say that she had left two potatoes in the kitchen and she was afraid a hungry rat might break the saucer they were in, so she had come all the way back from her house to tell me. What faithfulness in little!

XI

Here, the free spirit of mankind, at length
Throws its last fetters off; . . .

. . . . . .

Far, like the comet's way through infinite space,
Stretches the long, untraveled path of light
Into the depths of ages: we may trace
Distant, the brightening glory of its light,
Till the receding rays are lost to human sight.

—*Bryant.*

ADJUNTAS, P. R.,
May 23, 1901.

LAST evening, ten of the "brethren" came for their study of the last chapter of Luke in my *sala*. Now, we shall begin the Acts, and, when I leave, they will go on with it in their Sunday's study. To stay with them and the eighty or ninety little souls, so faithful in the classes, would be my choice, if there were no other side to the question of staying or going. There is another, however, the Ponce side, and besides, it is good for the churches to walk alone now and then.

Monday, May 27, 1901.

A box of gifts for the children has come from friends in Massachusetts, and it was finally brought up to Adjuntas. So, on Saturday morning, seventy-five children, with a few grown-up friends, came to my Casa Grande for a little *fiesta*. No one had an idea beforehand of the gift-giving, and we went

through with our program of recitations and songs before the lifting of the curtain which hid the table covered with the prettiest of sewing-bags, dolls, tops, etc. Long, low sighs and little giggles of laughter greeted the sight of the great Surprise. More perfect behavior, such joy and satisfaction I never saw at a gift-giving. Certainly these mission children are not yet "pauperized." While it showered, I let them run and play in the long porches, and was at last able to get them to be still long enough to be photographed in a group, with the help of Mr. W—— and Mr. M—— of the cigar-factory. The sun came out at just the right instant for the picture. It would have overjoyed the givers' hearts to have seen those happy ones who have very little of childish joy in their every-day lives.

The aftermath for me was not joy-giving. All the afternoon, in sunshine and shower, my front porch was besieged by the infancy of the town coming by twos and threes to beg for *una cosita*, a little something. Some were repenting young backsliders, others I had never seen nor heard of, before. Still others were brought new by the soft-hearted blessed receivers. . . To all, I explained that the gifts were sent by Sunday School children in the North to the Sunday School children in Adjuntas who had been studying "God's Word" so faithfully in the mission classes. A small procession, nevertheless, followed me beseeching, when I finally got out on the street. Well I knew the purpose forming in those infant minds.

So, when I entered the warehouse the next day, yesterday morning, for Sunday School, I was quite prepared to see, with the sunshine streaming in at the open doors, streams of children also entering. Along with forty or fifty new and "backsliding," the old faithful ones were out in full force as usual—a grand Sunday School! It gratified me to see the little regulars out in force, for, having their gifts in security, *they* might have stayed away to witness the marriage of the Señora C——'s

niece, to which the town has been looking forward for months. The hour set for the bridal procession to the little Roman Catholic church was 10 o'clock, just when we should all be in our old warehouse *culto*. Happily, the hour was deferred, and as we came away from the mission, virtue was rewarded, for all had a glimpse of the pretty bride in white, returning from the church, and a chance at the luck-pennies thrown from the balcony into the street among the clamoring children, rich and poor, young and old.

At night, young M—— drew a pretty lesson for the children of the mission, from the seed I am leaving with some of them; they are to plant and to have fresh seed for me by the time I return to them, next year.

A child brought a posy of " new " flowers, saying she found them growing about the old military stables where our cavalry horses were kept. Did I know the name of them? she asked. What should they be but red-clover blooms, a " flower " not known in Porto Rico! Of course the seed had been among the hay or grain fed to the horses of our men last year.

Today, I am cutting out a red-and-green plaid frock for Juanita. She is like one of the sunbeams that shine into Doña Clara's kitchen through the knot-holes, and slant across the dense wood smoke—rather a dusty beam is she, but so full of cheer that even in her dirt and rags she is positively charming.

May 31, 1901.

It rained heavily yesterday. I spent the morning making a white cotton burial gown for poor María who was dying. I had promised her she should have it. A neighbor helped me, and it was soon finished.

Juanita was here for her dinner, and it rained so hard, and the river roared so loud, that I did not want her to go home, as

she has to ford the river down below the town. But nothing short of physical force could have kept the eager child—with her arms full of treasures, the new dress, a doll, scraps of cloth, rice. The sun came out for a while, so leaving her armful of wood, she flew off, promising to come back if the river would not let her cross. She was hardly out of the house before I realized that so young a child could not judge of danger when home lay on the other side of a raging river, and Luisa mentioned casually to me that persons had been drowned at that ford. At that, I hurried into raincoat, rubbers, and cap, and flew after Juanita. Such a little sprite she is, that I did not catch a glimpse of her the whole way, although by and by meeting those who had seen her. Not until I had hurried more than a mile down the river road did I learn that she had been carried safely across in a man's arms.

The river tore by, noisy and turgid, as I toiled homeward in the damp breeze which was chilling and sultry by turns.

Stopping in to see if María still lived, I found P—— measuring her poor emaciated body for the coffin he was to make of boxes given at a store. She was covered with rags and an old sheet. At once, I sent home for the shroud we had made, and then stayed till it was put on, and the bed decently arranged. She was not professedly one of " us," and I had known her but a short time. Though my heart sank at the sight and the hearing of the roomful of idle, gossiping women, I said a few words of warning to them, which I could say in the presence of the poor, worn-out body of their companion. It is a bad set that swarms there, and María is well out of it, I hope—from her words a few days ago, and from my knowledge of the Lord.

And, with all the rest of the things to do, I have packed my trunk today to be ready to leave whenever a carriage comes up from Ponce. A young native " brother " with his family

is to come and live in Adjuntas, to be the mission pastor, so, this time, they will not be left alone.

PONCE, P. R.,
August-October, 1901.

General Missionary Rev. A. B. Rudd took his family to the States for their first vacation. The various missions were carried on with the aid of native workers. These were anxious times for me, with hurricanes in the neighboring islands and seas, during one of the fiercest rain-stormy seasons Ponce has ever known, with unusual sickness among our people, and several deaths; with the stirrings of unrest in the faith of some who were beginning to react from their early, unquestioning confidence in their teachers and in the Scriptures themselves. *Temperament*, so to speak, was taking its place as a factor in the Christian life of some of the older believers—of only two years' standing even then!—but, on the whole, all went well. Bless these dear babes in Christ! If one of them sees a brother stumble or slip or fall, he thinks he must run fast, and set him on his feet *hard*, jar him a little.

Mr. McCormick with his wife and Charlie came over from San Juan, according to plan, and cheered with his counsel, and fortified and sweetened the spirit of the little churches. "The Work" has grown more complicated, with its extension into neighboring towns and the country, during these two years. A good brother praying in meeting one night for the loved and absent missionaries, prayed also that she who was left in charge might be made "more apt, more faithful, more strong in her work." I like to have them to pray for me!

One of the three who died had not been baptized yet. Poor little Rita at the Port had suffered much in this world and needed hope and rest. A young widow, having lost all her

little ones, a pitiful, sad little creature, she lived in a cousin's house and supported herself sorting tobacco in a factory. The tobacco-dust further injured her weakened lungs, so la grippe easily ended in pneumonia, and her last illness was sharp and short. But Rita's trust and peace were so beautiful that one who was with her often, said to me, "If dying is like this, I should like to die!" Once she said, "I wish I might be wrapped in a sheet and carried in a hammock to Ponce," for she longed to be baptized, and wanted to be "laid in the water," ill as she was. I think I satisfied her, for she left off speaking of baptism and in a few days died, with unclouded brain and spirit, singing up to the very last,

Voy al cielo, soy peregrino.[1]

No more visits to Adjuntas or Yauco in these busy months.

Notes

Ponce, P. R., 1902.

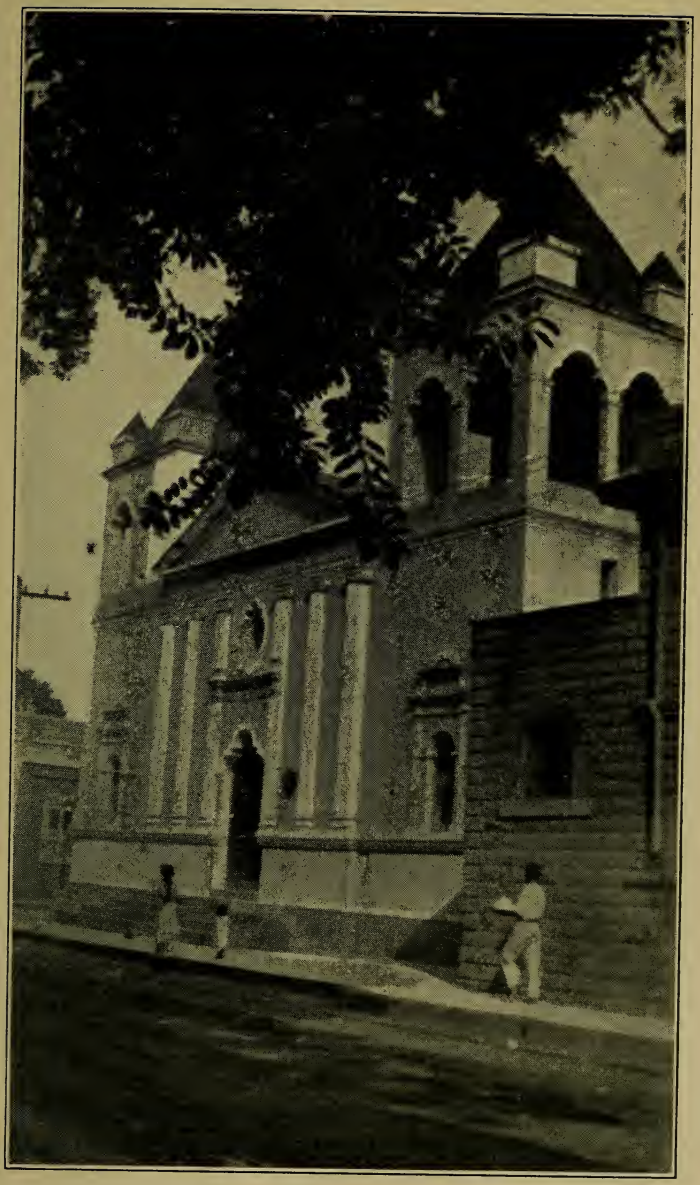
An example of one of the ways by which God seems to lead people to himself, by ways not planned by the missionary: A "sister" in the church at Ponce had begged me one day last year to go to a relative's house among the hills near the city, and hold a *culto* there, that the cousin might learn of the "Word of God." So, hiring a carriage and filling it with other "sisters," we drove thither, early one afternoon. About two miles from town and just after we had made the third crossing of the Portugués river, which curves twice thereabout, a man came out of a house from among a small group of buildings close to the river, to speak with us, as the driver stopped to breathe his horses. He was a superior-looking,

[1] Trans. of "I'm a Pilgrim and I'm a Stranger."

elderly man, a storekeeper. He told of his many children and said that his neighbors' houses also swarmed with boys and girls, that there was no school for these, and was I not, by chance one of the American school-teachers, who might have influence with the school board and get them to open a rural school out there? He was most earnest and eager. I explained to him my special business in the Island, but assured him that I would do what I could in the matter. [Somewhat later, his own store was rented from him for a schoolhouse and the teacher provided by the school authorities.] At once, on hearing of our mission, he declared that, if the book I carried was like the one he had in his house, the gift of a soldier of the United States, he would gladly accept my offer of coming and at least teaching the children from that book. I went inside the house and showed him that our Testaments were the same, and he was delighted. I have rarely met anywhere a father more ambitious for his children's education in the best things than was the Señor Perdómo. The mother of the dark-eyed brood of eight was thin and pale, refined and cordial.

Our visit to the cousin's house farther up in the hills yielded no results that I ever heard of, but on January 28 of this year, 1902, I held the first children's class, in Perdómo's house on the river-bank. By that time, I had bought a horse—gift of the Sunday School of the North Orange Baptist Church of New Jersey—and a low phaeton, and the first regular use these were put to was for driving out each week for the afternoon class at Portugués in Perdómo's house. A baby-organ always went along, and a youth to drive over the rough, rocky road and the river fords. Later on, a room was rented for the mission, and for many years, in this very house.

[After awhile several of the country people who attended the classes as punctually as the children close by, were so deeply interested that a preacher was sent to them on Sundays for giv-



The Baptist Church at Ponce

ing further instruction. Later, two or three families of these joined the big church in town. The dear mother of the children was happily brought to see more light than her rosary and her cross had given her, and was baptized in Ponce some months before her Christian death. After a few months of the mission's work in the district it was said by a police official, as was said in those days of other places as well, that, as certain men in Portugués had changed their manner of living, under the influence of the "new doctrine," it was no longer necessary to send out the rural police to the country store on Saturday nights to preserve order!

Twelve years afterward, when the rented house had fallen into disrepair, "ten or twelve members who live in that neighborhood, out of their deep poverty gathered together $25." [1] The Ponce Church aided with $35, other collections brought the sum to $165, with which a neat chapel was built at Portugués.]

November 28, 1902.

Our large, beautiful new church on Victoria and Bértoli streets was dedicated tonight. Tomorrow, delegates from our own twelve churches now existing in the north and the south of the Island will meet here in Ponce, and the "Association of Baptist Churches of Porto Rico" will be formed. Doctor Hazlewood of Lynn, Mass., is here to represent the Home Mission Society. He says: "It is wonderful to see you people. You are absolutely enthralled by this work you are at. You can talk of nothing else, and I never saw such happy folks!"

Now, the women's meetings for Bible Study will be changed from the private house to the back room in the new church. I

[1] From "Missions," October, 1914, Rev. C. S. Detweiler.

can see, already, that even that room is not going to hold my children on Sundays, and I am tired of seeing the poor things being actually *stepped on* for want of room and of the little chairs children need. Perhaps it is a valuable by-product of mission work, this constant looking forward to better equipment, serving as a stimulus to—hope, at least.

PONCE, P. R., 1903.

Miss Hattie A. Greenlaw came to the Island to help with the mission in Ponce. We took a cottage and kept house together for two pleasant years.

PONCE, P. R., 1904.

Dr. H. L. Morehouse, Secretary of the New York Board, arrived on a tour of inspection of our Island missions, in January, and stopped for supper in our "little, brown house," after a trip among the villages. It was a happy experience for me to drive him in the phaeton to the mission in Portugués. The brethren out there had built a thatched shed with open sides and stationary benches on a vacant lot, by that time, and Doctor Morehouse photographed the Friday afternoon "Sunday School" standing outside of the shed. He seemed to enjoy the country folks and our rustic quarters, especially the outdoors singing of the children.

The little chapel at Corral Viejo in the hills, a few miles out from Ponce on the Adjuntas road, was dedicated during the visit of Doctor Morehouse. Mrs. G. S. Harwood of Newton, Mass., gave the money for this mountain chapel. It is built on the outer edge of the road, with the mountain falling away behind from the very floor into a ravine reaching down to the river. The mountain people are very happy in their roomy chapel, and come toiling down the trails to meeting, through sun

and rain, day or night. This, our first mountain chapel, seems a beacon-light in the midst of the rugged, monotonous life of those dreary slopes and crevasses.[2]

[2] Later the young ladies of the Newton Church gave a bell for the chapel, a very welcome gift for the reminding of those who had neither clock nor watch.

XII

Where'er thy wildered crowd of brethren jostles,
Where'er there lingers but a shade of wrong,
There still is need of martyrs and apostles,
There still are texts for never-dying song.
—*Lowell.*

COAMO, P. R.,
February 23, 1904.

OLD Speckle, my latest horse, brought Miss Greenlaw and me the twenty miles to Coamo on Saturday.

There is no hotel in the town, so a "brother in the faith" found us a room in a lodging-house on the main street. Inside, the house resembles an ancient barn, and one stares straight up into the sloping zinc roof overhead. We stepped directly off the sidewalk into the one huge room and found a table set in the middle space, while sleeping-rooms were partitioned off, on the side, by low stationary screens. Above, the smoky, cobwebby, high-gabled roof stretches over the whole. All night, we can hear gentle breathing around us, but not all the breathing is gentle! We have tall canvas cots and a chair apiece, the sheets are clean, and the toilet arrangements the most primitive I have yet seen in the Island.

Old Speckle is stabled and pastured at a very small ranch, on the edge of the town. Near the gate to this place, a poor paralytic has a sleeping-place by the roadside—a mere roof of palm-bark laid across four poles set in the ground, and just large enough to cover his old hammock swung more like a swing than a bed. A waif, without a home, his costume is a long, white cotton nightshirt and a straw hat. Day and night,

he sits near the roadside in his canvas swing or stands supporting himself by a staff, and begs of passing tourists in their coaches. From me he earns a cent every day, thus: When I go to carry Speckle his corn, or to order the phaeton, the old cripple calls out to the people in the house to tie up their dog, as the *americana* is coming, and he receives the cent gravely and graciously. Poor, squalid fellow! Yet he seems to like his life in the open, and I suppose he would scorn the more civilized comforts of an indigents' home for instance, perhaps with reason.

Sunday was a busy day in the rented warehouse, or storeroom (of course), of the mission here. It seems a faithful little church. Though I was here for a day or two at the time of the first baptisms in the river, months ago, it has not been possible to come for " a mission " among the women and children, as Roman Catholic priests call their transient stays in visits to far-away places for baptisms, confessions, and mass.

Miss G. returned to Ponce this a. m. in the posting-stage. Ants swarming over my cot had kept me awake until after midnight, and at four we were up, although it was half past five before she was off, in the damp, sultry dark.

February 24, 1904.

" This new faith in Christ makes me feel young again," said Doña A—— to me, yesterday.

" When they give me nicknames because I am a Christian, it seems to me a *gracia* [a grace], and I only laugh, without minding," R—— says. And I think of counting it " all joy " when trouble threatens, for His sake.

Mr. McCormick writes me that by March our long-needed church newspaper will see the light. The name of the paper is to be *El Evangelista*, and Mr. McC. is editor-in-chief. First

things, whether converts, baptisms, churches, or newspapers are of untold interest to—first missionaries!

February 27, 1904.

It is interesting to hear how these Coamo Christians interpret life in terms of their new-found and heartfelt religion. "That happened before I knew Christ," says one. Another, "That was what I used to think while still in the world." Merely their own spontaneous way of expressing their change of viewpoint.

Concha's face glowed with happy anticipation, yesterday, on our drive to the town of Aibonito farther up the highway toward the crest of the Pass. For she was telling me of the relatives she would see there, whom she had not seen since giving herself to Christ's service. How much she would have to tell them! She carried her New Testament and was with her cousins two hours.

It was a wonderful drive, and the old horse covered himself with honor, if not with glory, by his steady mounting of the grades to the Aibonito Pass on the old highway across the Island. There are few more beautiful drives. Near the summit, we turned our heads to see the Caribbean Sea, many miles away to the south, softly blue; and, below the blue-veiled guarding peaks all around, the deep valleys showed fold on fold of green slopes, in sunshine and shadow. Tiny thatched huts snuggled among the plantains on the lower hillsides, while round and round upward wound our white road until it reached Aibonito, eighty-seven kilometers from Ponce.

While C. visited her friends, I lunched with mine, who were occupying temporary but delightfully breezy quarters in the old barracks, and Speckle trailed his tired heels in Mr. S——'s green pasture.

Group of Children in Coamo

A weary trio returned to Coamo at 6 p. m., and after Speckle had been cared for, I crawled into my cot, and lay reading Thomas Carlyle's Life, by the light of a feeble tallow candle, to rest me before sleep would come.

. . . . . .

I have rarely seen anywhere else such devotion of spirit as these people of "Ours" here in Coamo show, for helping others up out of the darkness and for learning, themselves, of Christ. Is there, perhaps, a note of fanaticism in their entire absorption in this new interest that has touched their lives?

Sunday, February 28, 1904.

Today, after morning Bible School and a good lunch in old Valentina's inn, Juanito and I, accompanied by the native pastor on horseback, drove out to a country-house for a *culto*. We found few grown folks at the house besides Don T——'s family, but there were fifteen children gathered from somewhere —always there are the blessed children.

From the doorway I counted more than fifty little dwellings scattered about the neighborhood, and there was a lovely view of sky and sea and valley and mountains. All the world seemed steeped in blue, at that hot hour of the afternoon. As we had had to leave the phaeton when the road ended, and plod across parched fields and along lanes fenced in with the thorny *maya*, and at last came upon a gaunt, gray hog asleep under a tamarind tree close by the house, the beautiful view from the doorway came upon me as a great surprise.

For many years Don T—— has been known as the most devoted *rezador*—pray-er of Roman Catholic prayers—of all the district, and he told us today, with all frankness, of his vow made years ago, to pray to and serve a certain image of San Antonio—not for a few years but to the end of his life,

He has heard the gospel preached, and the simple truth is touching his heart. "Yet, I cannot of course break my vow," he says. "That would seem to me a very wrong thing to do!"

When told of the sufficiency of the "one mediator between God and man," with no need of visible adjuncts for appeal, he replied confidently, "Ah yes, that is so, but the Cross!" making the sign with his fingers, "To me it seems the right and worthy thing to do on rising in the morning to cast one's eyes upon the sign of Christ's sufferings for us and to impress it upon one's forehead and breast!"

Don T—— is simple, frank, genuine. May his heart open to the full truth before his few remaining years are ended. Not for worlds would I disturb such a man's faith if I did not believe in something deeper and higher to take its place, to make his life more hopeful and blessed. As we came away he said almost plaintively: "Do not think that I do not believe in the rightness of the true worship of God. If I did not, would I offer my house to you for *cultos?*"

March 3, 1904.

Two weeks are as many as I can give nowadays to any place away from busy Ponce, so I must leave Coamo tomorrow. Today, I saw A—— about a matter of discipline in the little church. He shows a violent, unchristian spirit in declaring that he will "no more darken the doors of the mission while —— attends," etc., etc. Alas! alas! But he will!

PONCE, March 4, 1904.

With little Abelino as companion, I drove away from Coamo today, just after noon. The hills crowding close about

the town are sere and thirsting for rain. The lowlands of the coast, as we approached, were so green and flourishing with the wide-spreading cane-fields, bounding the newly plowed ground, here and there, that even little A. exclaimed, " *Que campo alegre!* What a glad country! "

Sweet indeed seemed our cottage in its clean coolness, set in fresh, welcoming order by my dear little companion, Miss Greenlaw.

. . . . . .

GUÁNICA, P. R.,
March 31, 1904.

Again I am off, to green fields this time, and pastures new. " Holy Week " seemed a good time to visit the small town on Guánica Bay. There is no hotel or inn of any kind in the place, for no one from outside ever comes to stay, at this season, except a few public-school teachers who must be here. I came over from Yauco, day before yesterday, in a hired carriage, and at first despaired of finding even a room for sleeping, but the driver drove me patiently from house to house in the long street of little cottages. It has sometimes been possible to find householders, in such places, very glad to rent a room to a law-abiding missionary. And at last we found a young Porto Rican school-teacher, with a nice, young wife who willingly agreed to share with me. They themselves, are " camping out " in this house much too large for them, while the school term lasts—no more. Without doubt, they are very pleasant and hospitable to the lone *americana*, whom they have seemed even glad to take in. I have a large room, a cot, a blanket, one chair, a bare pine table, and nails galore driven into the board walls for the few clothes brought in the little soldier trunk.

Wide sweeps of vivid yellow-green salt meadows surround the house as we are almost at the end of the two long lines of cottages marking the village street, and one minute's walk takes me to the edge of the loveliest of Porto Rican bays. But, since yesterday the sky has been leaden, the wind howling across the treeless waste of salt meadows, the Bay as dreary as a bay can look, and the Delectable Mountains in the north are swathed in mist.

Our mission here, after months of preaching by the Porto Rican pastor in Yauco, is still in a rather feeble infancy. We have the most diminutive house possible for *cultos*. Four persons have asked for baptism, and there are children (of course) who come to the little blue house to sing. How I long to teach some of these ladies and girls who have been hearing and misunderstanding this simple truth of God, confounding it, now with spiritualism, now with a "higher" Romanism, now with "unbelief in the Virgin," now with a new American system of religion—to make them know it as it is, a light, a power, a hope, a salvation!

There is no Roman Catholic church here, and no priest ever comes on "a mission." [1]

Holy Friday, April 1, 1904.

Pouring rain still; but I plunged through the water and mire of the road, yesterday, to the children's class, after school. Afterward, I visited the home of an interesting old gentleman who could trace his forefathers back to the early sixteenth century. Not much satisfaction in the visit to the garrulous old

[1] Very soon after our work crystallized in Guánica into a church-membership a priest began visiting the village for hearing confession and celebrating mass, and when our own chapel was finally built, a few years later, the Roman Catholics also built a small meeting-house there.

man, although I was interested in him as an antiquarian and he in me as an—American!

A wretched night followed, every nerve and muscle rebelling against the saturation of the atmosphere of my camping-ground. So ill was I that the fighting cats and dogs on the porch outside of my door, and the swarms of mosquitoes and hordes of ants, were but insignificant items in the general misery. But I looked out this morning to find a brilliant blue sky, flashing blue sea, and the salt meadows golden green in the sunlight. After a stroll on the beach I came home to fall asleep on my cot like a tired baby. A meeting for women this afternoon, and then tomorrow I must hurry back to Yauco, for Sunday.

Hotel American Victory,
Yauco, P. R., April 2, 1904.

From the balcony of the little hotel I can see the sparklike lights in the cots which crowd the hill above the town twinkling down upon the streets, full tonight of the uproar of merry-makers and the ringing of bicycle-bells. As this is "Saturday of Glory," day before Easter, Lent is over and done with, and all the world is agog and gay.

April 4, 1904.

I am visiting, in these few days, those of the new "brethren and sisters" who are unknown to me. One of the boys of the old Class and Club is a member of the church now, and Victoria, one of the little girls. Where are the others? I ask. They say, "Ah, if you had been here!" But is it not true that some are always "left"?

Yauco has never seemed to "hunger and thirst" for the gospel. But we have a church of sixty members, many interesting characters among them,

PONCE, P. R.,
April 10, 1904.

Malaria came home with me from Guánica and its mosquitoes. I lie for a day or two in my cool bed, and ache and ache.

XIII

Allons! whoever you, come travel with me!
Traveling with me, you find what never tires.
—*Walt Whitman.*

HOTEL AMERICANS' HOME,
BARROS, P. R., July 13, 1904.

MR. TOWLES of the Methodists [later, author of the book " Down in Porto Rico "] shared my carriage and the expense from Ponce as far as Aibonito. I found him a very agreeable *compañero de viaje*, as he is an enthusiastic and wide-awake American, in full sympathy with Porto Rico and with mission work. Some Americans aren't!

After parting from Mr. T. at noon, I left the Military Highway for the new road, steepish and long, leading to Barranquitas. That little town lying high among the mountaintops is built on a level spur, from which one may look down on each side into ravines, across other hilltops, and beyond to even higher heights. Don G——, the pastor here in Barros, was waiting for me in Barranquitas, having come to escort me safely hither. And the six peons with the hammock, who were to carry me the rest of the way, as there is no carriage-road beyond Barranquitas, were ready for our next day's trip. I found a room in a private home prepared for me, with all the hospitality of these country people, which is often a quaint mixture of gentle courtesy and naïve familiarity.

There was time for calling in two homes, with Don G——, after resting a few moments and partaking of two small eggs " passed through the water " (soft boiled) and a glass of milk, all before going to an evening *culto*. There is the usual rented

storeroom for the mission in Barranquitas, where occasional services have been held whenever they could be arranged for from Barros, or by a passing missionary. This time there was a motley crowd of men and boys inside, who pored over the hymn-books, reading aloud from them rather than singing, and a few poor women and little girls. Outside, a crowd of all sorts and conditions remained standing, chatting and listening by turns.

The hammock-bearers were to be at the door before sunrise, so I went early to bed, but it was really half past six before we were off the next morning. Some day, the carriage-road will be extended to Barros and beyond, but there is now only a horse-trail, so rough and steep that it had been considered out of the question for me to attempt it on horseback, being no horsewoman.

It seemed very ignominious to be borne in a hammock, as I have seen so many sick and dying carried to doctors or hospitals, and I walked quite outside of town before establishing connection with my conveyance. Then, the men laid the strong canvas thing down on the ground, I laid myself upon it, and was gently lifted by the bamboo pole carried on the shoulders of two bearers. A white bedspread thrown over the pole fell tentwise about me, and the journey began. At intervals the two relieving peons took the places of the perspiring panting pair at the pole, and each time came renewed energy in the dog-trot jolting by the fresh relay. A fifth man carried my little flat trunk on his head, and a sixth the bundle of rugs, and umbrella. Behind or before, as escort, Don G—— climbed quietly on his mountain pony.

When we reached shade and coolness above, I would not have the curtain hang about me, for the air was sweet, and the country beautiful. Little rounded hills below the trail suggested plump, green pincushions stuck with pins—plumy royal

palms on their straight, gray stems. The bearers were good-natured, and cracked many a joke as we went along. Once or twice, I was allowed to walk when the hot sky was veiled and the trail was level for a bit. We stopped to rest at a farm-house, and I had hot coffee made and brought out to the men who, I found, had taken nothing before starting out to lug me over the mountain! Between Barranquitas and Barros we passed in sight of the geographical center of the Island.

It was half past nine o'clock, and we had been traveling for three hours, when Don G—— announced that we were nearing Barros. He would spur on ahead, he said, and apprize his wife and " the rest " of our coming. And when presently the first house appeared from around a bend in the road, and I had landed on my feet, sunburned, disheveled, with clothes all awry, a smiling, starched-and-ironed group of young folks came chattering around the cliff from town to meet me. A deputation from the little church! After salutations, I asked permission to put up my hair, and kneeling down in the weeds, with all looking on with open curiosity, I managed with side-combs to get it into order.

The trail had ended suddenly, not " in a squirrel track running up a tree " but in a cart-road, and then the road ran into a street leading straight through the town. As we proceeded rather noisily along the street, doors, windows, and porches were crowded with spectators to witness the arrival of the first American woman ever in Barros!

I had hardly taken off my hat in this " guest-house " which cannot be called a hotel, when an important-looking document was sent over from the town hall across the street—a small, frame house, itself not important-looking at all—with the request that the *americana* would have the kindness to translate the paper from English into Spanish!

The " Americans' Home " occupies the second floor of a

ramshackle frame building, reached from the street by a steep flight of wooden stairs; below there are storerooms, and a poor family occupies a room or two. "Tía" is the hostess, a friendly little soul who smokes a long cigar in her resting-times, and she has given me the best of the four little bedrooms at her disposal. One window overlooks our chapel, which is nearly finished. The hammering and sawing went on busily all the afternoon, seemingly at my very head as I rested after lunch, and accompanied by the shrill whistling of familiar hymn-tunes by the workmen, most of whom are "brothers in Christ."

July 19, 1904.

The mission has already crystallized into a small church, a remarkably youthful group, as there are few elderly persons among them. They are all ardent in attendance, in singing, and in Bible study, and the fact that our temporary mission house, until the chapel is finished, is almost *vis-á-vis* with the Roman Catholic church, does not quench their ardor one whit. As usual everywhere in the mountains, the work here began with visits from the missionary and an occasional trip of a colporteur. Two months ago there were baptisms by Mr. Rudd in the mountain stream flowing by, and the first glamor of enthusiasm has not yet passed. The novelty of American interest in their shut-off-from-the-world lives, their own awakened interest in the Bible, which is a new book for all, in the bright hymn-tunes, and the frequent services, still holds. Some of this will pass and then will come the testing-time of these young believers. I have already learned that some of them have withdrawn from a social club, recently inaugurated, with dancing as a star feature, a bar, and late hours, on Sundays as well as on all other nights. Are they finding, or are they going to find, with our help, something in their new faith to satisfy

and inspire so that such amusement will not appeal to them? The oldest in years is only an infant as yet in Christian experience, earnest and zealous as all are.

The man who is superintending the building of the chapel, is from the United States, and is employed by the Home Mission Board of the North for this work. I think Mr. Riggs has built two or three chapels in Cuba recently. The young people like him, and as he also takes his meals at Tía's, her big room up-stairs, which is dining- and sitting-room combined, has become an informal gathering-place for the members of the church, Romanist though the landlady is. She makes the *hostia*, the wafer used at communion in her church, and she has given me samples of the delicately molded wafers of flour and water, of the size of a silver quarter and stamped with the sign of a lamb. Until the "host" is consecrated by the priest, it suffers no indignity at falling into my hands. In the curious, old kitchen the two daily quarts of milk are prepared for the priest, whose "weak stomach" is spoken of with pious pity.

These dear young friends come to the up-stairs room, before school, at recess, after school, at night, sitting through our meals, chatting sociably in Tía's rocking-chairs. Mr. R. has been teaching them new hymns, and Tía does not seem to mind at all, though the music of the "songs of Zion," sung lustily, fills the house and even the street down below. Sometimes she joins us, contentedly smoking her long, black cigar, after dinner.

Again I am reading aloud "*El Viador*," "The Pilgrim's Progress," and we shall have an occasional evening of games together.

July 28, 1904.

The pastor's young wife and two of the older girls of the mission come to my room every morning for an hour's study of

the book of Romans. This is the first pleasure of my day. It is true that the book holds an argument reaching beyond the present advance of these children in the faith, yet there is much in it which they do understand, for a strangely simple wisdom seems given to many a seeker after truth. I often marvel at it and feel the reaction of its power upon my own spirit.

. . . . . .

The boards that ought to be ceiling and flooring the chapel are still in the trees! Long, long ago they were ordered sawed for ripening. They tell me here, in this connection that, "*Para un jíbaro, otro jíbaro; para dos jíbaros el diablo*," "For one country fellow another country fellow, for two the devil." For these "country fellows" alone know the devious ways of each other. Though given an order for two hundred seasoned boards, months ahead of the need, they now trail down the mountains to Barros, week by week, bringing two, three, ten *green* boards at a time. Already, the partly laid floor is shrinking apart, board by board, while it has been necessary to "strip" the cracks in the boarding of the walls.

July 31, 1904.

Yesterday, I climbed with several girls to the top of the ridge above the town, where the big mango tree stands, rounded and shapely. We kept on over the ridge and downward to a thatched hut standing among a waste of risings and fallings of slopes innumerable. A woman sat on the floor of the hut, patiently grinding yellow corn between two flat, round stones, turning the upper stone upon the nether by means of an upright stick fixed in the upper stone. The coarse meal resulting sifted out on all sides into the woman's lap and on to a gunny sack spread on the floor.

Two girls were shucking and shelling corn on the floor close

by, and after saluting them, and being bidden to enter, we fell to and helped. A sick man sat drearily astride a hammock and took no notice of us. For four years he has been sick with asthma, and doubtless other ills. The woman says she plants and harvests a patch of ground, with the young ones to help, and they eke out a scanty living, without even the reward of good sleep at night, because of the man's desperate attacks of suffocation at any hour of the night. I suppose they close every crack in window and door when day is done!

Sunday School today was the largest we have had.

August 3, 1904.

Today, we climbed again to the mango tree and went over the ridge. We found the whole family of the thatched hut sitting dumb and motionless on the floor. The man had just come out of one of his "spells," and the family had not yet recovered. He sat astride the hammock as before, as he cannot lie down, but he kept his ghastly face turned from us. The corn and grindstones were out of sight, as he had not been able to bear the noise of the grinding, the woman told us.

I "snapped" the house, although they seemed timid about having me do it. Next I showed the picture-cards I had brought, with Bible verses pasted on them. Their fear was manifest, then. At my invitation to come nearer and see the cards, the little boy did not budge, but shrugged and shrank all up in his little shirt! The woman, after silently conferring with her husband by glances, said decidedly that they dared not receive the cards. It might injure them with the priest. But they would ask the priest if they might have them, and if he agreed then they would come to get them from me! She would not even look at the cards while I explained in simplest words that the texts were from *la Biblia*, the book which every priest knew to be "God's word."

The girls' eyes glistened at the sight of the painted flowers on the cards, but they said not a word. The mother then explained that her daughters had been to confession a day or two before, and had become "Daughters of Mary," so, belonging to this Society, it was needful to do nothing which might injure them with the priest. She had told him that they could not pay as others did for the privilege of being "Daughters," and he had said, "Oh, never mind, a little cent, a little egg, anything you may have will do!" And that morning, I learned they had had *nothing to eat or drink* but "coffee" made from parched corn, with no sugar.

Her face, sad, hollow-eyed and strained, broke into a really happy smile as we produced the coffee and sugar we had brought. She came hastily across the room to open the packages as if half disbelieving me. "*Now, I can give him some coffee!*" she cried with joy, her thought only for her sick man. Poor woman, she did not think it necessary to ask the priest's permission before accepting these gifts!

Last night, a crowd of the young folks gathered in Tía's dining-room for singing-practice and the reading. In four readings more, we shall finish the "Pilgrim's Progress." Their enjoyment of the book has been inspiring, for they have seemed to visualize every scene in Christian's dramatic career and with clear understanding.

August 12, 1904.

I am making the baptistery curtains for the new chapel, of heavy, crimson damask fetched from San Juan by post.

Some Barreño customs: When schooltime arrives, a little boy struts manfully up and down the main street ringing a small, shrill tea-bell. This is a much coveted office, and the favored urchin lifts his arm proudly aloft, and seems to feel that the municipal welfare sits upon his shoulders.

A Lane in Barranquitas

The Sick Man's House in Barros

When there is a marriage, the bride gives away bits of her ribbon-bows to her "gentlemen friends," and these are worn pinned on the coat lapels, until they grow grimy and dejected. This is called *la capa de la niña*, and the custom may not be confined to Barros.

We were waiting to read the last chapter in "Pilgrim's Progress" today, and some of the young crowd were slow to assemble. "Let's sing a hymn," said Pedrito, "*that* will bring them!" But this would be called an "engrafted" custom in Barros.

August 15, 1904.

My days in Barros are numbered. A deliciously sweet, bright morning, with a fresh breeze blowing in at my little northeast window.

The chapel is nearly ready for the dedication tomorrow night, as the floor has slowly crept across the sills with the boards dragged down the mountain trails by men and beast from time to time. The seats are benches made here in the chapel by the carpenters, rather clumsy affairs, but at least they have backs. The two pulpit chairs Mr. Riggs has made himself of *nutmeg wood*, highly polished by the patient use of sandpaper and oil—a pale-brown, speckled wood. The lamps are in place, and many friends are lending potted plants and offering cut flowers for the decorations at the dedication service.

The children are ready for their *festival vespertino*, an afternoon entertainment of songs and speeches, and all the young folks are as enthusiastic over their dialogues and *discursos* as they are over everything else. Printed invitations have been sent to everybody in town for all the dedication services, and there will be several "visiting brethren" from other towns to take part in the dedication itself.

Barranquitas, P. R.,
August 18, 1904.

Farewells this morning and, as always I have felt sad all day since leaving, at coming away at all. The girls spent the last two hours with me, crying and lamenting, as is the way of girls, and when the final hour came, with many others they accompanied us out of town to the place where my hammock-bearers were waiting. The " delegates " were all on horse-back and the procession separated, the little church returning to town and the rest of us taking up the trail for Barranquitas.

Tonight, we have had a crowd of children at mission service here in Barranquitas. I counted about fifty inside the room. My heart went out to the women and children, and I hope to return in October for a few weeks with them.

XIV

I stood tip-toe upon a little hill,

. . . . . .

The clouds were pure and white as flocks new-shorn
And fresh from the clear brook; sweetly they slept
On the blue fields of heaven, and then there crept
A little noiseless noise among the leaves,

. . . . . .

There was wide wandering for the greediest eye
To peer about upon variety;
Far round the horizon's central air to skim,
And trace the dwindled edges of its brim.

. . . . . .

So I straightway began to pluck a posy
Of luxuries bright, milky, soft and rosy.

—*Keats.*

PONCE, P. R.,
October, 11, 1904.

TWO more American missionaries with their families have come to our Island work—Rev. L. E. Troyer and Rev. H. L. Vodra. One other, Rev. E. L. Humphrey, has been here since 1902 and is stationed at Cayey, in the interior of the Island.

The rainy season at its rainiest has been upon us for days, the streets are rivers of mud and water, and cloudbursts of rain thunder down upon the zinc roofs overhead. Market prices have soared, houses are mud-tracked and moldy, bones ache, and—presently we shall have glorious sunshine again, and old Speckle may come out of his foot-bath in the undrained *patio*, a shallow lake just now.

BARRANQUITAS, P. R.,
October 25, 1904.

It rains, and I sit in the snug little whitewashed chamber at Doña T——'s. The small, flat trunk is unpacked, nails are driven into the board walls to hold clothing; my feather pillow and steamer-rug make the cot comfortable, my own soap, brushes, towels, take the place of those the family so kindly provided for me, and presto! the room is mine! How hospitable these people are, always giving of their very best and never apologizing if it be not so good as they would like it to be—true courtesy. This is not a public inn, like Tía's at Barros, and I appreciate the goodness that affords me even a very small corner of the home.

. . . . . .

A sorrow is touching our Island mission now, because of the growing illness of dear Mrs. McCormick which is necessitating the family's return to the States. Mr. McC. was our first missionary here, in February, 1899.

October 29, 1904.

We are still near the beginning of things here in Barranquitas, the congregations at the irregular preaching services, when some mission worker can be here, being still changing, inattentive crowds. After awhile some will drop off, leaving a group of earnest men and women and children who will begin to understand what it is all about, and from this nucleus the thing will grow, from inside out. Our rented quarters are perfectly unattractive but, after a while also, there will be a chapel built here as elsewhere. I have had two classes of young folks this week, who came noisily swarming in from school, to hear the little organ and to see the *americana*. They

are bright children and doubtless wonder mightily what it is all about.

This morning, "I stood on tiptoe upon a little hill," with Keats himself in my mind as I climbed to the inviting green knob rising above the roadside. On a farther hilltop two cows grazed, in jet-black silhouette against a snow-white cloud! Little children strolled with me and chattered of the wild guavas we found, showed me the brilliant red flowers of *zapatos de paloma*, dove's shoes, told me that all the birds belong to the Virgin, and described to me the toothsomeness of the *malanga*, boiled and eaten by the peasants—for me a tasteless and unwholesome root.

Once, we stopped at a cottage to talk with six children, who learned with us half a stanza of "*Cristo bendito*," with gusto. At another, where a barefooted woman in black calico spread her fresh beans to dry in the sun. She gave me the details of the death of her husband eleven days ago, of a gruesome operation. Even her scrawny chickens were "in mourning," as one of my small companions slyly observed. One often wonders at seeing so many more black than white chickens in the Island!

Tomorrow, we shall have Sunday School, the first in Barranquitas.

Sunday, October 30, 1904.

Not so many, this morning, in the mission hall as come in the freer afternoon hours. But they listened, dear hearts, as we studied with the blackboard about gratitude to God. They say "Thank you" to me, when I hand them hymn-books, I say "Thank you" to them for the posies they bring me, so we say "Thank you" to God, for—what is it that comes from him to us? "*Food*," they shout in chorus, "*Water*," "*Our mothers and fathers*," etc. I should like to

show them the way to know God as he is, to make them want to be his own dear children.

" All Souls' Day," November 2, 1904.

Yesterday, I was cozily dozing on my cot, when a hen roused me, stepping more heavily than I would have imagined a hen could step, across my body. She was perhaps looking for a place on my soft steamer-rug for " putting " an egg, or it may be that I had usurped a favorite nesting-place.

Unlike Barros, Barranquitas has no little bell-ringer to announce the school hour through the streets. The children simply wait until they see the teacher go and open the school-room door; as this is not always at the same hour, the scholars are often ready long before, loitering in doorways and along the street.

For a day or two, I have been ill and work must go slowly, but I have books, and always there are letters to write, and from my cot I can see through the window an enterprising fowl pulling to pieces the dried palm-thatching of a hut outside, and beyond, the white clouds piling up above a zinc roof close by. It is delightfully cool here, the air pure and good to breathe.

Dr. Adoniram Judson believed that Christ was with him " in the heart of the heathen, *unlocking the door from the inside.*" The people of this Island are certainly not " heathen," with their kindness, friendliness, courtesy, but many hearts are closed to me and my teaching of Him as we know him. *But they have not had half a chance* to know the truth of God. What a responsibility for us!

November 4, 1904.

A grim, little church stands on the upper edge of the steep downward slope of the spur the town stands on, and it faces

the empty weedy *plaza*. A few large houses with shops on the ground floor front on this plaza, but most of the dwellings are frame cottages, and in by-lanes there are lines of huts of the very poor. The priest is said to be rather lenient with his parishioners, and when I have met him he shows none of the personal resentment of my presence which priests elsewhere have shown.

I suppose that, in a sense, it is "proselyting" to be coming into a purely Roman Catholic community and presenting new religious truths for study to large and small folks. Perhaps after all, proselyte is not so bad a word as it seems, if the "conversion" implied comes about through personal conviction and choice. Surely there is nothing about our missions that is not open and aboveboard, and those who learn with us do so of their own will. I cannot imagine any one hoping to bring Roman Catholics to a better understanding of God and life itself, by railing against their Church and ministers. Certainly one must understand the religious thought of another before one can reasonably hope to succeed in putting a better hope in its place.

Both the ladies of this household are Romanists in the mild manner of many in these mountain towns. Of course if they were fanatical, they would not have taken me in to board. We have quiet talks together after the children are abed. One of them has a sweet, docile spirit. Yesterday, I heard her say—through the thin, board partition between the rooms—to a young woman visiting her: "Read those books" (the gospels and tracts lying on a table), "and if you do not understand them pray to God and say, 'O God, give me sight to understand what I am reading.'"

In kindly consideration for my comfort, the dear woman sent to the church for her prayer-rug which she has laid beside my cot on the bare boards of the floor.

November 5, 1904.

The two young men who are studying John with me in the evening, brought a friend with them tonight. Thinking that the stranger had merely come to make a call with them, I hesitated about going on with our study, but my first mention of the reading was promptly responded to. They had brought their friend for this very purpose! And John 3 was slowly and carefully studied, the intelligent faces of the young men full of interest as they read from their little books.

November 8, 1904.

There has been much talk of the danger to be expected here, today, at elections. Families were taken out of town to be out of harm's way. The shooting fray of last election day, two years ago, in Barranquitas, has been gone over and over with many idle rumors added. Let us go quietly about our usual affairs, I have said to them, keeping out of the way of mischief.

And the day has been as quiet as a funeral occasion. Two long lines of men awaited their turn to vote, at the respective booths of the Republican and the Unionist parties. Serious, sober, cleanly dressed, they seemed to regard the occasion as momentous. Some of the townsmen have little idea of what they are voting for, at least they have little interest in it, beyond knowing the names of the two opposing parties. I asked a good-looking man, chopping wood at his door, why he was not at the voting-place: " Because if I vote *unionista*, the *republicanos* will be down on me: if I vote *republicano*, the *unionistas* will be down on me; so I vote not at all! " was his candid reply.

November 11, 1904.

The Unionists gained here, and in Ponce. In Barros, farther up in the hills, there were three thousand Republican

votes and *one* Unionist! Republicanism just now in Porto Rico means American sentiment in opposition to Unionism, which springs from the old Federal party, and is in general anti-American. "Unionists" is a name to attract, for union sounds like a very good thing! Two-year-old Pepe, when asked for his political sentiments, puts the tips of his two forefingers together closely and lisps "'Nista!"

Lately, I have visited two of the principal homes in town, finding in one indifference, even coolness in attitude, in the other keen interest in comparing the teachings of the New Testament with the practises of the Church here. Doña V—— has the priest's own copy of the New Testament in Latin and in Spanish, and has read much in it, lately. After speaking of the doctrine of many intermediaries she said to me, "The Word of God does teach the truth that there is but one intercessor, but it seems impossible to get away from what one has been taught since babyhood."

It was interesting to have her find in the priest's book the references I named from mine and to see the wonder with which she read, *in both*, of the "all power" given to Christ, and of the "one mediator" between God and man.

Today, I had a long talk with the priest himself, introduced by Doña P—— at the post-office. I have often wished to talk freely with a priest (some "unconverted" one, a rare experience for a foreign missionary here)—to ask him questions, *to face* him with the Bible, as it were. Of course *padre* D—— extricated himself from the difficulties into which my questions might have plunged him, by backing dexterously behind the supreme authority of "the Church." I asked him if he would dare to stand up before his people in church tomorrow, and simply read to them out of his Bible in Spanish, about those things of which we were speaking. His reply was that he was under authority, and that the Church had pre-

pared a Bible edited with notes by men much more learned than he, who might be expected to know more of the profundities of that profound book than he; that the plan of his Church is to have sermons preached from texts based, of course, on the Scriptures, in order that the people may not be misled by their own private interpretation. I read to him several texts, and he could or would give no direct answers to my questions: "Is this true? Do you believe it? Is it not written so in your Bible? If it is true, how can you teach the reverse to people who trust you?" I knew I could speak frankly with him, for he is most friendly and is known to be not in the least fanatical. Indeed, I am told that one day in church, seeing a poor peasant woman kiss the feet of an image, he said to her: "What do you do that for? That is only a piece of wood! Pray to God." He was very serious and respectful, but when he did reply to a question, it was perfunctorily done with the stock phrases of the Romanist. Once he shrugged his shoulders and said that if he should preach what I had spoken of, as unquestioned truth, he would be put out of the Church—and one must live! [Later, this man was removed to another place—I never learned where—and a more strict priest was sent to B.! We have noticed such changes in many places, after we have firmly established a mission.]

Sunday, November 13, 1904.

It seems incredible that the orderly little folks at Sunday School this morning are a part of the restless horde that at first invaded the *cultos*. Perhaps there has been a process of automatic winnowing out going on, and only the more docile return to be taught. I regret leaving this new work, discouraging as it has been at times, after but a three weeks' "mission" here. But, there is much to be done in Ponce. Sunday School entertainments for the year's end must be pre-

pared for at several "stations," with much writing of dialogues and training of scores of infants and youths in their speeches and songs. The church in Ponce has come to count on this year-end entertainment as a fitting culmination of their year's studies. With bright lights and flowers we make the church beautiful, but no one expects anything to eat or gifts, and the house is always filled to overflowing.

XV.

I found among those Children of the Sun.
The cipher of my nature—the release
Of baffled powers, which else had never won
That free fulfilment whose reward is peace.

. . . . . .

For, not to any race or clime
Is the completed sphere of life revealed;
He that would make his own that round sublime
Must pitch his tent on many a distant field.

—*Bayard Taylor.*

PONCE, P. R.,
January 4, 1905.

YESTERDAY Mr. R. baptized five men and women in beautiful Guánica Bay, just at sunset. It was a lovely setting for the scene. One by one the men and women were led out from shore through the gilded surf rolling gently on the sands, into deeper water beyond. They seemed to tread a golden pathway toward the sinking sun. The women changed their clothing in an empty hut on the beach close by, and then we all came walking back together by the long street, to supper. At the close of the evening service, in the larger room Mr. R. has rented, the missionary organized the church of the five believers just baptized! Such a little one!

Mr. R.'s words of explanation as to what a Christian church means, and his counsel and encouragement, are always singularly appropriate, and I am glad of every opportunity I have of taking part in these first things.

February 7, 1905.

Tonight marks an epoch in our Ponce church annals. At the business meeting we agreed to call to the church as pastor-assistant to the missionary, Rev. Ramón Véliz López, from Rio Grande. The church also decided to contribute five dollars a month toward his salary. A first step toward "self-support" regarding the pastorate.

February 21, 1905.

"Don Ramón" has come, with his wife and wee baby Raquel—a frail little being, three months old. Sweet Doña A——, the mother, has quite captured my heart. They will be of much help in our church.

March 27, 1905.

Old Speckle has had to go, and for fifteen dollars! He cost thirty, and has served me for about three years, but had become too tiresome to drive, stumbling and falling at the least provocation, barking his knees, snapping straps, besides eating his old, obstinate head off in the *patio*. The grass-man has brought him and is to pay for him in daily guinea-grass for the new horse. Speckle is to bring the grass himself, poor old dear!

Brownie, the new incumbent of the shed, is about six years old and trots well and is safe, though he is certainly no beauty.

. . . . . .

Accounts of the Welsh revival have been thrilling and tantalizing. I should like to be in Wales and feel it. Why should not showers of blessings fall upon us too? We are beginning a series of special *cultos*. Obedience! Obedience! is Evan Roberts' cry from Wales,

Easter Sunday, April 22, 1905.

I was away from home, at La Playa, yesterday when the young pastor sent for me. Little Raquel was dying, after sudden failing. She was gone, when I got to the house. Dear wee one, so feeble and small, yet filling so large a place in her devoted parents' hearts. As I sat, with the mother, in the evening at the bedside, Raquelita on her little pillow looked like a pretty waxen doll asleep, in her white muslin frock.

She was buried this afternoon, and the young parents have come home with me for a night or two, as their house was too lonely without the baby.

May 5, 1905.

Tonight, Miss Greenlaw and I in my phaeton, and others in a buggy, drove out to Portugués, the country mission across the river, for the first *velada* of the children's class. The rented room in the house of the Perdómos was filled with proud parents and friends. The children are rustic and wild, but they said their "pieces" with smiling gusto, and sang sweetly. The women had decorated the whitewashed wall with feathery green branches hung on nails, and there were immense bunches of flowers besides. The little organ fairly rocked and danced as we sang all together "Glory, Glory, Hallelujah" and "America."

Yauco, P. R.,
Sunday, May 7, 1905.

Yesterday, I came hither by second-class on the train, and enjoyed the hard seat among the polite, first-rate second-class people much more than I have, sometimes, the second-rate first-class traveling men as companions. Mr. R. has now rented a commodious warehouse with two large rooms for our mission, next door to the owner, Mrs. G——, a Protestant German-

English lady. And Mrs. G—— is giving me a room and board in her pleasant house. She is the widow of a Spaniard.

Yauco was settled chiefly by Corsicans who are naturally more like Italians than Spaniards, and their Spanish is at once recognizable, with its rather foreign accent. Such a mixture as one finds in all such colonies from the Old World!

This morning in the mission Sunday School, next door, V—— taught the children's class of twenty. It gave me pure joy to hear her with gentle dignity explaining the lesson as well as a cut-and-dried missionary could have done—the little girl who, first of all, used to accompany me to the children's classes, five years ago, when there were no " believers " here at all. She is now sixteen years old.

May 10, 1905.

Yesterday, I hired a carriage and with the native pastor, his wife, and V——, drove to Guánica for a day of visiting and an evening service after a women's meeting in the afternoon. Three of the five baptized in the sea in January have moved away. The two left are a woman and a girl. Poor little church of Guánica! E—— was ironing when we went to see her. She kept on with her work, at our insistence, so that she might finish in time to cool off before going into the *sereno*, the dew, at night. She cannot read, and her Christian growth cannot be rapid in that isolated place, but there is life in her and she speaks bravely of some of her difficulties. Her husband does not oppose her in her religion, but takes advantage of her being a Christian, she says, and speaks to her as roughly as he pleases, knowing that she " *will bear it quietly and no longer fly into a rage with him.*" What a commentary from the outside upon even the first, faint working of God's Spirit in a human soul that seeks him, however alone!

We came flying back to Yauco through the moonlit cane-fields, shivering in the cold night air of the coast-lands.

May 19, 1905.

This afternoon, I talked long with "El Mayagüez," one of our own three blind men in Yauco. He thirsts for the truth that he may tell it to others. "If I could only take the book in my hand and read it to them!" he said, his poor sightless face full of expression as he turned it in eagerness to me. I reminded him of what a lady had told me that very morning, that El Mayagüez subscribed to our paper *El Evangelista*, and carried it to her every month to be read through to him and that he lends it to others! He tells me that he has stood outside on the sidewalk, in the dark, listening to our women's study at the mission, and that he has heard it all. If I had only known "a brother" cared to come in! I invited him to the children's song-service for this afternoon, just before I must take the train back to Ponce.

Ponce, P. R.,
June 25, 1905.

The weather is piping hot, keeping pretty steadily at 90° Fahr. by day, but cooling off beautifully at night. Yesterday the mothers of the boys and girls of the Industrial Class at La Playa came to the church by invitation to see specimens of the children's work. The youngsters themselves made the speeches, young C—— presiding at the devotions.

The piece of work done by this class during the past years, of most interest to them, has been the making of a small model of the Tabernacle in the Wilderness—the cubit measurements reduced to the inch. It took them a year of Saturday afternoons to make it, the boys preparing the little "boards" (cut

by a carpenter from cedar-wood cigar-boxes) with sandpaper, gilding, and rings for the "bars," the girls making the sets of curtains. The tabernacle can be taken to pieces or set up in a few moments. It will be a proud day for them when the little tabernacle is shown in the churches at La Playa, and perhaps in Ponce.[1]

BARRANQUITAS, P. R.,
July 27, 1905

Last night, I slept in my little bed without a mosquito-bar and the sheet was *black-peppered* this morning with ancient dust from the ceiling overhead.

The same heavenly panorama of other days here, of clouds of dazzling white mounting into the pure blue of the sky from behind the green hills, delights my eyes. Such purity of air, such deliciousness merely in the act of breathing! A black hog grunts most unholily below my window, but "the sapphire crown" of the sky sits upon the brow of the emerald hill beyond, so why mention a pig? Keats—I want him with me always in these mountains—was writing to another Jane when he said:

> The open Sky sits upon one's senses like a sapphire crown; the Air is our robe of state; the Earth is our throne, and the Sea a mighty minstrel playing before it, able like David's harp to make such as you forget, almost, the tempest cares of life.

Our present storeroom, rented for the little mission, is a huge place opening directly upon the passing road. From the edge of the road, the ground falls steeply away underneath the floor, so that only the front wall of the house rests on the

[1] No work of the members of this class was for themselves. They made many bedquilts and undergarments, dressed a doll, hemstitched handkerchiefs, framed pictures in tiny sea-shells, as gifts for others.

ground. Long-legged posts support the floor, and the back windows overlook the cañon still falling away into deeper depths. This road passing us is the highway leading on to Barros and beyond, not yet finished, however.

Here in this little Federal town I am, more than anywhere I go, a *persona non grata*, as few of the townspeople care as yet for our mission services, and it really costs something of the women and girls who attend, to be faithful and loyal—it is such a little town! It is saddening to be in a disliked minority, and to have children run from one, and hide, or call out saucy words at one. Some day it will be different.

Sunday, July 30, 1905.

Today Mr. Troyer and Don A—— of Barros were here and the Sunday School was formally organized, with adults and children. We shall now have more regular and even permanent attention given to this struggling mission, and its history will be that of all the others. . .

Miss G. writes from Ponce that poor old sister Rosa still lingers on her bed of long suffering, but that she seems to be "resting beside still waters, in green pastures," rather than passing through the Valley of the Shadow. Dear soul, under the dusty thatching of your hillside hut, I hope your longed-for freedom will not long delay its coming.

A poor anemic woman haunts this house, doing jobs of coarse mending in exchange for a cup of coffee, a plate of beans or rice. There is something uncanny in her stealthy tread, as she prowls about, peering in at me, watching as I write. Great things are being proposed and some accomplished in the anemic cure. They have treated two thousand cases in Doctor Ashford's field-hospital for the diseased near Aibonito, within a few months. This poor woman is gray in her pallor and is sadly bloated.

Vidal—Faithful Cook and Sister in the Faith, Ponce

"Old Speckle" at the Side Door of the Church, Ponce

August 6, 1905.

This morning there were eighteen stationary ones in Sunday School, and many transients. I rose from a sick-bed to go. What a curious expression! I wish the cot could bear some of the pain that pork and grease and draughty damp, in combination, can produce.

I write in my room, divided from the rest of the cottage by a thin partition of boards. There has been much talk coming through all day, laughter and cries of children. But, this evening, when all was quiet, I have talked long in the small parlor with the two widowed sisters-in-law. They were interested in a tract read to them and, again, to the heart of one there seemed to be penetrating a ray of the light I hoped was entering last November.

It is in the poorer homes that I find the listening ear, the kindling eye, for the words of cheer and hope from the Bible. Yet, as before, I see a timid interest in other homes—where hearts are testing the truth and questioning the value of old conceptions and belief.

Coamo, P. R.,
August 18, 1905.

The beautiful church here was dedicated, last night, and thus, in all the chief towns of our missions, suitable meeting-houses are taking the place of the ramshackle warehouse rooms or mere cottages of the first *cultos*. Yet one may live to look back with an almost sentimental regret to "first things" as they took place in the smelly old warehouses redolent of kerosene oil, "passed" codfish, and stale bacon! The edifices for the missions are all being solidly built, generally of brick, plastered or cemented over, and meant to last. I think it is these substantial churches, and those of other missions besides ours, which most convince the Island people that Protestant

mission work has come here to stay, and not to perish as one American enterprise after another has done. As the little churches grow in number and influence, Porto Ricans are seeing also that the Christian propaganda is *not* an American enterprise in its original source or ultimate aim.

There are native pastors and delegates from the twenty-five of our own churches here today, taking part in the annual Association. Most of them are young, and enthusiastic about their work. After the Association, the pastors will remain for several days for an "Institute," held by the American missionaries-in-charge, for study, for the hearing of theses prepared by the students, and for pastoral instruction.

Ponce calls me loudly, and the little home on Isabel Street. Miss G. who has been with me for two years is to be very soon transferred to Mr. and Mrs. Troyer's mission school in this town, so, good old Vidal, the cook, and Claudino, my horse-boy, and I shall be alone.

XVI

God sitting by the humblest hearth.—*Lowell.*

PONCE, P. R.,
October 4, 1905.

MISS Greenlaw set out this afternoon for her new work in the school at Coamo. Without her, the cottage seems lonely this rainy night. The little dog and the kittens are doing their best to befriend me—the black kitten, boldest of all, sitting on my knee and nosing the pen as I write.

November 11, 1905.

I was in Yauco again, last night, for the dedication of the new church which stands on a fine corner lot. As I sat behind the organ, on its platform, looking over the large, reverent congregation of several hundred men and women seated in the comfortable new chairs, I remembered our first service in Yauco, in the little fruit-shop on a public street, loaned for the occasion by a poor woman for—she really did not know what! She knew only that the Americans wished to say something to her people about religion and the Bible, and that she was friendly to us. And I remembered former services in the hired rooms with the tipsy chairs and the backless benches, and wondered at all that the perseverance and pluck of the missionaries-in-charge were doing in the whole Island. Mighty little have I had to do with any kind of building there in Yauco—of houses or of Christian character. Often I grieve over having to spread myself so thin over important details in our women's and children's work. And now I have had to

come back to Ponce on this morning's train, too busy to stay over for Sunday with the happy little church in Yauco.

. . . . . .

"Guest House" of Don Manuel,
Adjuntas, P. R.,
February 19, 1906.

For a long, long time I have wished to be again in this dear little mountain town. We seem cut off from the world up here, but not so much as in the old days, as the highway is finished through Adjuntas to Arecibo, on the north coast, and one can reach the sea on either side now, north or south, in a few hours any day.

The church has suffered many losses from removal and even "exclusions." The corner-store building which we have bought is better than the old warehouse, but is not attractive to outsiders as a meeting-place, and I hope we can soon tear it down and begin the church building on this pleasant corner.

It is four years, except for a few days' visit, since I was here, and as I go in and out of the alleyways old acquaintances come running to the doors, and sometimes I hear them calling out: "It looks like Doña Juanita! It is! Here's Doña Juanita!"

February 25, 1906.

Carnival Sunday; and there has been some play of maskers in the streets, but all is quiet now at dusk. Down in Ponce, the carnival ball in the Casino, over the garden walls from our cottage, will be just now opening, and King Momo and his court will have been thronging the streets all day with their rampant din. There is nothing picturesque about carnival gaiety in our Island.

Though the mission here has not prospered of late as in

some other towns, there are thirty-three faithful members and many little children. Some live off in the mountains and can attend only the day services unless there is a moon to light them down and up. Everybody is glad when she stays long enough to light the somber hill trails! These are often only narrow gullies worn by rivulets in the rainy season, and by the tread of man and beast in single file ceaselessly passing to and fro. At night the darkness is dense, from the shade of the big trees protecting the coffee-shrubs from too much sunlight, and even at midday a chill strikes one in the thick groves.

This morning, a sweet-faced old lady of the hills above us came to the Bible School over a trail which they insist is much too steep and long for me! These hill-folk are serious and for the most part industrious and independent in their lives. It is good to think of their getting something more into their days than the endless struggle toward feeding, clothing, and sheltering themselves. I usually find the little parlor of the pastor's wife, next the mission hall, full of sturdy-looking women and their menfolk, resting from their tramping, while they wait for the service-hour to arrive. Sometimes they make a day of it, coming very early in the morning.

The townspeople, even here, have their parties, dances, church feasts, daily mail, newspapers, and other pleasures to vary the monotony of their isolation and do not seem to feel their need of the gospel's light and cheer, as the lonelier hill people around them do.

As I look back to former visits here I realize how much effort goes to apparent waste in mission endeavor. Yet, is it waste, after all? Who can know?

The folding-organ given me by the church at Malden, Mass., came up the mountain with me, scarred by much travel already and wobbly in the legs, but it still has a voice. The singing sounded very sweet tonight—in my ears.

As I came home through the flowery *plaza* between the tall hibiscus plants and the rose-trees, I saw a thread of a moon just two nights old glimmering behind a filmy cloud. So, by next Sunday evening we shall have light for the hill-trails.

ASH WEDNESDAY,
February 28, 1906.

I stood at the door outside of the little Catholic chapel, this morning, watching the intent worshipers on their knees, who waited with patient eagerness, each one, for the crosslike dab of ashes on his forehead. The ash is dampened with holy oil or holy water. The floor was crowded to the doorway with a kneeling mass, and the silent crowd overflowed into the street, kneeling erect. Every one was clean and tidy, most of them peasants from the hills, in their faded cotton clothes—the women with white kerchiefs over their heads and tied under their chins. Of course feminine heads must be covered in church as rigorously as masculine pates must be bared.

I noticed in the little congregation a solemnity new to me even for such occasions. One realized what "the prophet," the *Hombre-Dios*, God-man, has been doing lately at least in the country places and in these far-away hills. Poor, dull José Morales from Jayuya-way, has been sent by "the Church" all through these parts and elsewhere, preaching, and it claims for him inspiration from Heaven, and even more. He is an ignorant peasant who cannot read, and even this is set to his credit among his followers who say, "Wonderful it is that, not knowing how to read or write, such words as he preaches should proceed out of his mouth!" At any rate, he has aroused a religious feeling among the people, even in the neighborhood of Ponce itself and while, in former times, the poorer people did not much trouble themselves to

come to the *fiestas* of the church, they now swarm down to this little church, and their attitude is sincerely devotional. They truly believe that Morales is a man sent from God, and they clothe the inane words he is said to speak in his "sermons," with the fervor of their own awakened imagination and faith. He is not here—only the priest was in the chapel murmuring unintelligible Latin words as he swiftly and mechanically "crossed" the forehead of each suppliant at his feet with ashes. Among the white-kerchiefed heads, there were others draped in black veils or lace mantillas representing the *señoras* of the town. How much or how little does this wearing of ashes upon the brow mean to them? So carnival has ended with the ashes, and Lent begins today.

March 1, 1906.

March has come in like a storming lion, if only a Porto Rican lion, and the north wind blows in tepid gusts and a white mist blots out the mountains. The Giant lies tucked under one of his heaviest blankets today, and not even the tip of his nose—his best feature—is visible.

Yesterday, I walked out to the plantation of the Cuban doctor's cousins. The family is in deepest mourning, having just lost a grown son under tragic circumstances. Doña—— and the girls were gentle and affectionate, and I seemed to get closer to their hearts than ever before. They *wanted* consolation, for it seems they have found none. I tried to give the mother comfort, telling her of where I have so often found it, and where many in Porto Rico are finding it, and they promised to read John's Gospel which I left with them. They are "good Catholics," but I suppose no one here would think of turning to the priest for comfort—another gamester of notorious reputation. The S—— family are refined, educated peo-

ple. The father tells me that the hurricane of six years ago destroyed twenty of their tenants' houses, and most of the coffee, along with the shading trees, and he has never been able to reinstate himself and get the estate in order, so the skeleton drying-frames for the coffee-berries still stretch empty, useless arms from beneath the big dwelling-house.

Sunday, March 4, 1906.

My last Sunday here—a beautiful one. What a children's work might be built up here, if one might only *stay!*

March 6, 1906.

I do not know what I should do for reading if remaining longer in Adjuntas, for the evenings are long in my room, when there are no *cultos.* This from Stevenson's "El Dorado" is apropos of my plight, having brought few books in the wee trunk:

> One who goes touring afoot with a single volume in his knapsack reads with circumspection, pausing often to reflect, and often laying the book down to contemplate the landscape or the prints in the inn-parlor [advertisements of Pabst's beer in choice gilt frames and the Scott's Emulsion boy with the big codfish!], for he fears to come to an end of his entertainment and be left companionless on the last stages of his journey.

And "companionless" I am left now, although I brought more than "a single volume" with me!

XVII

Not in the solitude
Alone, may man communicate with Heaven, or see
Only in savage wood
And sunny vale the present Deity;
Or only hear his voice
Where the winds whisper and the waves rejoice.
Even here, do I behold
Thy steps, Almighty!—here amid the crowd
Through the great city rolled
With everlasting murmur deep and low.

—*Bryant.*

ABOARD THE S. S. COAMO,
FOR PORTO RICO, ATLANTIC OCEAN,
September 23, 1906.

MISS Alice Shorey, of Baltimore, Md., has been appointed in Miss G.'s place to work with me in Ponce, and she hurried to get ready to come away from home to the Island with me. She is bright-eyed and cheerful and a good sailor.

RIO PIEDRAS, P. R.,
September 27, 1906.

We finally came to our moorings at the San Juan pier last night—no need of little bobbing boats and swarthy boatmen to take us to the shore nowadays—and I think a thousand people must have been at the pier to welcome the ship's arrival. Evidently, they had come down on a moonlight frolic, and most were Porto Ricans.

Miss S. and I stayed aboard, while every one else went

ashore. It was ten p. m., and we knew Miss Hayes was seven miles away, here in Rio Piedras. The night was still and cool on the water, and the crew did not begin to rattle the donkey-engines for unloading the cargo until six o'clock this morning. As we lay in our berths, it seemed good to be listening to roosters crowing, and dogs barking ashore on the land side, while the water softly sucked and splashed on the other side about the ship.

Miss Hayes, still the faithful missionary who first welcomed me to the Island in 1899, came aboard for us before breakfast, and we shall be with her for a day or two before traveling on by train and carriage to Ponce.

ADJUNTAS, P. R.,
September 30, 1906.

A lovely blue and gold day. The mountain air is cool, and our one day here has been full to the brim, and it is my birthday.

The thirty-three-mile drive from Arecibo on the north coast, where we left the train from San Juan and took the mail-coach, made a panorama of tropical pictures. Rocks and ferns, palms, cascades, cliffs, and a river, all fresh and beautiful from the rains, enchanted Miss S. to my full satisfaction.

The small, new church is finished, standing in its sturdy stucco where the green, frame storehouse used to be. These chapels seem to be built by magic, when one is not by to see. But they always mean untold labor and worry on the part of the missionary-in-charge of the district.

After morning service, today, we went to see a little dying girl, baptized two months ago. She knew me and could speak, and they told me she had been afraid she would die before I came. It has been good to be once more among these dear people where the Giant sleeps.

The Road, Arecibo to Ponce

Tomorrow, at seven a. m., we must continue our drive down to Ponce.

PONCE, P. R.,
October 8, 1906.

Very hot weather. My horse, used for country mission work while I was away, is still in the hills and I "go walking!"

I am more than thankful to have been at home when my precious Sister died in August. And now, I am glad to be here again where my life's work seems to be. Miss S. declares that one need never be depressed or homesick after visiting, from house to house, with the missionary. We had made a round of visits, and she said the unwholesome-looking shacks and crowded alleyways made our plain cottage seem restful and homelike to her.

October 23, 1906.

Yesterday, I saw the pastor's new baby, a tiny, perfect little creature, three days old. When I came in this afternoon I was thunderstruck at finding Don Ramón's note telling me that this second little one, Louisa Raquel, was dead! At once, I went to them, and found even the dear, faint little mother comforted with God's own comfort as when the first Raquel died. What an example of fine, Christian courage these dear young people are giving to those about us who are groping in the mists of superstition and sorrow and despair!

The baby must have had some affection of the brain, for we noticed a spasmodic movement of the arm yesterday as I held the pretty little creature in my arms.

October 24, 1906.

My horse has come home, feeble and lean. S—— hitched him to the phaeton today, for the first time, to take Don Ramón

to the cemetery. The father would not let strange hands carry the tiny white casket and lay it in the grave.

November 8, 1906.

The 6th was election day and again Ponce "went Unionist," as did other towns of importance, but not all. In an evening procession celebrating the victory and composed of a rabble of men and women, I saw a large United States flag carried upside down! What would President Roosevelt say to that? He is to visit Porto Rico now, on his homeward way from Panamá.

I have been told a story of the elections which would be amusing if it were not so true a witness to the real ignorance of the country people as to the drift of affairs, and to the weakness of poor humanity at any stage. The Republicans worked very hard in Ponce and in the country districts around, and on the day before election they brought in numbers of clean, barefooted peasants, housing them in a high-fenced, vacant lot, stuffing them not only with beans and rice, but also with radiant party promises. And then they waked on the eventful morning, to find that every man of those voters had been bought over during the night by the Unionists, for slightly more radiant promises and—shoes! The peasants found their way homeward, after voting *unionistas*, in the moral and physical condition to be imagined. I suppose that election gains and loss, here, are won by the same methods, more or less, as those practised in other countries.

So we have again the same mayor of the past two years. The streets are being swept every day, and not only by the trade-wind just now at first. And the city hall, *alcaldía*, has been repainted for President Roosevelt.

On Sunday, Don R. baptized three, and there was the Lord's Supper at night. Many were absent. These seem to

be days of testing for our people. There was not a quorum at the business-meeting, Tuesday night, as the election returns were expected at any moment. We who know frailty in ourselves are ready to understand much in these whom we are hoping to uplift, but, as Don Ramón says, it is time for them to be learning that there is no clash in duties. Something like this, he tells them: Let us know for what political party we stand, hear its discussions, and vote as good citizens, leaving the sordid all-night carousings and street-screaming to those who have not learned the mind of Christ.

November 26, 1906.

This season of the year is always dangerous, following on the heated end of the rainy season. Gusty, chilly winds blow from the north and east, and the Islanders go down before la grippe like grain under the scythe. This is the beginning of much of the "consumption" of the throat and lungs, which before the ending of another year will carry off scores of underfed, anemic people to the cemetery.

Mr. Roosevelt spent the twentieth and twenty-first in the Island, mostly in rapid transit. Coming from Panamá in a battle-ship, he landed at La Playa and spent two hours in Ponce, at once. Then, crossing the Island by automobile, he paused a few moments at each of the towns strung along the Military Road. Back he came the next day from San Juan, by rail and the new coach road, as Miss S. and I traveled two months ago, and boarding the ship again, without stopping this time in Ponce, he is I suppose at this moment nearing New York! Presidents cannot loiter as other tourists do.

January 17, 1907.

Breezy, cool, sunshiny days, fit for work. Since my poor horse Brownie died, at last, after three weeks of attempted

" cures," I have tramped the long streets from end to end, north, east, south, and west on rather rheumatic feet.

Note, apropos of some visits of *disciplina* among our flock: It is easy to sit and sing oneself away, in a well-ordered chapel, hard to take up the intimate concerns of daily life in sordid surroundings, and *keep one's own feet and fingers out of the muck*. We must be lenient in judgment, yes, but unwearying in leading and uplifting toward the light.

February 22, 1907.

Last week, I began reading " Pilgrim's Progress " in the women's Monday evening hour. This will be the third reading of the book in Spanish to some who have fairly *gulped* it down with ears and *eyes!*

June 30, 1907.

Troubled in these days by certain happenings among our people. There is much illness besides, fevers, pneumonia, consumption. I was *not* troubled over the death of a young man last week though grieving over his suffering, for the last months of Eladio's long, weary illness of the lungs brought him to Christ, and he was even glad to die. When I last saw him, a few hours before the end, he could still smile gently and say " *Lea,*" read. He wore a most lovely expression of countenance. There was no one near to lament his going, as he had no home, and had been cared for by a member of the church. Such quiet, hopeful deaths preach sermons among Roman Catholic neighbors.

One of the girls in the industrial class in La Playa has been taken violently ill. Tuta is a good, gentle child of fifteen years. She recognized me yesterday, but was unable to speak. She cannot live, and my heart aches for the mother who must lose her one little daughter.

July 8, 1907.

She died after three days of pernicious fever.

And now I must be thinking of going to Barros, for a long visit. Miss S. will be in Adjuntas, and we shall close the cottage. Our good Porto Rican women are left to do the teaching for a while, and the cool mountain air will make us both new again.

XVIII

I stood upon the hills, when heaven's wide arch
Was glorious with the sun's returning march,

. . . . . .

If thou art worn and hard beset
With sorrows, that thou wouldst forget,
If thou wouldst read a lesson, that will keep
Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,
Go to the woods and hills! No tears
Dim the sweet look that Nature wears.
—*Longfellow.*

AMERICANS' HOME, BARROS, P. R.,
July 21, 1907.

For my small corner of the world—
Blue sea, blue sky, and pale green sod,
And noble mountains glistening mistily—
I thank thee, God!

THREE horses abreast, galloping up-hill as well as down, with three changes at the posting-stations, brought me, in Don Victor's *guagua*[1], to Coamo in three hours. Early the next morning, after the night spent with dear little Miss G. in the Troyers' house, I set out alone for the long drive to Barros. Four hours over the beautiful upward road, shaded by *flamboyán* trees in brilliant scarlet flower, and mangoes and palms, brought me to Barranquitas. My coachman, horses, and carriage were all good ones, and I rested per-

[1] The derivation of this queer word is not clear. But it is probably from the English word wagon, for *guagua* meant a long-bodied wagon with several seats, used as a stage.

fectly during the drive, with no need to talk, and with very little thought about anything. At B. I lunched and rested in the house of my old friends with whom I have so often stopped. Then, engaging another carriage and driver, I left for Barros at half past three by the new road, for three more hours of climbing. The fine highway, too narrow but well built, is about finished as far as Barros, and my progress, dashing around curves and along perilous edges of precipices, was very unlike the leisurely hammock trip of three years ago, by short cuts over the trail. The scenery is lovely now—long, green, velvety ribs of the mountains stretch down into the valley quite to the little river flowing by, with the slim shadows of the royal palms streaming across the green.

I had expected to be met by a horse and some one to escort me the rest of the way from a point a kilometer or two outside of Barros. For I had heard that the road was not yet fit for a carriage entrance into town, as one or two bridges over ravines are not finished, and the blasting of a cliff is still going on. But instead of a horse and rider, several "brethren" afoot were waiting for me near the end, with a crowd of boys and girls in high feather, all intent upon my driving quite into town, the first woman to enter on wheels—*they* would make it possible!

For nearly an hour we labored on. A dozen times I alighted on my aching ankle—sprained last Sunday in Ponce by slipping on a mango seed—at places too risky and rough for even an empty coach. Twice the men unhitched the horses, and led them down steep places to ford the streams below, while several rolled the carriage by hand over the skeleton bridges on planks which they laid across the beams. Huge masses of rock blocked the road in some places, the precipice falling sheerly off from the outside edge of the way. The children scampered behind the carriage with glee, swarming into it, over

it, under it, everywhere, whenever it stopped for us to enter it again.

At last, we came to the finish in triumph, and dashed into town, the carriage full inside, and small boys perched on the steps and atop the little trunk strapped on behind, with the town all turned out to see.

Only that morning, two carriages had come in, ahead of me, the very first ever to enter Barros and full of men. The town took holiday and was wild with excitement. A perfect mob swarmed about Tía's inn, so that we could not drive quite to the door. Must my entries here be spectacular always? Dear little Barros has enough of nervous electricity to light the dark, little town! Of course, if I had ridden horseback, I should have come peacefully pacing into town this afternoon, without notice, as the men missionaries have been doing for years, but the fact of carriage connection with the outside world being actually established made all the difference last Friday, and for "Doña Juanita" to be the "first" woman again had quite intoxicated the little church.

The village priest, a young Frenchman, has my old room overlooking the chapel roof and I have taken the one on the other side of the parlor-dining-room. The priest is ill with malarial fever, and not only must his room be kept shut up tight and dark, but the public reception-room also, where one sits and eats, is closed to the air, as much as possible, and is a dreary place enough. But my own little corner cubby is light and airy, as I keep the solid shutters open day and night. What if an open sewer-ditch passes directly under my window —above stirs the sweet mountain air!

It seems odd for this poor sick, homeless, wifeless priest to be living under the same roof as the Protestant missionary. If he pleases, he can listen to the sermons preached in the heretic chapel almost within touch of his hands from the window, and

he cannot, if he would, help hearing the strenuous singing, even though his solid shutters are kept hermetically closed. Every day, his parishioners come to see him in his dark, airless, candle-lighted little chamber. Even girls go in to ask for his blessing, poor young things!

July 23, 1907.

Yesterday our girls came to begin their Bible study, and the bedquilt piecing. None of them need me to teach them to sew. I should say not! But stitching the bright blocks helps to pass a half hour of conversation for our mutual acquaintance and the bedquilt is to be given to some needy body. They are loyal, affectionate young things, some perhaps lovably sentimental. One cried a few nights ago because she thought of the time, she said, when I should be going away again. She says this keeps her from enjoying my visit!

I think they need a Christian woman friend to live among them, training and broadening them, as they are in a minority here, apart and different from the other girls who were once their associates. They are made to feel this keenly sometimes.

A widow lives in the rooms behind our chapel and cares for it. This morning her little ailing son died. Four girls bore the tiny white coffin between them to the cemetery, and the Sunday School tramped along with it. There was some of the usual careless behavior along the way as others, not of the mission, joined us, laughing and talking as they straggled along. There was the customary oration at the cemetery gate, where we all stopped to hear thanks given by some one appointed to do this, for the attention of friends in the funeral procession. Later, little boys and girls of "Ours" sang "Around the Throne of God in Heaven" almost too merrily about the wee grave, holding in their hands green branches broken from shrubs in the cemetery which they afterward stuck into the broken earth

around the grave. The poor baby was afflicted and senseless, and his death was a mercy, but the mother misses his little cries tonight and grieves as mothers do.

July 25, 1907.

Nine years ago today, our soldiers entered Porto Rico at Guánica. Except that government offices are closed, there is no sign of the holiday here today, and showers of rain pour down upon us. I have been too sleepy all day to hold my eyes open—a toxic condition caused by improper food and malarial infection. The heat at noontime is intense.

There is a slight epidemic of fever in the town, but the priest is getting better, and now sits pallid and listless in the outer room. As the drinking-water for the public stands in an earthen jar on a shelf in this unventilated room, I boil my own in a tiny kettle over my alcohol-lamp.

Don Pancho's Country-house,
Culebras District, beyond Barros,
August 4, 1907.

Don Pancho's wife and eldest son are earnestly studying the Bible, the latter having a pretty wife and baby in Barros. They have had visits from Mr. Rudd, and they have practically accepted the gospel, having had the missionary at the country-house for services more than once. As my stay is ending in Barros, I accepted Doña Justina's invitation to ride out to Culebras and spend a week with her family. Doña J. wants to understand better many points she is interested in and for this wished me to come.

So yesterday, Don Francisco, the married son, mounted me on a little horse in Barros, and himself escorted me over the mountains. For days beforehand, the trip had been discussed in my hearing by all the outside friends, as villagers will dis-

cuss in neighborly fashion. Most agreed that it would be a risky attempt for me, for it is considered one of the difficult journeys hereabouts. Even good horsemen sometimes find the almost perpendicular descent into the valley on the other side of the mountain most trying and excessively fatiguing, and some called it appalling for a lady.

As I mounted at the door, the street corner was filled with friendly well-wishers. One clasped her hands as I rode off bravely. "*Ay, la pobre!*" she cried, "Alas! the poor thing!" suggesting that I might be riding gaily to my doom. Most of this sympathy, I knew, was secretly prompted by their knowledge of my small experience in riding, for all these hill people ride without fear. And I determined not to let their distrust of me make me show the white feather, so off I went gaily, Don F. alongside on a beautiful, prancing steed, and the peon riding close behind.

At the top of the ridge, after a while, before beginning the steep descent into the very bottom of the valley, we came to a fine stretch of turfy fields, and, for the first time in my life, I had a rollicking canter on horseback. A rocking-chair's motion could not have been easier than my pretty pony's pacing, and Don F. was proud of my staying in the saddle—of course a side-saddle!

If the peon had not walked at my horse's head, holding the bridle, and if I had not been assured that the horse was the pick of the ladies' mounts from Don Pancho's stable and as sure-footed as a mountain-goat, that narrow, rocky trail down, down the mountain would have been impossible for me. There was possibly no danger at all, but today I sit and look out of my window, straight up and up, where the trail winds sometimes on the dizzy razorback edge of a ridge with precipices falling steeply away on *each* side, and wonder how I am ever to get to the top of that awful grade again!

August 8, 1907.

Don P.'s plantation is mostly of coffee, several mountain-sides belonging to him being covered with the groves shading the coffee-trees. Water from a cool, mountain spring is piped down to the house in abundance. The dwelling is very large, of two stories with verandas, and furnished most comfortably. Don P. has shown me the rooms on the ground floor where the coffee is stored before it is sent up over the mountain by pack-mules. Also, sugar and bacon and all manner of necessities are stored there, for family use, and even straw hats for the hired men and tenants.

There is a piano in the large parlor, up-stairs where the dwelling-rooms are, and how ever did it get there from the world above? In the kitchen, there is a huge platform, waist-high, in the center of the room, filled with earth, on which fires are kept burning continuously, with two cooks preparing food for the twenty-one persons—family and retainers about the house alone—who eat under this roof daily. We have abundant meals, and pleasant talk about the table. The man who serves between the table and the kitchen is a dwarfish deaf-mute, uncanny to behold, but devoted to his master. The other " retainers " have their special offices, one boy's sole duty being that of sitting in the hall of the upper entrance with a whip to keep the dogs out! These are legion and lie in wait on the ground below, and up and down the outer stairway, waiting for a chance to slip in when some one mounts to the entrance doors above.

The three younger daughters of the house, who have been attending school " outside," are at home and make things most agreeable for me. There are two little sons—one a scrap of a boy who plays silently alone, in out-of-the-way corners, all manner of games. I found him once manipulating a little box

for a wagon, to which was very ingeniously yoked a team of three or four pairs of oxen in the shape of large mango seeds. His cries of *Oosch! Oosch!* as he guided the team with a goad, was perfectly realistic.

Now a little granddaughter has been brought over from Barros, and there are four generations under the roof. For the most interesting member of the family, after all, is a dear, old great-grandmother in her eighty-eighth year. She is full of life, and is a devoted Romanist, sitting on her bed and praying devotedly at night when she cannot sleep.

All the simple, wholesome affairs of farm life go on below in the ample premises, and the peons live on the estate round about. The cows are driven up to the front of the house at milkingtime, to be under the mistress' or master's eye, and goblets of warm milk are brought up to us on the veranda.

August 9, 1907.

I find Doña J. an earnest seeker after truth, and her black eyes shine as we talk together of the beautiful things of God, and her mind at least is entirely convinced that his plan for the redemption of man is the only one. Both of these, Doña J. and her son, will have trials enough to prove their faith—indeed trials have already begun, and are being faithfully borne.

If it were not such a busy, happy household, it would be lonely here, as this is the only house in the deep valley, I believe, except those of Don P.'s tenants. We stand on the balconies and look directly up, on all sides, into the dark, green mountain heights, and to me it seems as if we were the last people left alive on earth.

In the evening, we sing Spanish hymns from the books they have bought, one of the señoritas accompanying us on the piano. Outdoors is wrapped in utter darkness, except for the

gleaming of the stars. Mars has come very close to the earth this summer.

May this whole dear family come to know Christ fully, and to work for him in this isolated valley. The simple life of the well-to-do Porto Rican planter seems a very happy life, though even Don P. speaks of "better times" and the greater ease of past years.

[The son, later, became one of our most useful preachers, and a pastor in Coamo. He led a singularly blameless life. His work was arduous, as there were outside preaching-stations to be visited every week, with crossings at dangerous fords by night, in the rainy season, when he could only trust to the instinct of his horse for going in safety through the darkness and the river. He chose the life of a mission pastor, when "the world," in consideration of the family's means and position, offered him many inducements to other courses, and in a few years he died true to his faith and chosen work.]

BARROS, P. R.,
August 10, 1907.

Back again at Tía's for a few days. By my not daring to look back and down and not letting my giddy head get the better of my nerve, the pony brought me safely up to the gate at the top of the grade, and down again into Barros, tonight. The chapel was already lighted for service, so I jumped off and went straight from the saddle to the prayer-meeting, rather shaky and disheveled.

August 13, 1907.

The bedquilt is finished and is to be given to a crippled widow, mother of seven children, in Don Pancho's neighborhood, in the Culebras district. The girls have been given a

written examination on John's Gospel and have done remarkably well in their thoughtful answers.

Tomorrow, I must take flight again over the new road, cleared now, with bridges all complete, and after a day and night in Barranquitas must hie me on to Ponce.

PONCE, P. R.,
August 25, 1907.

There is much to do after the month out of town. Miss S. is still in Adjuntas and likes it there. Ponce is hot and dry.

This morning at Sunday School, we showed the children's tabernacle, apropos of the Bible lesson. Don F——, the superintendent, confesses that he never before could understand what manner of building it could have been, with its boards and posts and sockets and cords and curtains manifold. The little model can be taken apart, packed in parcels, and set up again on short notice.

My little study window overlooks an abandoned garden shut in by high walls from the noisy street—a daily joy. Pink coral vine clambers over ruined walls inside, a big *níspero* tree shades one corner, and birds flock to the tree for the sweet russet fruit. A faint, perfumed air stirs the vines and enters my window, now and then, fresh and reviving, after the dusty day at the missions. Now I shall have tea, and then be off in the cooling dusk to evening service. Three are to be baptized tonight.

August 27, 1907.

These days are given to visiting and teaching some who wish to be baptized. Some eyes must be opened to responsibilities too carelessly sought. From some it is hard to have frank expressions of belief; from others we have clear, convincing statements that do our hearts good.

Now, I shall begin a correspondence course of Bible study for some of the young women who live in out-of-the-way places, whom I cannot reach personally. There are a few in the out-station churches who are intelligent and persistent enough to go through with such a course—not many, after all. If they are to be Sunday School teachers, they need to know more than their own reading can show them. It will mean almost too much added work, so much hand-writing every month, even with carbon copies, but *it must be gotten in somehow*, and Matilde will help.

XIX

And as the evening darkens, lo! how bright
Through the deep purple of the twilight air
Beams forth the sudden radiance of its light,
With strange unearthly splendor in the glare.

. . . . . .

The mariner remembers, when a child
On his first voyage, he saw it fade and sink,
And when returning from adventure wild,
He saw it rise again on ocean's brink.

—"*The Lighthouse*," *Longfellow*.

PONCE, P. R.,
September 17, 1907.

TWENTY-EIGHT churches of "Ours" were represented in the 6th annual meeting in Yauco which closed yesterday. Most of these are small, and poor in this world's goods, but many are rich in faithfulness and hope, the reports from country churches being always of special interest to me. The sixteen hundred and twenty-three members have contributed two thousand and twenty-three dollars and ninety cents ($2,023.90) this year. Each church is in charge of some Porto Rican brother—in some cases two or three being under one man's guidance. The four American missionaries-in-charge, Messrs. Rudd, Humphrey, Vodra, and Troyer, have the oversight of these fields, by districts, and, as yet, but two native preachers have been ordained.

A "living picture," perfectly unconscious and spontaneous, of one of our country preachers impressed me very much. The diligence of all the delegates was notable, and my heart was more stirred by their absorbed faces and the earnestness of

their note-taking than by any of the discussions and " papers." The singing too was really delightful. But above all, I was struck by the *look* on M——'s face as he led one of the devotional exercises from the platform. He was plainly dressed, and his face was lined and rugged. He gave out the hymn, " Jesus, Lover of My Soul," in Spanish, and the rapt look that touched his face, as he stood, innocent of any pose, clasping the hymn-book to his breast as he sang, was a revelation of what such a " Lover " can do for a man. Tears filled my eyes as I watched the furrowed face. As he raised his eyes to heaven in singing, in all self-unconsciousness, " Other refuge have I none," I thought of the revelations he had made to me in earlier years, of how the Lord had raised him up from the very muck and mire and had set his feet in a clean place. The transformation showed in his worn but peaceful face, and the thought of the patient tramping of such a man's feet—for he goes afoot as colporteur and preacher up and down the hill-trails—makes me realize the prophet's meaning in crying, " How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him who bringeth good tidings! "

We missed Mr. Troyer from the meeting, as his family has returned from the States without him, leaving him to seek health for a year in the far West of the United States. Miss Stassen is a new missionary who has come to help in Mrs. Troyer's school in Coamo, and two other young women have been added to the working force on the far side of the Island. We were almost a complete family in Yauco.

October 13, 1907.

Miss Shorey, my companion in the mission since last fall, has been ailing for some time, and does not recuperate from her depression and discouragement. She sleeps very little, and

I believe she will need to go home to Baltimore, if she is to recover her vitality and poise. The doctor advises this, but it is a hard step for her to take.

ABOARD S. S. PONCE,
FOR NEW YORK,
October 30, 1907.

We embarked at noon, yesterday, from La Playa. Today, we are steaming easily through the dark-blue tropic sea under a lovely sky. Miss S.'s case has given me much anxiety, and I am glad to be taking her home to her mother. It was hard to break off suddenly from work, at this busiest season, but there was no one else to come with Miss S., and I am to return on this same ship, as soon as it discharges its cargo and reloads at the Brooklyn pier. We are the only lady-passengers, and the stewardess and doctor are unfailing in their attentions.

November 3, 1907.

A nip of the North in the air! Miss S. rather stronger, eats with a good appetite, and has played a game or two of dominoes with us.

Today, I have sent a wireless message from off the Virginia coast to her father in Baltimore, asking for some one to meet us at the pier tomorrow. Ten words "wirelessed," two dollars.

ABOARD THE S. S. PONCE AGAIN,
FOR PORTO RICO, ATLANTIC OCEAN,
November 14, 1907.

We landed on the 4th and found a brother of Miss S. waiting on the pier at Brooklyn, having received my message from the ship, the night before, in time to catch a train for New York.

After five days ashore, I came aboard again on the 9th to hurry back to the Island. A note from Mrs. S. received aboard ship before sailing tells, I am sorry to say, of the increasing illness of her daughter.

Four American Roman Catholic missionary-priests are aboard, bound for Porto Rico.

November 15, 1907.

Land in sight! The Island on our left, the black peak of El Desecho rock lifted out of the waves, on our right. . . At sunset, yesterday, I sat in a corner of the social hall, alone but for a priest reading from a little black book. Enters another passenger, Mr. L——, and addresses the priest without seeing me in my dim corner:

"Ah! got it all to yourself in here, have you?"

"Yes, taking it easy—*getting off my prayers!*"

PONCE, P. R.,
December 4, 1907.

This afternoon, after two hours in church rehearsing the children for the end-of-the-year entertainment, I went to see the pastor's new baby. This little one was born in St. Luke's Hospital, the new enterprise of the Episcopal mission, and little dark-eyed Lucila will live—a lusty baby. When have I ever seen such richness of color as the sunset glory bathed the unlovely streets on my way home? A planet *blazed* in the west through the deep rose and gold of the air, and there was no speck of cloud to be seen anywhere. Now the stars are lighting the moonless sky as I write. Since I had the acacia branches cut away, the eastern sky is clear above the gable of my neighbor, Don Luis, and I have a fine view from my chamber window of the wonderful winter procession of rising constellations every night, from nine o'clock on. Blue-bright

Vega in Lyra, my joy all summer, is low in the northwest these nights. Fomalhaut the lonely shines in the far south. Mars is still retreating from the earth, after his nearest approach in Sagittarius, last August. We used to watch his glowing red, from the balcony of Don Pancho's house away down in the Culebras valley. The book, "The Friendly Stars," has been an inspiration during the past months, demanding uplifted eyes, far-reaching vision!

Since Miss Shorey went away, Matilde sleeps at the cottage every night to keep me company. A nice quiet girl; always thoughtful for my comfort.

December 13, 1907.

Mrs. S. writes from Baltimore that her daughter Alice quietly passed away on December 3, in an unconscious condition. At last, little Miss Shorey is "satisfied," but she will be missed by many of our women and girls among whom she was winning a way, as she was learning Spanish with unusual ease.

. . . . . .

The topic-cards for the women's Bible studies are ready, printed by Mr. Humphrey in Caguas on his mission press, and gay with varied colors.

Sunday, December 29, 1907.

There were ten baptisms tonight, ending a beautiful service for the beautiful last Sunday of the year.

Last night, six of the ten Sunday School teachers (and supplies) came to the cottage for a social hour, with coffee, chocolate, and cakes served on the little round table. Each chose a favorite hymn for singing at the end.

I spent most of Christmas Day out of doors. Old sister Fela was dying in the Tricoche Hospital and perfectly un-

conscious, as she had been for days, as I stood on Christmas morning for a few moments at her bedside in the long ward. The brethren of La Playa Church had had all ready for her burial, for some time, in order that the poor old, wasted body need not be carried in the "Black Maria" to the paupers' ground and given an unnamed burial. And they were waiting for the message to be sent them, so there was nothing more I could do after sending them word of the end at hand.

Then, on my wheel, I kept on out into the country, books, water-bottle, and luncheon strapped to the handle-bars. For two or three long, restful hours, it was good to be out of the tooting, racketing, honk-honking streets, in the quiet country,

Where man in the bush with God may meet.

Woe to man, however, if He were not also to be met in the noisy, cheerful streets, as well! But it was there, "in the bush" that I wished to meet him that day, with just the birds and butterflies for company. Later, after eating my sandwiches, I kept on to the settlement at Portugués and visited some of our far-off people there, living among the plantains, Claudino appeared in time to give me his big, strong hand for crossing the stepping-stones of the river.

In the evening there was prayer-meeting in the Ponce church.

December 31, 1907.

Ten p. m. The music of the New Year's ball in the Casino close by sounds merrily as I write the date of the last day of this year.

Some mission cares press heavily. The spirit of a few of our people distresses us, and is working havoc in their own lives. How much Christ had to bear from his chosen Twelve,

and the "contradiction of sinners against himself," and he is still bearing it. With what patience and wisdom should we—imperfect teachers—treat the contradictions of these new Christians!

Note. Setting one's face to the future "like a flint," in Isaiah's way, must not end in the petrification of one's heart!

January 1, 1908.

My way took me very early this morning, awheel, through the streets of the Cantera on a message to some children who must come for rehearsal tomorrow. New Year's Day is not one for missionary visiting. Poor and desolate indeed is the Ponceñan today who cannot go out to walk in the streets or ride on the electric-car, in new clothes and hat, or at the very least with a gay new ribbon or necktie. I found even the early morning world decked in its best bib and tucker. By afternoon, the streets will be gay with pink, blue, yellow, green, and red spots of color. Every mansion and shack has had a cleaning, and lace curtains hung even at doorways of the clean, little houses where soap-shining children called out their vociferous *Feliz año nuevo*, as I pedaled past.

Caja de Muertos Lighthouse,
off Porto Rico,
January 9, 1908.

My head was too tired to think, after the Sunday School *veladas* were over, and the New Year's work taken somewhat in hand, so I have come off here for a week's rest on this rocky islet in the Caribbean Sea, nine miles from La Playa. One of the two lighthouses guarding the roadstead is perched on the top of this rock rising from the midst of coral reefs.

I have many books with me, material for the preparation of the girls' correspondence lessons for next month, and provisions to last for a week.

January 14, 1908.

An exquisitely pure, fresh morning, with no *dust* from the sea playing about the rock! I can understand that life here for months at a time would grow monotonous, but it is full of daily interest for me. The lighthouse keepers have been most courteous and remind me of the sea-captains I have known, of the kind who see God's hand in the sky and the waves. The chief keeper of this Island Light is brother of the keeper of Cardona Light across the roadstead.

The lamp in the high, round tower on the edge of the cliff must be kept with exquisite care. Soft, clean cloths are used for every-day polishing of the lenses of the huge, prismatic, crystal bell enclosing the lamp. The winking eye of the light must never really close from six p. m., until six a. m., though from a distance it had always seemed to me, at nine miles away, to open every three minutes, and close. I know now that this winking effect is caused by the revolving of the great crystal bell about the *stationary* lamp; certain of the panels of glass permit the light to shine constantly over the nearer waters round about, while the gleam, passing through other lenses as the bell revolves, streams many miles out to sea every three minutes and over to us at La Playa. Everything in the lighthouse, from the lamp above and the little motor-engine below which causes the bell to revolve, to the small brass knobs on the doors, shines spotlessly.

Overhead is the arching sky, absolutely unobstructed for star-gazing at night by roof gables or trees, and below is the changing sea, sometimes heaving in glassy swells, often ribbed and "watered," green, purple, silver, bronze, blue, as the currents

and the winds and the sunlight change, at times seeming a petrified, corrugated, azure floor. There is no noise, only the plashing of the water on the narrow beach far below, and the nights are full of peace.

Last night's reading in Mabie's "Meaning and Message of the Cross" gave me deep thoughts of a "potentially saved humanity!" And is every man and woman and child I meet a "potentially saved" one, only waiting for the spark which is to bring actual redemption? What a responsibility for one who believes this?

January 15, 1908.

Pepe, the assistant keeper of the light, has been with me down the steep cliff to the beach, and I have found lovely stones and sea-urchin shells, and bits of coral and wonderful filigree seaweed. It is a wild and rugged coast seaward, and we have had one stormy night with a booming sea pounding the rocks down below.

I have found Aries in Triangulum, from a neck-breaking angle of vision, in the brilliant night sky. The strangeness of the sensation of standing alone, in the night, on a peak of rock in the sea! If I were a hermit, my mountain peak should be one standing straight up out of the ocean. But I should like to have one or two of these charcoal-burners' little huts down on the shore for the company of the women and their babies!

Tomorrow I must leave the lighthouse.

Ponce, P. R.,
January 16, 1908.

It was a small gasoline boat that carried me over to the lighthouse a week ago, but I came pelting home today in a big sailboat which had brought mail and supplies to the rock. Pepe having business in Ponce came with me, and with the

wife of one of the charcoal-burners we were the only passengers. Trade-wind astern, we dashed through the waves at high speed, sitting atop the roof of the wee cabin and clinging for our lives to whatever we could lay hands upon. . . Vidal was waiting, with the cottage aired and open and lunch under way, which, later on, Pepe shared with me.

January 25, 1908.

Little black Leocadia is dying of tuberculosis of the throat. Though her breathing is distressing, she could tell me this morning that her hope was in Christ, and I cannot doubt it. She was baptized long ago, one of the first of the young people received into the church, and she has tried to live as a Christian, amid many difficulties. Certainly, there has not been brought against her life the accusation too frequently heard today against even some of those who have seemed to stand for better things.

February 7, 1908.

She died, and the *hermanos y hermanas* buried her decently in the big new civil cemetery. . . This afternoon I sat at the feet, so to speak, of a little old lady of seventy years and saw that she might lead me closer to Jesus' feet. She is too feeble and dim-eyed now to go to the mission church alone, but she reads a little at home and understands, living alone in her cabin a long, long way from the church. She told me of her childhood, of her father who always taught his little ones to refrain from the sharp word of resentment.

I am often surprised at finding memory remnants of truly Christian teaching of parents in the minds of some who talk with me. All of these were, of course, Roman Catholics, but in spite of error they seem to have been not very far behind

many of those whom we feel more disposed to call Christian. Some tell of a father's prayers to God *with the family*, many speak of the old Bible which was respected and read and preserved until some upheaval in the family life caused its disappearance. How I wish we might have begun to bring the better understanding of God's word to the Island a hundred, rather than only nine years ago!

Doña G——, who was once my landlady in the first days in Adjuntas, keeps a guest-house in this very street now, in one of the massively built houses of old times. There is a *mirador* above the second story—a large room standing alone upon the spacious brick-paved roof, which I am going to rent for a while. It is away up above the noisy, dusty street, yet no farther away from my people. Living alone in the cottage with a servant is too expensive for a single mission purse, and it will be rather a welcome change to be having meals in the dining-room below without racking my brains for planning with the cook three solitary meals a day. When the Mission Board sends another to take Miss S.'s place in Ponce—well! going to live again in one of these cottages with a friend and Vidal will seem almost like going home. But the cool, quiet *mirador* seems very inviting just now. Ever since I came to Ponce I have wanted to live in a *mirador*, on a housetop!

February 9, 1908.

A superb day, the mercury only at 79°, and cool and pleasant for the long walk to Machuelo. I had to see the dear sick baby Enrique, little brother of Sunday School scholars across the river. He has bronchitic complication with typhoid fever, and is very weak today. I sat a long while with the mother, helping where I could. There are always many children in our Island homes, but the mother never seems able to

spare the little sick one, no matter how much care he gives her. All was quiet and clean in the house, the other children being at play outside. A neighbor told me of overhearing a conversation between Enrique's brother, Pedrito aged five, and Ana the chubby knee-baby of two and half years.

Pedrito: "Doña Juanita is God's lady and she lives in God's house."

Ana: "God's? God's?"

Pedrito: "Yes, because she is all the time talking about God."

Sunday, February 23, 1908.

Enrique died this morning, after a month of constant suffering, poor baby! After the Bible class in Machuelo, this afternoon, I stopped in to see the mother. She was quiet—relieved, I think, dear heart! that her baby was no longer moaning on the bed.

XX

Lord of the winds! I feel thee nigh,
I know thy breath in the burning sky!
And I wait with a thrill in every vein
For the coming of the hurricane!
And lo! on the wing of the heavy gales,
Through the boundless arch of heaven he sails;
Silent and slow and terribly strong,
The mighty shadow is borne along.

. . . . . .

While the world below, dismayed and dim,
Through the calm of the thick, hot temperature,
Looks up at the gloomy folds with fear.

—"*The Hurricane*," *Longfellow*.

PONCE, P. R.,
April 25, 1908.

THE general missionary, Mr. Rudd, tells of a long missionary trip among the hills during which three small churches have been organized: one at Barranquitas, at last, of seven members; another in Culebras, near the planter's home, of nine; and a third in the country near Coamo, at Pedro García, of eleven men and women.

A few days ago I went to see our poor girl ——, who has gone openly to live with a man, "without benefit of clergy." How will it be possible for us to know of danger of this kind *before it is too late?* The first steps are not openly taken, and how can our eyes and ears be in all places at once, no matter how omnipresent our hearts may be. I had the rather unusual experience of encountering the man in the case. He does not often appear, but this one said to me very quietly,

even respectfully, that he did not intend to marry ——. I tried to say to them what it seemed to me Christ would have said ——.

May 30, 1908.

Here I am on the roof of the guest-house named *El Hogar*, "The Home." Peeping over the high parapet I can see the dear cottage, closed and solitary, down in the street. My roof cabin is large and more than cosy with books and desk, rug and couch, all my own furnishings, freshly whitewashed walls, and pictures and curtains hung. The way to the roof begins at the front entrance by white marble stairs, and ends at the top of the house in broken brick steps leading to the roof door. Once outside, I have almost a "mountain peak" of my own, and can look down into neighbors' high-walled gardens and then away up to real mountains in the north. By climbing a sort of ladder to the top of the front wall of the house, which runs higher than the rest of the parapet, one may gain a view of the shining sea two miles away.

June 3, 1908.

The air on the roof is *sea air* by day, and *mountain air* by night. The trade-winds blow steadily from nine a. m. until sunset. At nine p. m. the refreshing mountain breeze comes down to us, after three hours of calm following sunset.

Some of the "sisters" have seen more from this roof, of the round of sky, of the mountains and sea and the city, than they had ever seen before. One lady, having lived all her life on the ground, grew so giddy at the appalling height of the third story that she turned quite pale and sick!

Downstairs, Charlie, the colored waiter from one of the English islands, takes good care of me at my little corner table in the hotel dining-room. He sees that I have the breast of chicken, and two helps of lettuce, and eggs boiled just right.

June 13, 1908.

With so much to do alone, in Ponce, La Playa, and Machuelo, it is impossible now to leave for the long visits to outstations, but it is going to be possible to go to Yauco for a day and night each week, for visiting and for a Bible class of women. It will mean the early train on Friday mornings from Ponce and the first train back again on Saturdays, with the night between at the little Hotel Plá in Yauco.

July 7, 1908.

Hours afoot out of doors in the sun and wind and rain send me up to my bed at night as tired as a day-laborer—more tired sometimes, perhaps, as there is night labor as well, but the soundest sleep of years comes to me on my cool roof!

Last week, I stayed in Yauco long enough to run over to Guánica once more. Just ten years ago, this month, General Miles brought a few of his battle-ships into the Bay, the rest of the fleet remaining outside. A lady tells me that a dozen Spanish guerrillas tried to keep Miles from landing! Mission work there is slow, in spite of its having first received "the invaders." Well, I am glad we came, but I cannot help wondering how much of the mission work that is being done in the Island would endure and succeed if it were not for some idealization of it, some bright imagination on the part of the workers, some "vision" of a happier Island ahead.

The native pastors preach and preach in all the little churches, and everywhere there is growth, slower perhaps numerically than during the first years. All the denominations at work in the Island have churches and chapels and some have schools. The American missionaries are constantly journeying, preaching, teaching, training, building.

o

August 3, 1908.

S—— brought me just now a splendid bunch of pink roses, a Greek bearing a gift, for he desired the loan of one dollar, and got it! Smotheringly hot these days.

September 3, 1908.

Poor F—— is going to die, and in all my experience with suffering and death here, I have never seen such a look of helpless pain on any face as hers wears. Today, she kept passing her burning hand over my bare cool arm and said it felt "so nice." She had not slept for days. I turned everybody out and stroked her head and hands, praying for a few moments of rest for her, and she fell asleep—not for long, but waked so pleased to have had the prayer answered.

September 4, 1908.

F—— died at noon today. I found the quiet figure lying on a clean cot. The breeze poured in from the sea, and a "sister" sat cozily beside the cot, a tiny hand sewing-machine on her lap, making the shroud. Others sat by in cheerful chat, and neighbors' children ran in and out. The new-born baby wailed in a hammock in a corner, till a young, motherly woman caught it up and put it to her breast. It was good to see the motherless mite take comfort. The two other little girls are scarcely more than babies, but their papá comforts them and he says he means to keep all three, himself.

September 7, 1908.

Miss Mary O. Lake, of Texas, has been appointed by the women's Mission Board to the Ponce work and will come in a month or so. This is the best of news, and I must begin to

look for a cottage for us, at once. This is the day for G——'s English lesson. He is the only one left in Ponce of the four young preachers who studied English with me early in the year.

September 12, 1908.

When I came from the Yauco train this morning, I found a message saying that dear Cruz Torres had died this morning early. The news went to my heart with a pang, for she was one of those " pure in heart " whose listening face and loving spirit are an inspiration to every missionary. For six years, Cruz had had an aneurism formed in her chest, and she knew that death might come at any instant from the bursting of the arterial sac or tumor. When the aneurism first developed six years ago, and I took a good American doctor to see her, he saw at once the reason of her acute pain, and that there was nothing to do for her, and nothing to tell her but the truth. And I had to tell it. I cannot forget the peace and cheer of her face as she heard her fate. The pain subsided, but for all these years she has known that any overexertion, a fit of anger—anger could hardly be thought of in connection with our converted Cruz—or sudden emotion might break the blood-tumor in her breast and cause instantaneous death, and we have all known it. I have seen her fine, eager face as she has sat in almost the same seat in church all these six years since, and long before—and I am sure I shall look for it there still. It was Cruz who asked for the visit to her cousin, living beyond Portugués, which resulted in the mission at Portugués, but *not* in the conversion of the cousin.

I have often stopped by at her little house in the Alley of the Flowers, *Callejon de las Flores*, for a chat and refreshment of my own spirit, for Cruz was one of the Lord's happy children. Last Monday she prayed sweetly with us in the

women's study; on Tuesday night she was at the business-meeting of the church; on Wednesday, at prayer-meeting; on Friday, last night, it rained and she could not go to the cottage-meeting in the Cantera, but Don Ramón called by and found her sunny and well. This morning, Saturday, she arose early as usual and, before dressing herself, prayed. Then, as she bent to draw on her shoes and stockings, she quietly fell over to one side as she sat, and was gone!

The poor old husband is disconsolate. None of us can forget how she used to pray for his conversion in our women's meetings.

This afternoon, I sat in the quiet room where she lay and read to the neighbor women who had gathered about the coffin in respectful silence—so different from many a scene I have witnessed about the dead. Then, I had to hurry away three miles to La Playa, to the little girls waiting there for their sewing and lesson. They were impressed in their innocent hearts, as all have been, with the fact that " sister Cruz " had *prayed first, before she began to dress*, and then went home!

PONCE, P. R.,
September 26, 1908.

At the seventh annual meeting of the churches held in Rio Piedras, this month, the *lady-workers were given a vote in the proceedings, for the first time. . .*

Today, we are " on the edge of a hurricane " in the West Indian waters. Warning was published yesterday, and today we have sudden storm-bursts of wind —*ráfagas*—cloud-bursts of rain—*aguaceros*—from the black, driven clouds overhead. The rain is so beaten by the wind, that just now it is whipped from the brick paving of my roof beyond the open door, like snow in a blizzard. The mountains look to be

simply drowning in the rain, and the clouds stream over the tiled roof of my lovely cabin in long waving *rags!*

Sunday, September 27, 1908.

A black, portentous night just past, with the sea's thundering two miles away at La Playa in my ears all night. La Playa is inundated and I must go down there at once after Bible School. The storm is not only at sea, but in the hills also, and during the early evening I heard long, loud, weird cries, now and then, from the direction of the river, which is of course in flood. It is the "backwater," driven in at its mouth by the surging surf of the sea, that causes the inundations at La Playa. But the hurricane did not arrive.

Later. I found the sea raging, and of a queer, creamy color, with foaming crests. One steamer was in port, all other craft gone in search of safer waters. The huts on posts along the shore were empty, as the surf was running in under and beyond them, but only one had been washed away, others leaned giddily against the poles placed to secure them. Why will people continue to build their shacks and live in such surroundings after constant warnings from the sea and river themselves? The eternal "Why?"! One family of "Ours," had had to leave their home, the streets were little rivers, and I could not get near the houses of any of our people, but a "brother" called out to me across the mud and water that all was well.

And so another hurricane has passed us by!

In the Little Brown House,
October 12, 1908.

As Miss Lake is coming very soon, I have taken a small, frame cottage on Cristina Street, after four months on the roof. The house is old and shabby but is being freshly papered, and

with a little inside painting and S——'s scrubbing, it will do. The sun shines in on both sides, and there is a yard with a cocoanut palm and space for flowers. That space is a weedy, tin-canny desert at present. I have moved in, with Matilde again, and a tall black woman is established in the miniature kitchen, temporarily. Also, there is a small white kitten, from Yauco.

Tonight's Bible lesson for the " sisters " is on " The Mountains "—a good subject for our sea-level Christians who often pine for the *alturas*, the heights. Mission work was never more alluring and in a way satisfying.

October 19, 1908.

A rainy day, and peddling men and boys go by with gunny sacks pulled over head and shoulders, looking rather miserable. Our street is of dirt, and there is even no sidewalk where it passes our house, so we are shut in by a lake of water in front, today.

There are said to be five thousand school children in Ponce, and it seems to me that at least one thousand flock by us on Cristina Street four times a day to and from the big school campus just beyond the cottage. All branches of study are in English, as Spanish is not allowed except in the regular hour in each school for the study of Spanish, and in some of the lowest grades. Even the kindergarten babes sing English songs, whatever they may prattle among themselves. Already, many teachers and principals of schools are Porto Ricans.

Today, the children go slopping by, under their little parasols, or without, most of the girls wearing white frocks, and slippers for shoes! Little boys wear white too, and not one goes barefoot if shoes of any kind can be had. The American teachers tell me that it is a delight to teach these bright-eyed youngsters. Do I not know it?

One of the new American teachers, a fine Christian girl from Boulder, Colorado, is going to take a class in our mission Sunday School—of the largest girls who know English. Why do not all of the young people from wide-awake churches " at home," take an interest in the missions in the Island? Here and there some one does, and it works well. Sometimes a missionary has difficult questions to answer from the natives who wonder over the manner of " Sunday-keeping " of some Americans who come to the Island.

San Juan, P. R.,
November 12, 1908.

Miss Lake arrived today, and I was on the pier here, as the old S. S. Carácas warped in, and the gangway was raised to the deck. There was a meeting here this week of the " *Congreso Evangélico* " of mission churches and workers in the Island, so I came to attend the meeting, hoping very much that the new missionary would have taken this week's ship for the Island, that I might kill two birds with one stone! Miss Lake came straight away with me from the ship to the hotel, and as we could not arrange to go on to Ponce today, it has been possible to do a little sightseeing this afternoon. Mr. R. was attending the " Congress " and agreed to take us to El Morro, which I have never seen on the inside, in all the years here.

We spent an hour—having two new American schoolteachers also with us—in going over the interesting old fortress. Uncle Sam has recently spent a fortune on an ugly new lighthouse tower which has taken the place of the old, picturesque Spanish tower which seemed to grow out of the hoary walls of the fort. The new one is of slate-colored brick, almost black, rising in obstreperous fashion above the richly yellowed walls hung with vines and maiden-hair ferns. If less pic-

turesque it may be, however, a much more efficient light than the old one.

A young Porto Rican orderly showed us around, and we came in one place upon the huge hole plowed through a mighty wall by one of our own shells on May 12, 1898, from Rear-admiral Sampson's fleet.[1]

PONCE, P. R.,
November 16, 1908.

And now the other blue bedroom in our cottage is occupied, and Miss Lake is already making it "seem like home" with her fresh white curtains and pictures. She has had experience of men and women in general, and of mission work in particular, in New Mexico, so is prepared to be of use at once, while she goes on diligently studying Spanish with a teacher. I think we are going to love the "little brown house!"

An episode on the train as I traveled to San Juan last week interested me. A tall, sweet-faced American woman, dressed in a sort of deaconess costume, appeared on the Ponce streets not long ago, and we soon learned that she was a teacher for one of the nuns' schools, straight from "the States." She was on the train with us last week, and she and I chatted together until she left the train at Mayagüez. She told me that she was not a "sister," having taken no "vows," but that she was a religious teacher of the Roman Catholic Church. She seemed to have no objection to offer to my frank account of our own reason for being in the Island, and spoke of those Porto Ricans whom she had touched as in a state of "heathenism." How easily I understood her meaning—that Roman Catholi-

[1] "He bombarded the fortifications at San Juan in order to test their strength."—*Joseph B. Seabury*, 1903.

cism was at such a low-water mark here that, in comparison with "good Catholics," the people are "heathen!" She has not yet learned how the poor have been absolutely neglected by the priests unless "faithful" at confession and mass, with baptism and marriage by "The Church." Many send their children to this large parochial school in Ponce rather than to the public schools, and a nominal charge of five cents a week is made, of even the poorest.

XXI

But, to Truth's house there is a single door,
Which is Experience. He teaches best
Who feels the heart of all men in his breast,
And knows their strength or weakness through his own.
—*Bayard Taylor.*

PONCE, P. R.,
January 3, 1909.

WE have most of the strategic points as mission centers, along the broad diagonal of the Island extending from northeast southward. Presbyterians have most of their strength in the west, Congregationalists, in the east; the Christian Alliance and Lutherans are in the north, the Christians and United Brethren, in the south; and the Methodists, all about. By a principle of comity, the different denominations have agreed that but one shall work in towns numbering under five thousand, and that one to be the first to have "driven stakes." In the large cities several denominations work in their various missions, harmoniously.

January 12, 1909.

The oyster-man is now on the porch-steps opening the dozen tiny oysters (for ten cents) which are to make my soup today. He comes through the streets, on certain days, with a few little oysters in the bottom of a sack slung over his shoulders, crying "*Ostiones!*" It is wonderful how toothsome they are. He tells me that he picks them off *little trees* growing along the shore near Guayanilla. Miss L. is in Yauco today.

There are sick and sorrowing people to be visited this p. m. A girl lost her father by sudden death last week; there is another dying " sister " in La Playa.

Up till late last night making my annual treasurer's report of the church finances, and stupidly chasing sixty-one cents out of the *balance á favor*, and did it!

Rio Piedras, P. R.,
January 28, 1909.

Our Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. A. E. Reynolds, has come from Boston to visit the missions of our Boards, and I came to meet her at the pier in San Juan. How rejoiced I was to see her shining face looking down from the high deck of the S. S. Carolina as I waited on the pier! [1]

We are in the hospitable home of our devoted missionary, Mr. Cober, for two or three days that Mrs. R. may see the missions hereabouts.

Adjuntas, P. R.,
February, 1, 1909.

On one night of our stay with Mrs. Cober in Rio Piedras, she entertained a large number of the fine young normal school students, at her house. Most of them are members of Mrs. C.'s Bible class, in English, at the mission church. But they are not all Protestants, by any means. We sang hymns in both languages, and Mrs. R. spoke charmingly to the young men and women, of Indian mission work in the United States.

Today, we took the train, and then a carriage at Arecibo for this dear mountain town which I was most anxious for Mrs. R. to see. The old house where " Doña Clara " lived and where the blue roses clambered up and down the livid

[1] The " Carolina " was torpedoed by the Germans in 1918 and sunk, on its out voyage to Porto Rico.

walls in my room, is occupied now by the red-faced priest, who keeps a "hotel" there. We must take our meals there for the day or two we are to stay, but sleep quite alone in the "Annex," no other than the big house behind, where Captain Andrus lived and where later I spent many happy weeks alone with Luisa the cook. Mrs. R. is seeing the Sleeping Giant, and the great mountain slopes, and the little river and the flowery plaza, of which she has heard so much. Best of all, as we could not have a Sunday here, she talked sweetly, tonight, to the women, in a specially arranged service for her and them in the new church.

The disreputable old priest himself waits on us at table, in blowsy shirt-sleeves and trousers, looking anything but priestly, and only men seem to congregate for meals in the uncleanly old house. How many memories, for me, gather about the place—of the kind old lady of the house; of little dying Anita; of Manuel, the sick mountain lad, now a strapping young clerk in Ponce; of anxious thoughts for the little beginning-church of five members; of heartaches over the hordes of famishing people; of long readings and talks with Doña Clara's family, now utterly dispersed!

Few of those touched by those first months of work here, in the superficial way that many first-comers are touched by mission teaching, are with us now. Yet some of the best material in the church today is from those days of first awakening. Where are *all* my children who came swarming to the old warehouse?

PONCE, P. R.,
February 18, 1909.

One wishes that a visit from Board representatives might be longer than such visits always are. There is much they might learn of the "true inwardness of things" which is not to be

fully understood by attending specially arranged meetings and receptions for welcoming or speeding. Still, in the case of Mrs. R., we were delighted to have her for almost three weeks of constant companionship as guest in the little brown house, when she was not being taken off to "missions." Mr. and Mrs. Rudd did their part toward making her see just what mission work has meant in this part of our Island, and we went to Yauco and Coamo, and picked up shells on the shore of Guánica Bay, and attended the marriage of the young pastor there. Best of all for us were the quiet talks Miss Lake and I enjoyed with her in our home. Mrs. Reynolds understands the joys and the complications of mission work as I believe few do. She fitted into our broken-up days as one well accustomed to interruptions and to constant coming and going.

At last, she went off by the Military Road across the Island, to see the central districts, on her way back to San Juan and her ship for New York.

April 6, 1909.

At vesper-tide,

. . . . . .

"Since none I wronged in deed or word today,
From whom should I crave pardon, Master, say?"

A voice replied:
"From the sad child whose joy thou has not planned;
The goaded beast whose friend thou didst not stand;
The rose that died for water from thy hand."

April 8, 1909.

Well, the "sad child" is asleep in her cot, in my study, bathed (I hope not too strenuously), tea-ed hot for her cough and fever.

The " goaded beast " I have not perhaps encountered today, but I am afraid an unwatered " rose " is dying in a vase on my sitting-room table at this moment tonight, and by my hand. I am sorry. There has been no moment for thinking of fresh water for a rose!

B——, the sad child's mother, is very ill, will never be any better, and was taken to a hospital today. A neighbor taking the three boys, I brought the little girl home with me. She is painfully thin, only six years old, and as wise as an owl.

Matilde is hemming a little blue frock of gingham for her tonight.

April 10, 1909.

Ten-year-old I—— cannot live. I found her with flies swarming over her bed, and had to come home and send her a spare mosquito-bar to protect her from the pests she was too feeble to drive away. No one else seemed to mind them.

April 15, 1909.

The " sad child " has been a very sad one indeed. After sundry wailing-fits and runnings-away to the kind, but overcrowded family which cares for the brothers, she is settling down today to sew for her rag-doll.

Little I—— died on Tuesday, while I was in Yauco, and was buried yesterday. I spent an hour at the house before the burial. As the parents have been members of our church for some time, I was troubled at the laying-out of the pathetic, little dusky corpse. She was dressed in the white and blue paraphernalia of the *Virgin de la purísima*, even to the half-moon of silvered cardboard bound to her feet. A candle burned at her head, flickering its light over the white veil and orange-blossoms and blue ribbons of the little dead girl. I had carried some flowers from the little garden of the church,

and we laid them in the coffin. A few "sisters" were present, but there was none of the quiet dignity usually present in our Christians' homes nor the comforting where there is hope in the bereaved hearts. Some wrong is cooling the early devotion of years ago, for such a display means more than a mere show of spangles and blue ribbons, tinsel, and lights. Don Ramón, the pastor, was able to read a few words from the New Testament and prayed. For the rest, the occasion was only a *fiesta*, the house filled with curious comers and goers from the street, mostly little wide-eyed, whispering children. Finally, at six o'clock they were off to the cemetery. The casket was covered with white cloth bound with blue tape, and was carried by men. Six of I——'s little girl friends walked alongside, dressed in white with veils, and wearing artificial orange-blossoms in their hair—all this, I was told, was to indicate the virginity of all the little creatures!

. . . . . .

From a book on hand, just now:

Something higher and greater than either heart, intellect, or soul, whispered to her inmost self, "Work! God bids you do what is in you as completely as you can, without asking for a reward of Love or Fame."

. . .

"Ah, but the world will never own women's work to be great, even if it be so, because men give the verdict and man's praise is for himself, and his own achievements, always."

"Man's praise!" went on the inward voice, "and what of God's final justice? Have you not patience to wait for that, and faith to work for it?"

Two more chapel dedications are announced for this month. The first is for the mountain district of Sierra Alta, on the heights above Yauco. The wee, white building can be seen from even Guánica-by-the-sea as a tiny spot against the moun-

tainside and, from Yauco nearer by, it looks like a dove-cote perched amid the green of the high mountain slope. The other chapel is for Guánica itself.

In some way I must have closer touch with these fine school-girls of Ponce, in their teens as yet and members of the Sunday School, and with others who work in factories and tailor-shops, a more personal touch than casual visits or the hours of even the women's services can give. So, I am planning to get them together at our cottage at least once a month.

April 16, 1909.

Little L—— is sewing diligently on a small petticoat for herself, made of soft material easy for the clever baby fingers to sew. For two days she has been a good child, and not too "sad." She helps pick up the *guásimas* from the ground, so troublesome a little fruit falling from a neighbor's tree from over the wall. We have no pig to eat them! She waters the plants with her small can, and even sweeps and dusts a little. Her appetite is healthy now, and she meets me at the door sometimes with a smile, if a rather wan one. She does not really like it here, and wants to be with people of her own kind, and as I must leave her alone all day with the servant, I think it will be best to let her go, finally.

Monday, May 31, 1909.

I find that I have failed to note in my journals how the women's missionary society began. We have the monthly meeting tonight, several months now since its beginning. Hesitating about suggesting another form of "offering" besides that of the regular ones for expenses and for the sick poor of the church, I had delayed forming a society of the women for specific giving to missions, as always we have set apart a portion

of the regular church funds for this, and our people are being instructed in the need of the world for the gospel.

One day last fall R——, who washes for me, sat on the roof chatting as I put up the laundry for her, and, at last, quietly said something like this: "Doña Juanita, I want you to keep twenty-five cents from my wash-money every month, for missions, for those people who have not had the Bible brought to them as we have."

I cautiously reminded her of her three fatherless children and of the old house in disrepair for which she had been collecting boards for mending, and asked her if she could afford to spare quite so much at once. Her face beamed as she assured me that she had thought about the matter for some time, and that twenty-five cents was what she wished to give every month. She said nothing about any one else giving, and I saw that she meant it to be an offering apart from the weekly collection of the church—and her envelope for this never fails!

Therefore, on the next night of the women's Bible study, I brought the matter before the women, and after telling of the desire of one (unnamed of course) expressed to me spontaneously, to give a quarter each month to mission work apart from our own, I invited any others who might feel inclined, to think over the matter and say if they wished to give twenty-five, ten, five cents, or one, regularly each month for helping to send the gospel to others. But *they did not stop "to think!"* And I was kept busy at once taking down the names, and the amount each one thought she could give. In some cases, the amounts were, as I knew, more than the dear women in their zeal could keep up, and this was quietly talked over and adjusted later. All was earnest enthusiasm, and nearly every one gave her name. Since then, there has been, of course, a peculiar interest in the monthly missionary studies, such as we have tonight.

Some of the proposed contributions have lapsed, others have diminished, but a sum is accumulating in the bank to be added to the church funds in reports, and dedicated to foreign missions. I suppose every church has its women's missionary society, sooner or later, but not many originate in the spontaneous giving of the widow's mite.

June 4, 1909.

Mrs. K. W. Westfall, the newly elected Corresponding Secretary of our Woman's Home Board of Missions in Chicago, writes agreeing to my proposed vacation—the fifth—in the States for the late summer. We have had the loveliest of days lately, with frequent showers, the air transparent and odorous with flowering vines and trees, in the old, walled gardens.

Sunday, June 20, 1909.

Dear Mrs. Harwood, of Newton, Mass., who gave us the chapel for Corral Viejo, years ago, is sending forty kindergarten chairs for the littlest children. One of the little girls whispered to me this morning that she had dreamed of those *sillitas*, and all of the children are begging to know when their ship will come in from New York with them.

July 10, 1909.

One of the last things to be done is finishing the manuscript of the little catechism, translated and adapted from Dr. Andrew Broaddus' simple work. It is ready for the printer at last.

Sunday, July 18, 1909.

Three baptisms tonight.

This afternoon I walked across the river dry-shod, by stepping-stones, to Machuelo Sunday School, and on returning,

Interior of Corral Viejo Chapel on Day of Dedication

Coamo Springs Hotel

an hour later, found the stream a rushing, muddy flood. Had to cross by the rotting sills of the old bridge, which is closed to traffic.

Friday, July 30, 1909.

The 25th, the tenth anniversary holiday in honor of the American " Invasion " of the Island, was celebrated with a vim last Sunday, beginning with the early morning discharge of thirteen (original colonies) cannon-crackers, and the playing of our national airs by a band. Later, there were forty-seven (States) *cañonazos*, cannon-shots, and so went the day, on to the afternoon's horse-racing, and the " winding-up " ball at the Casino in the evening. Not a pretty Sunday, but " the masses " and many Americans here are said to have enjoyed it. In the midst of the rollicking, we hardly thought of the fuss, as mission services went on quietly as usual, except that our young librarian had his hand burned by the explosion of a *petardo*, as he held it!

We have finished the last chapter of " Pilgrim's Progress " in the women's study, after lapses into some specially needed studies now and then. There was a rapt look on their faces as we came to the end, where " the shining men bid them call at the gate." What imagery! Bunyan and John were akin in their visions of the Holy City. The dear women know it is imagery and that no one has actually come back across that river from the gate to tell us just what heaven is, but they know that the reality will be even better than the vision, if different. Such tired, old-young, young-old faces some of them are! Many of the women and girls work so hard that the Monday evening hour spent in the bright, little back room of the church, crowded as it is, has come to mean a good deal to them. And since last October, apart from their weekly envelopes and besides their birthday offerings—for which each church-member

has a pink envelope—these seamstresses, cooks, washerwomen, mothers of big little families, schoolgirls, makers of drawn-work and embroideries have given nearly twenty dollars to missions through their society. And one white-haired woman whispered to me that her birthday had passed a few days before, but that she was waiting to get the fifty-odd cents, before giving in her pink birthday envelope, as she had only thirty cents, so far!

Sunday, August 1, 1909.

My last before sailing for the north, on the 3rd. The little chairs came and were used today, to the children's delight.

The catechisms are printed just at the very last, little, green booklets of truths for infant minds.

XXII

Among the toilworn poor, my soul is seeking
For one to bring the Maker's name to light,
. . . . . .
Who sees a brother in the evil-doer,
And finds in Love the heart's blood of his song,
This, this is he for whom the world is waiting,
To sing the beatings of its mighty heart.—*Lowell.*

PONCE, P. R.,
November 13, 1909.

THIS last voyage between New York and Borinquen was the stormiest of all. Yesterday, we cast anchor at Mayagüez, on the west coast, after a black, stormy night, when neither star nor light appeared and there was danger of the ship's running amuck with our own Island! In Mayagüez, we found that the railroad track was under water and a part of the town inundated, so everybody had to stay over until today. We came at last safely through the dangerous places, the wheels of the train running under water once, and again I am in the little brown house on Cristina Street, with Miss Lake and Matilde. Miss L. looks pale from a malarial attack, but she will have her turn of rest now.

December 5, 1909.

The individual communion service has arrived in Porto Rico, and a very good thing it is where a church is as large as ours in Ponce. A friend has sent this to us through the general missionary, Mr. R. So the other set, of silver flagon and goblets, may be passed on to one of the smaller churches.

December 12, 1909.

Tonight, the church decided to give four dollars a month to the support of a native "*home missionary*" in our Island. The thirty-four Baptist churches all together will raise twenty-five dollars a month for his support. This is a beautiful advance step, and Don R., our pastor, said in the meeting tonight that it should bring not a monthly four dollars' worth of joy back to us but *millares de bendiciones*, thousands of blessings.

February 10, 1910.

Strange and awesome it is to think that the lady who has lived opposite our cottage, who always seemed a mere household drudge, blowsy, never dressed very neatly, never leaving her home, seen on the front porch only for taking in the bread or milk, or drearily watching for the tardy coming in of the family, slaving for her five sons and daughters, and old husband, lies today in the mysterious dignity of death! Blood-poisoning from a poor pin-pricked finger brought the end after four days of desperate suffering. Little, uninteresting, frowsy lady, where are you now?

February 22, 1910.

I was not actually sick but, having a touch of anemia, and having been crippled by more than a touch of sciatica not very long ago, I dropped all work and went to Coamo Springs for a week of rest. It was pleasant in the freshness and quiet of the rural hotel, away from city noise and dust, but I was glad to come home, a day or so ago.

It was while I was there that Mr. Rudd's letter came, proposing my leaving the Ponce mission to take charge, next fall, of the mission school in Coamo, which Mrs. Troyer and the other teachers have finally left. At first, it seemed unthinkable

. . . yet, in spite of the heavy trial it will be to me, I have agreed to do so. Personally, it seems to me as if the bottom is dropping out of my work in the Island, but time will help to heal the heartache over leaving my own people. And there is need in Coamo. . .

March 8, 1910.

Since January, the American lady missionaries of the different denominations in the city, have been meeting twice a month. We talk of our common and individual work, that our efforts may not overlap and confuse. Miss Reed, of the United Brethren mission, and I have just attended one of the services which are held by the different pastors, in turn, in the Island Hospital for treatment of the blind—not an asylum for holding and supporting them, though they come for their treatment from all over the Island. Thirty-four poor, bowed, bandaged patients sat in chairs arranged in the great corridor of the building, El Mayagüez, one of our own blind members from Yauco, among them. It is a pleasure to help teach them to sing " Beautiful Words of Life " and " Jesus is the Light of the World." We have secured permission from the authorities in San Juan to have a weekly class for the blind children, and the ladies of the various missions are to take this class, turn about. Of course, this permission must be extended to the Roman Catholics as well, if they want it, as this is a State institution. We are to have six little blind boys and girls—or with eyes diseased—as our first charge.

Sunday, May 8, 1910.

Mrs. Rudd's youngest boy who has been ill for weeks with typhoid fever, at our house (because of the need of having him nearer the doctor than in his own home in the hills of Corral

Viejo), has been a perfect little patient. He is enough better to stand a tottering second on his feet, today. Doctor Ruth says he may go home this week, and the poor little fellow can hardly wait for the day and the automobile to arrive.

. . . . . .

> When beggars die there are no comets seen;
> The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.

So said Shakespeare in Julius Cæsar, and lo! on May 6, while the Halley comet was blazing its path nearer and nearer to us, King Edward VII died!

June 17, 1910.

It has been hard to tell some of our people of leaving them —not for a few weeks this time as often heretofore, but for another work. The sorrow of some is natural perhaps, as we have spent years together. To all of them I am saying that " the Work " is not of the workers but of God, and will abide, no matter who passes out of it, anywhere. This I know to be absolutely true, yet it does not, somehow, heal all the heart-ache for me.

July 19, 1910.

A day of gorgeous coloring—blue of sky, snowy whiteness of cloud, blackness of shade, golden blaze of sun, red of *flamboyán* trees, tender green of new leaves—wind, dust!

A beggar at my door says, on being dismissed, " *Está bien, caballera,* All right, lady! " Note: Systematic refusals to give to professional beggars may, at last, create in one's own soul *a need to give.*

Excessive heat continues. Sleepiness overpowers me, and even crossing the room means too much of an effort—*but I cross it!*

August 6, 1910.

Mercury at 95° in our dining-room. Don Pedro died this morning. I went to his mother and sisters this p. m., in their pleasant home, and found him lying painless now, after a year's illness, on a great high bed, in a room literally filled with loveliest of real flowers, roses, lilies, jessamines, and with wreaths of artificial ones for the family vault. The grief of the family is profound and the whole city loved "Perico," a blameless, public-spirited gentleman. As a close neighbor for five years I saw in him the ideal Porto Rican son and brother. The funeral procession this afternoon (Oh, the haste of a tropic land!) did not turn in at the big yellow church in the *plaza*, but kept straight on by, to the *campo santo*, "without benefit of clergy," and without the tolling of bells.

It is night, hot, dark, breathless.

St. Thomas Island, D. W. I.,
September 30, 1910.

It has always rested me more, in times of stress, to get quite off our Island than to go to the hills, so I came to this beautiful Danish island, a few days ago. It is about fifty miles from Porto Rico, and a night of steaming eastward at half-speed in the rusty little S. S. Abd-el-Kader brought me here. Words cannot express the quiet and peace of the old, yellow brick house on the hill, where Madame Simonsen and her three daughters have cared for me more as a guest of honor, than as a boarder in their *pension*.

The wear and tear of preparations for leaving Ponce brought on such crashing pain a week ago in the nerves of my head that Doctor Vogel gave me a letter to his Danish brother physician in St. Thomas and himself engaged my passage and packed me off, without ceremony. Now relaxation and ease

have come, and I can enjoy the perfection of the semi-tropic loveliness of this little wonder-spot in the sea.

Today is my birthday. The daughters of Mme. S. have sent up roses on my breakfast-tray, a card of quaint good wishes, and a piece of the beautiful Danish needle-work I admire so much, as birthday gifts. This afternoon dear little Mme. S. and Miss Kristine are going for a long drive with me in one of the quaint, hooded carriages that fit in so well with the foreign aspect of this little city of Charlotte Amalia, capital of the Danish Islands.

PONCE, P. R.,
October 9, 1910.

My bits of furniture packed into two ox-carts have at last gone off to the empty mission house in Coamo, and our mission sexton will drive me the twenty miles, tomorrow, in my own phaeton with a hired horse. The week has been full of last things to be done before leaving Ponce. Miss Lake will remain here, of course, and our Woman's Board of Chicago, Ill., has appointed Miss Laura K. Dresser [1] to come to live and work with her. Miss Alice Collyer will assist me as teacher in the school at Coamo. We have now in the Island eight missionaries of the two recently amalgamated Home Boards —that of New England at Boston, and that of the West at Chicago.

Rev. Mr. Detweiler, one of the late-comers to our work, will be stationed in Ponce; another recent arrival, Mr. Riggs, in the Barros district; while the general missionary, Doctor Rudd, moves to the north side of the Island, as Mr. Cober has had to retire with impaired health. Don Ramón Véliz López, pastor for five years of our large church in Ponce, must go to Yauco. May all these changes be for Thine own glory!

[1] Died in Ponce, July 24, 1919.

O thou who changest not
Abide with me!

The " sisters " came for my last meeting with them in the church this afternoon, and this was my real farewell to Ponce. All went quietly, as I gave them no example of weeping or lamenting, after a brief talk and prayers. I shall never forget their wistful, loving faces and the tears quietly wiped away, as we embraced and separated. I could not have borne a scene; and do I not know the heart of my people?

POSTSCRIPT—1920

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On November 17, 1493, on his second voyage of discovery, Christopher Columbus sighted the Island of Porto Rico. On the 19th he landed on the west coast for fresh water. Taking possession of the Island in the name of the Spanish sovereigns, Ferdinand and Isabella, he named it *San Juan Bautista*, St. John the Baptist. The hymn given at the beginning of this book tells of its Indian name, Borinquen.

The Borinqueños were a peaceable, lazy, and happy people when not molested by the occasional onsets from the sea of the fierce Caribs who ravaged the island coasts of the Caribbean, passing from one island to another in their strong canoes of war.

For a few years after its discovery Borinquen remained unexplored, and the Indians unafraid of the white men who had visited them. It is said that some cattle were introduced by one of the "governors" appointed by Spain, early in the next century, but it was Ponce De Leon who opened the way to colonizing the Island. This "ambitious Captain" had accompanied Columbus on his second voyage, and had finally remained in Santo Domingo. He heard rumors of gold to be found in the rivers of Borinquen, and sailed thither from Santo Domingo, in 1508. On his return with good reports, the governor of Santo Domingo charged Ponce de Leon with the task of subduing the Borinqueños by force of arms.

"This bold, but cruel and unprincipled leader quickly brought the simple, unwarlike Indians under his sway. A year or two later, he founded near the present site of San Juan a

town which he named Caparra. The town was afterward called Puerto Rico (Rich Port). In 1521, by command of the King of Spain, the capital was transferred to its present location." [1] Later still, the name Puerto Rico was transferred to the Island, the colony only being called San Juan. The Indian name of course disappeared. Until the year 1898 Porto Rico remained a dependency of Spain.

The Hymn of Borinquen, as sung today in Spanish in the public schools of the Island, calls it *Child of the sea and the sun.*

" Child of the sea," it forms a link in the lovely island chain of the Greater and Lesser Antilles, which, beginning with Cuba at the entrance to the Gulf of Mexico, extends thence eastward and south, far into the Atlantic Ocean. San Juan, the capital of Porto Rico, lies a thousand miles to the east of Habana, Cuba, and almost fourteen hundred miles southeastward from New York City. On the north, the Island's rocky coast is beaten by the rough Atlantic surges. On the south, its shores slope more gently to the less unquiet waters of the Caribbean Sea.

" Child of the sun," Borinquen basks in semi-tropical heat which is tempered by the daily trade-winds during the year-around summertime. As the sun drops into the Caribbean Sea at its setting, the sea-wind falls and the brief twilight ends in the coolness of the dewy night. Even the rainy season of months is no rival of the sunshine, for blessed rain and brilliant sun together unite to make of Porto Rico the picture-paradise it is for its lovers.

The Island lies just within the tropics, yet so far from the equator that its climate and natural productions partake rather of a temperate-tropical than of the torrid zone. The rainy season, lasting in general from May to October inclusive, re-

[1] " Porto Rico: the land of the Rich Port," by Joseph B. Seabury.

news by frequent showers the verdure of the hills and pastures grown sere and brown during the rainless months; it quickens the foliage of the evergreen trees of fruit and shade and the blossoming of gardens, and cleanses the dust-laden air. While the humidity is great, 86° may be given as the average temperature of these months, on the coastlands. Among the hills, the temperature is lower, in both the dry and wet seasons, than on the coast.

Those Indians who were unable to escape from the oppression of the Spanish rulers by flight to other islands, were in the end thoroughly exterminated. It became necessary therefore to import African slaves for the hard labor of the early colonies. Slavery was finally abolished in Porto Rico by the *Cortes* of Spain in 1873. There is a large admixture of negro blood throughout the Island, particularly in the towns of the coastlands. Besides the varying shades of complexion, denoting the more or less vigorous strain of color in the population of mixed race, there is the pure white of Europe and the pure black of Africa. Of Indian blood there seem to be as few remains as there are of Borinquen nomenclature and design.

The Island contains about 3,500 square miles, and Governor Yager's last annual report (1919) gives the population as 1,263,474. While multitudes throng the cities and towns, the majority of the people live in the country districts, tucked away in incredible numbers in their thatched huts among the plantains up and down the mountain slopes, or in scattered settlements on the coffee estates of the hills, and among the cane-plantations of the valleys.

It is as natural that the religion of Porto Rico—since the Indian extermination—should be the Roman Catholicism of the colonizing mother country as that the language should be Spanish. But Porto Rico seems to have been looked upon by Spain and its Church, all through the years, less as mission field than

as a "rich port" for exploitation. The religion of the Islanders has never reached the point of fanatical practice attained in those other Spanish-American lands where a half-pagan Indian race has remained to be reckoned with. There are old churches in all the towns, new ones in some, and their functions are attended with zeal, on Sundays and other feast-days by most of the "better class" of citizens, and in the country districts by peasants who take the trail on these days to market as well as to the church. Before the American occupation, the poor and isolated were apparently held in little esteem by the Spanish priests, except that the Church charged systematically for the baptism of infants, for the performance of the marriage ceremony, for burial, and for masses for the souls of the dead. Besides the emoluments accruing from these every-day occurrences, the import duties of the Island were turned into the treasury of the Church for priests' salaries and perquisites.

Of official public-school buildings there were none under the Spanish régime. The small rented schoolhouse or room was generally shared with the teacher's family. The *alcalde*, or mayor, and the parish priest were the supervising members of the school boards oftenest seen in inspection. Schools were "graded" autocratically by the teachers themselves, lessons were recited by rote, text-books were inadequate, and the whole system of education was antiquated and ineffective. Many of the teachers, however, were faithful so far as their training carried them, and some of these were still employed, after a better system was introduced. The rural districts were practically uncared for. Those who were ambitious for the higher education of their sons, and were able to satisfy these ambitions, sent the young men to Madrid or to other educational centers of Spain, or to Paris, for further instruction.

In a word, the beautiful Island of fertile soil and delightful climate, dominated by Spain across the ocean for four hun-

dred years, had had no opportunity for self-development, until the day when the ending of Spanish rule opened the door to its awakening.

After the victory of the forces of the United States at Santiago de Cuba, in the war of 1898, General Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A., sailed for the coast of Porto Rico, with about four thousand troops, and several battle-ships, part of the fleet from Cuban waters. On July 25, 1898, "he appeared suddenly before Guánica on the southern side of the Island. After a few shots from the gunboat Gloucester the town succumbed. The troops landed the next day and a light passage at arms followed [a few Spanish guerrillas resisting the landing]. The soldiers then marched on to Yauco, and on the twenty-eighth of the month they reached Ponce, which surrendered without the use of either powder or shot.

"The troops marching under the Stars and Stripes were received with hurrahs. The people brought out from their houses flowers, fruits, and cool drinks, shouting enthusiastically as they gave these to the soldiers: '*Vivan los americanos!*' Everybody wanted an American flag, and the demand was so great that General Miles sent to Washington for a fresh supply.

"It was expected that strong resistance to the American forces would be made at Aibonito [midway of the Island on the Military Highway] because of the high and commanding position of the town. Before the town was reached, however, the war had come to an end. The protocol [with Spain] was signed at Washington, August 12, and the next day peace was proclaimed in Porto Rico. . . It was . . agreed that the Spanish authorities should at once leave [the Island]." [2]

In this brief account, scarcely a glance may be given at the progress of the Island in the twenty years which have elapsed since Spain withdrew with her civil authorities and her army.

[2] "Porto Rico: the Land of the Rich Port," by Joseph B. Seabury.

A military government was quickly formed with Major General Brooke as first executive. This was superseded early in 1900 by civil government, the Hon. Charles A. Allen being the first civil governor. (The President of the United States appoints the governor of the Island every four years. He also appoints an Executive Council of eleven men, five of whom must be Porto Ricans. A House of Delegates consists of thirty-five persons, five chosen from each of the seven districts into which the Island is divided.)

To give work to an impoverished people—a devastating hurricane having added its distressing consequences to the early problems attending reconstruction; to open up the Island to impressions from the great country in the north bent upon its material uplifting; to prepare for the education of the youth of the Island through public schools—these became the immediate tasks of the new government. The Americanization of Porto Rico is another story from that to which this book has been dedicated, but a few statistics as to general education will not be out of place here.

In 1898 the population was estimated at	953,243
" 1919 the population was estimated at	1,263,473
" 1898 number of children attending school	21,873
" 1919 number of children attending school	160,794
" 1898 number of teachers	525
" 1919 number of teachers	2,984
" 1898 number of Government-owned school buildings	0
" 1919 number of Government-owned school buildings	529
" 1898 number of rented school buildings	525
" 1919 number of rented school buildings	1,195

Old text-books were removed. English was introduced into the schools as soon as possible, at first by the employment of

teachers from the U. S. Native teachers were prepared by degrees for classroom work and later for the principalship of schools, in many cases. Spanish was continued, however, in grade work and in normal training. "The authorities as well as the public realized that the introduction of the English language was of vital importance. There has been at no time a tendency to suppress Spanish. There is no reason why this should be done. Because of the geographical location of Porto Rico, the ancestry and tradition of the people, and from a commercial standpoint, there is every reason for continuing the study of Spanish. From the earliest days, the purpose of the Department [of Education] has been to establish a bilingual system of education, which would ensure the conservation of Spanish and promote the acquisition of English. Both of these languages should be mastered sufficiently for practical use." [3]

More than once war has opened the door for the word of God. Freedom of worship had not been a vital question in Porto Rico where Roman Catholicism was the established faith, but Spain had not allowed Protestant propaganda in Spanish. There was a small church in Ponce, near the southern coast, where services were permitted in English, principally for the negroes from the islands of the British West Indies. "Religious liberty entered with our flag, and among the eager men and women of the United States ready to undertake mission work there, Baptists were the first on the field. They entered in February, 1899, six months after the signing of the peace protocol with Spain, and first preached the gospel to the native Porto Ricans in Spanish, baptized the first converts, and organized the first church."

During that first year six Baptist missionaries arrived in the Island, all with a knowledge of the Spanish language.

[3] From the annual report of the Commissioner of Education of Porto Rico, for 1919.

Since then, there have been sent thirteen men, with their wives, under the auspices of the American Baptist Home Mission Board, of New York, N. Y., and twenty-three single women working with these in connection with the Woman's Boards of Home Missions in Boston, Mass., and Chicago, Ill. (amalgamated in 1909). Of these Baptist missionaries five have died: Miss Henrietta Stassen, of Coamo; Miss Alice Shorey, of Ponce; Miss Ruth Chamberlain, of Ponce; Miss Laura K. Dresser, of Ponce; Rev. L. E. Troyer, of Coamo. Of these, all but Miss Dresser had returned to the United States before their death.

There are at present in Porto Rico of our own American workers (December 31, 1919), nine single women and five married men.

Our churches number	46
Church-members	2,212
Average attendance at Bible schools	2,915
Number of native workers (7 ordained)	23
Total offerings for 1919	$10,487.35

Workers of other denominations quickly followed the pioneers. "A comity agreement was entered into by all but the Episcopalians, which provided for distribution of territory and of Christian forces over the whole Island. Towns of 5,000 and over were considered open to all comers. Smaller towns with adjacent territory were entrusted to the exclusive care of the denomination entering first. No sacrifice of principle or conviction was proposed. Members of one denomination moving into the territory of another were free to propagate their particular church life, but this was done voluntarily and without financial assistance from their Mission Board. By this provision, it was believed that the practise of self-support would be stimulated. The plan has been justified by results. Within

White section shows our mission territory. Names indicate mission stations. Dots show out-stations. Crosses show where chapels and churches have been built

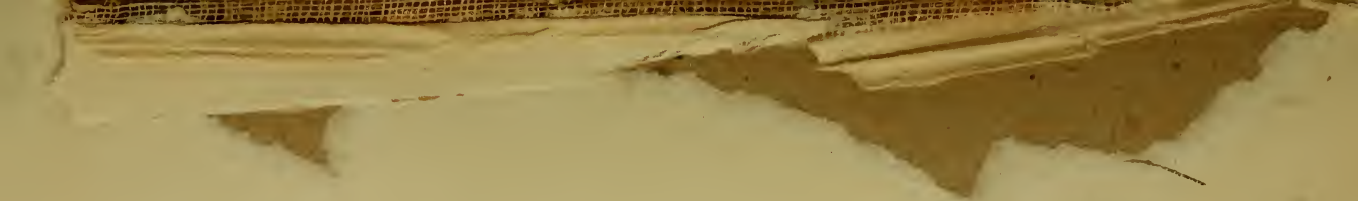
a short time practically the whole of the Island was enjoying some measure of evangelical ministration."

After twenty years, we find from the little pamphlet giving the annual report for 1919 of the churches belonging to the *Union Evangelica de Puerto Rico* the following:

Number of churches	195
Members in full communion	11,072
Number of Bible schools	276
Members of Bible schools	17,114

Surely no apology is needed for Protestant work in this Island. The first years, inadequately described in the pages of this volume, were only the beginning of what is to be. If the "human documents" thus spread before the reader do not bear testimony to the urgent need of the truth which makes men and women free indeed, and to the blessings attending this freedom, the book will have been written and read in vain.

J. P. D.



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